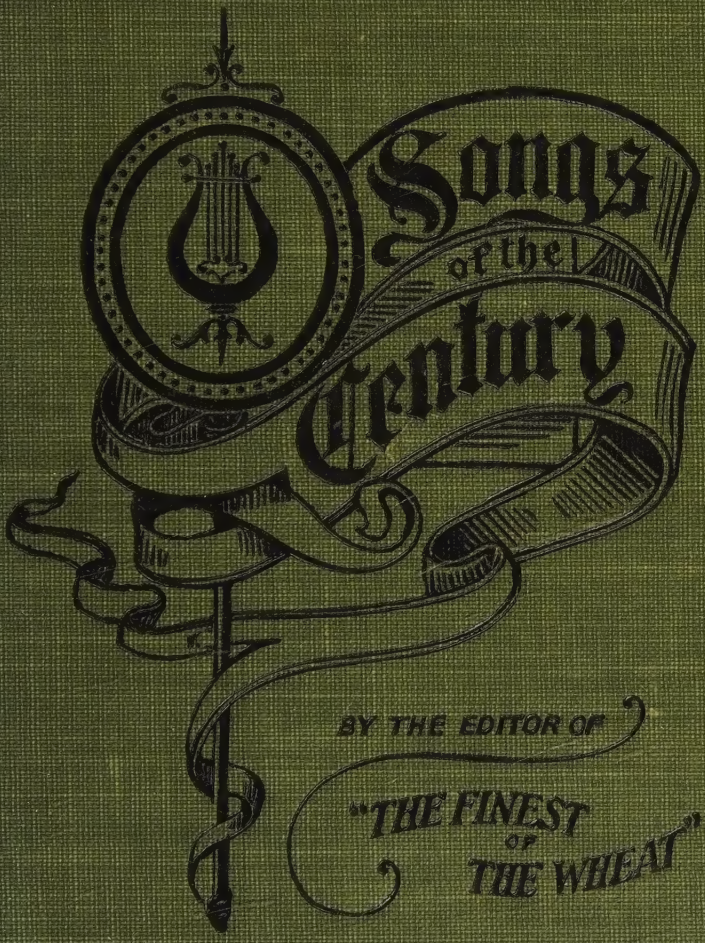
Songs
of the
Century
BY THE EDITOR OF
"THE FINEST
OF
THE WHEAT"

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Songs of century. [No. 1]

Nov 2nd 1903.

obert Harper with
bless those Sweet
Songs to them in all their Trials and Joys
as he has done to me in mine.
And that the "Dear old Story of a Saviors
love may grow sweeter as the days go by"

Lovingly your Father
John A. McQueen.

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Songs of the Century

FOR MISSIONARY AND REVIVAL MEETINGS, SABBATH SCHOOLS AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

EDITED BY

GEO. D. ELDERKIN, JNO. R. SWENEY, WM. J. KIRKPATRICK
H. L. GILMOUR and F. A. HARDIN

CHICAGO
GEO. D. ELDERKIN PUBLISHING CO.
57 Washington St.
1900

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Songs of the Century

Every page of "**Songs of the Century**" will speak for itself.

The editors have gleaned from the entire field of Gospel music, such songs as have the highest musical excellence and will be most valuable in the Sabbath School and social meetings of the Church.

"**Songs of the Century**" has been compiled under the same active editorship as "**The Finest of the Wheat.**" We believe it will prove to be an eminently worthy successor.

THE EDITORS.

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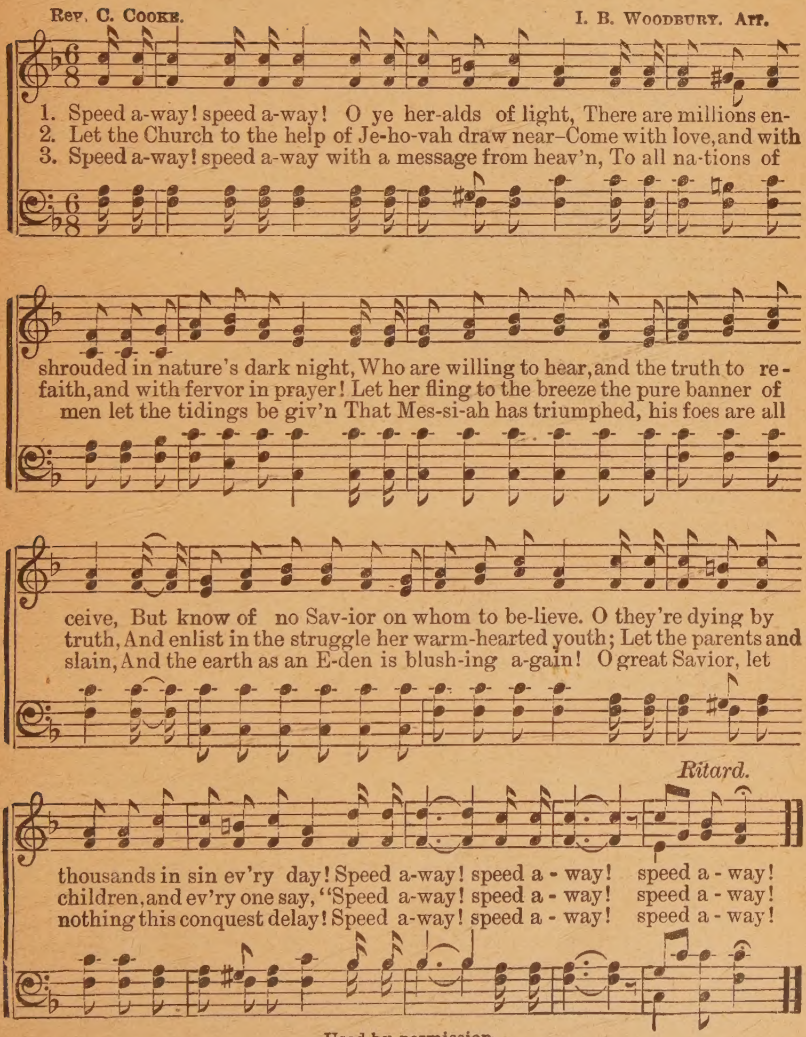
SONGS OF THE CENTURY.

1 Heralds of Light.

Rev. C. Cooke. I. B. Woodbury. Arr.


1. Speed a-way! speed a-way! O ye her-alds of light, There are millions en-
2. Let the Church to the help of Je-ho-vah draw near–Come with love, and with
3. Speed a-way! speed a-way with a message from heav'n, To all na-tions of
shrouded in nature's dark night, Who are willing to hear, and the truth to re-
faith, and with fervor in prayer! Let her fling to the breeze the pure banner of
men let the tidings be giv'n That Mes-si-ah has triumphed, his foes are all
ceive, But know of no Sav-ior on whom to be-lieve. O they're dying by
truth, And enlist in the struggle her warm-hearted youth; Let the parents and
slain, And the earth as an E-den is blush-ing a-gain! O great Savior, let
Ritard.
thousands in sin ev'ry day! Speed a-way! speed a - way! speed a - way!
children, and ev'ry one say, "Speed a-way! speed a - way! speed a - way!
nothing this conquest delay! Speed a-way! speed a - way! speed a - way!

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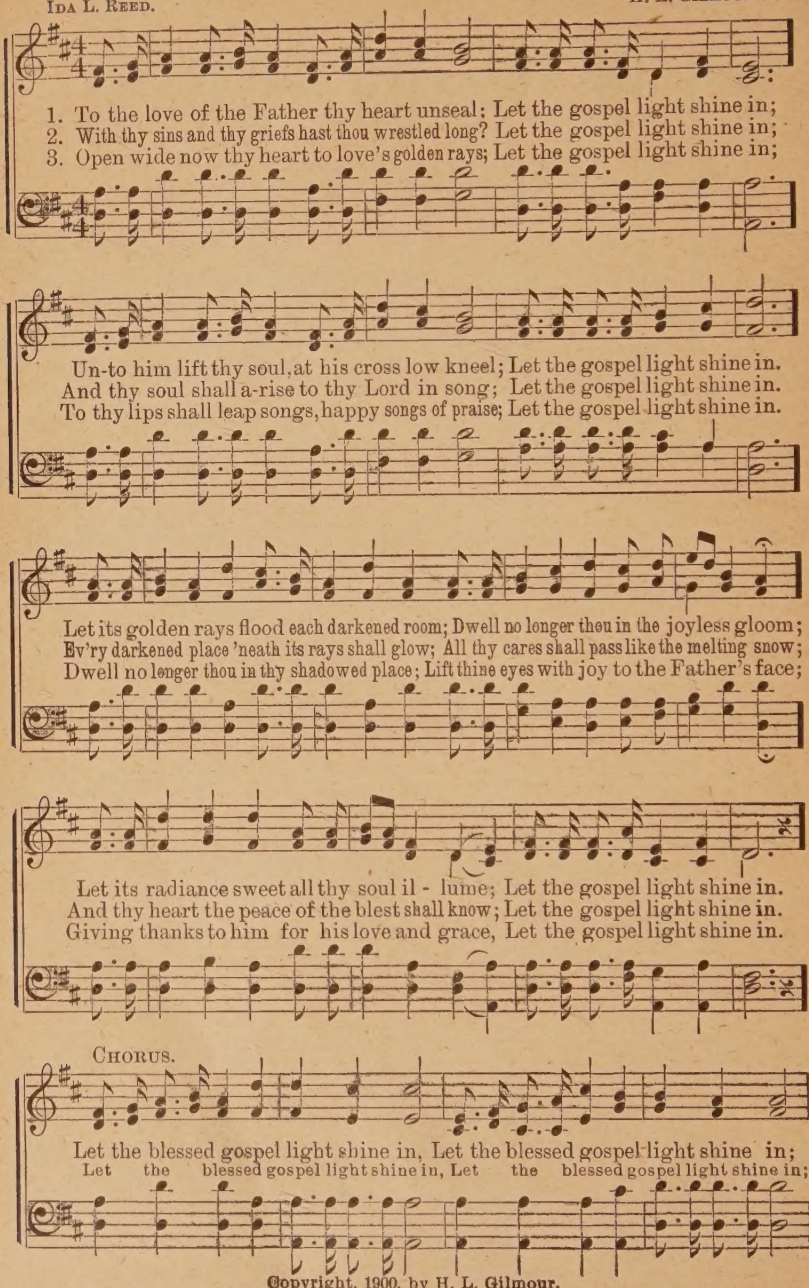
2 Let the Gospel Light Shine In.

IDA L. REED. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. To the love of the Father thy heart unseal; Let the gospel light shine in;
2. With thy sins and thy griefs hast thou wrestled long? Let the gospel light shine in;
3. Open wide now thy heart to love's golden rays; Let the gospel light shine in;
Un-to him lift thy soul, at his cross low kneel; Let the gospel light shine in.
And thy soul shall a-rise to thy Lord in song; Let the gospel light shine in.
To thy lips shall leap songs, happy songs of praise; Let the gospel light shine in.
Let its golden rays flood each darkened room; Dwell no longer thou in the joyless gloom;
Ev'ry darkened place 'neath its rays shall glow; All thy cares shall pass like the melting snow;
Dwell no longer thou in thy shadowed place; Lift thine eyes with joy to the Father's face;
Let its radiance sweet all thy soul il - lume; Let the gospel light shine in.
And thy heart the peace of the blest shall know; Let the gospel light shine in.
Giving thanks to him for his love and grace, Let the gospel light shine in.
CHORUS.
Let the blessed gospel light shine in, Let the blessed gospel light shine in;
Let the blessed gospel light shine in, Let the blessed gospel light shine in;

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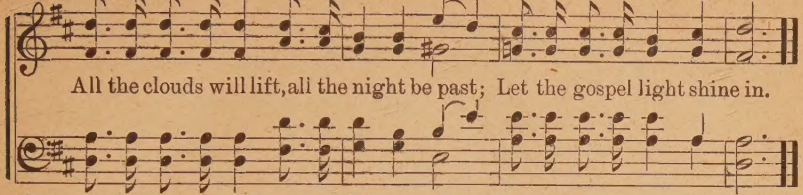
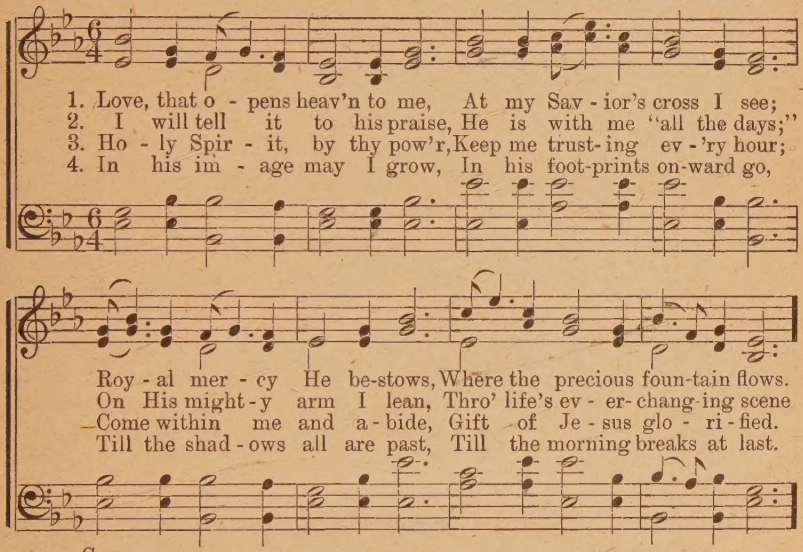
Let the Gospel Light Shine in—Concluded.

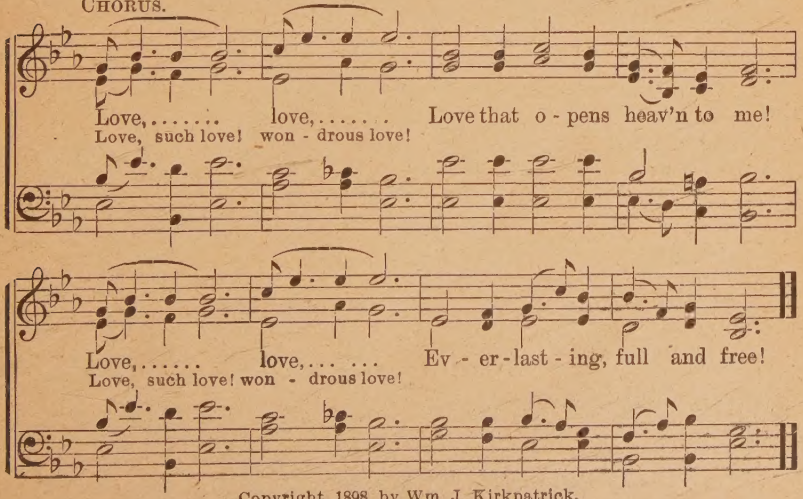


3 Love Everlasting.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Love, that o - pens heav'n to me, At my Sav - ior's cross I see;
2. I will tell it to his praise, He is with me "all the days;"
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, by thy pow'r, Keep me trust - ing ev - 'ry hour;
4. In his im - age may I grow, In his foot-prints on-ward go,
Roy - al mer - cy He be-stows, Where the precious foun-tain flows.
On His might - y arm I lean, Thro' life's ev - er-chang-ing scene
Come within me and a - bide, Gift of Je - sus glo - ri - fied.
Till the shad - ows all are past, Till the morning breaks at last.

Chorus.


Love, ... love, ... Love that o - pens heav'n to me!
Love, such love! won - drous love!
Love, ... love, ... Ev - er - last - ing, full and free!
Love, such love! won - drous love!

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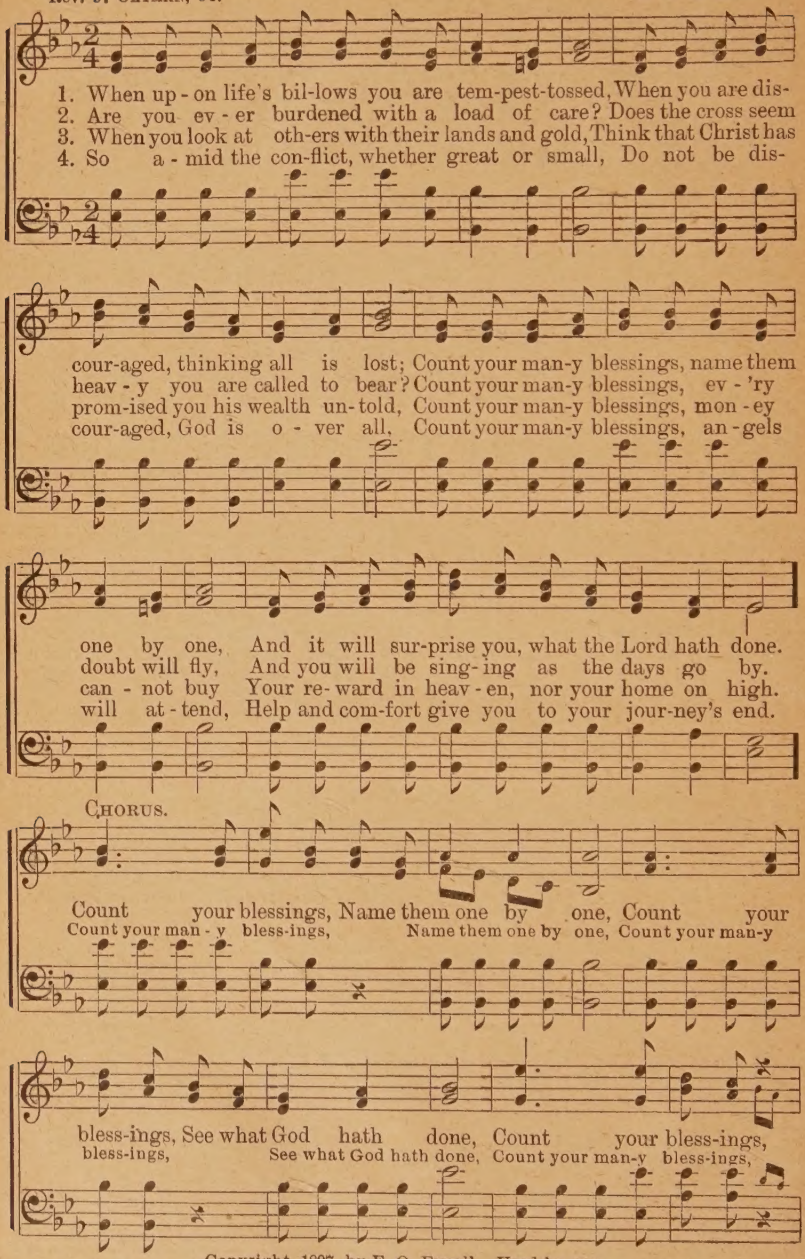
4 Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. OATMAN, Jr. E. O. EXCELL.

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem-pest-tossed, When you are dis-
cour-aged, thinking all is lost; Count your man-y blessings, name them
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
prom-ised you his wealth un-told, Count your man-y blessings, mon - ey
4. So a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-
cour-aged, God is o - ver all, Count your man-y blessings, an - gels
one by one, And it will sur-prise you, what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re-ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour-ney's end.
CHORUS.
Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your man - y bless-ings, Name them one by one, Count your man-y
bless-ings, See what God hath done, Count your bless-ings,
bless-ings, See what God hath done, Count your man-y bless-ings,

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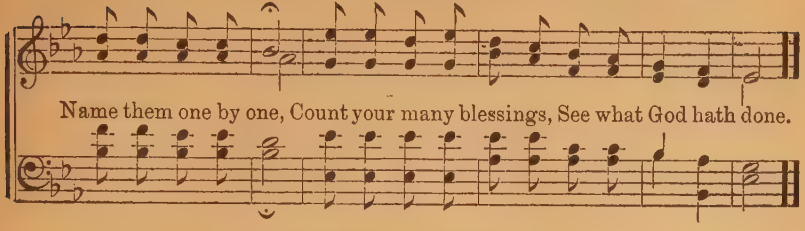
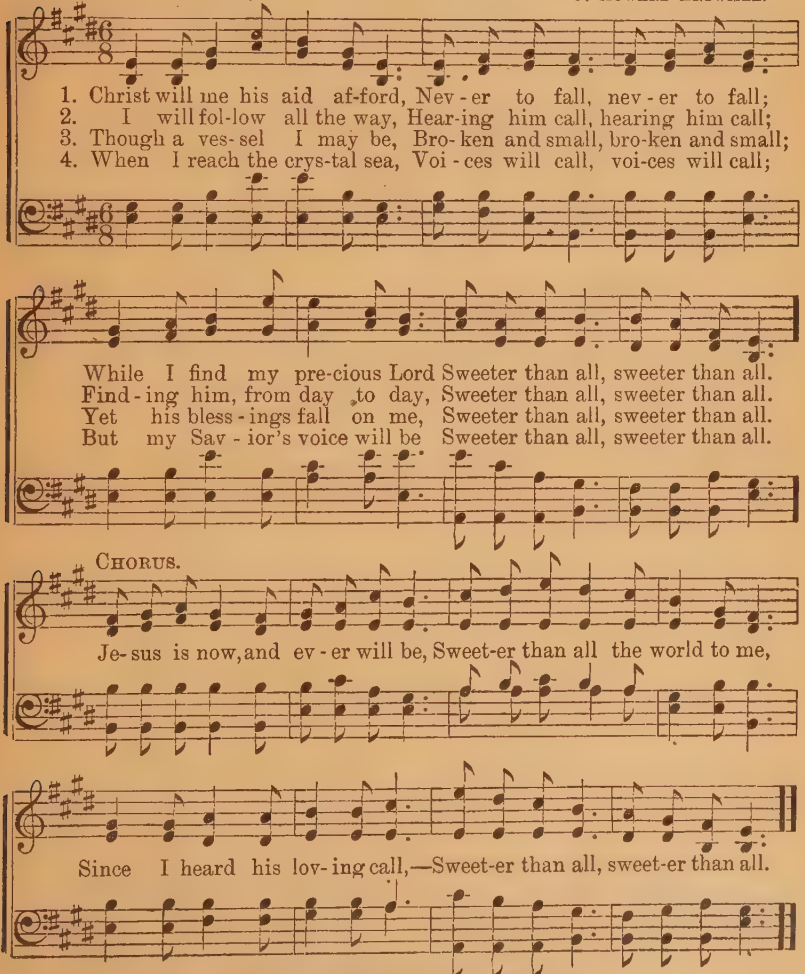
Count Your Blessings—Concluded.



5 Sweeter than All.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. Howard Entwisle.


1. Christ will me his aid af-ford, Nev-er to fall, nev-er to fall;
2. I will fol-low all the way, Hear-ing him call, hearing him call;
3. Though a ves-sel I may be, Bro-ken and small, bro-ken and small;
4. When I reach the crys-tal sea, Voi-ces will call, voi-ces will call;
While I find my pre-cious Lord Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.
Find-ing him, from day to day, Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.
Yet his bless-ings fall on me, Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.
But my Sav-ior's voice will be Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.
Chorus.
Je-sus is now, and ev-er will be, Sweet-er than all the world to me,
Since I heard his lov-ing call,—Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.

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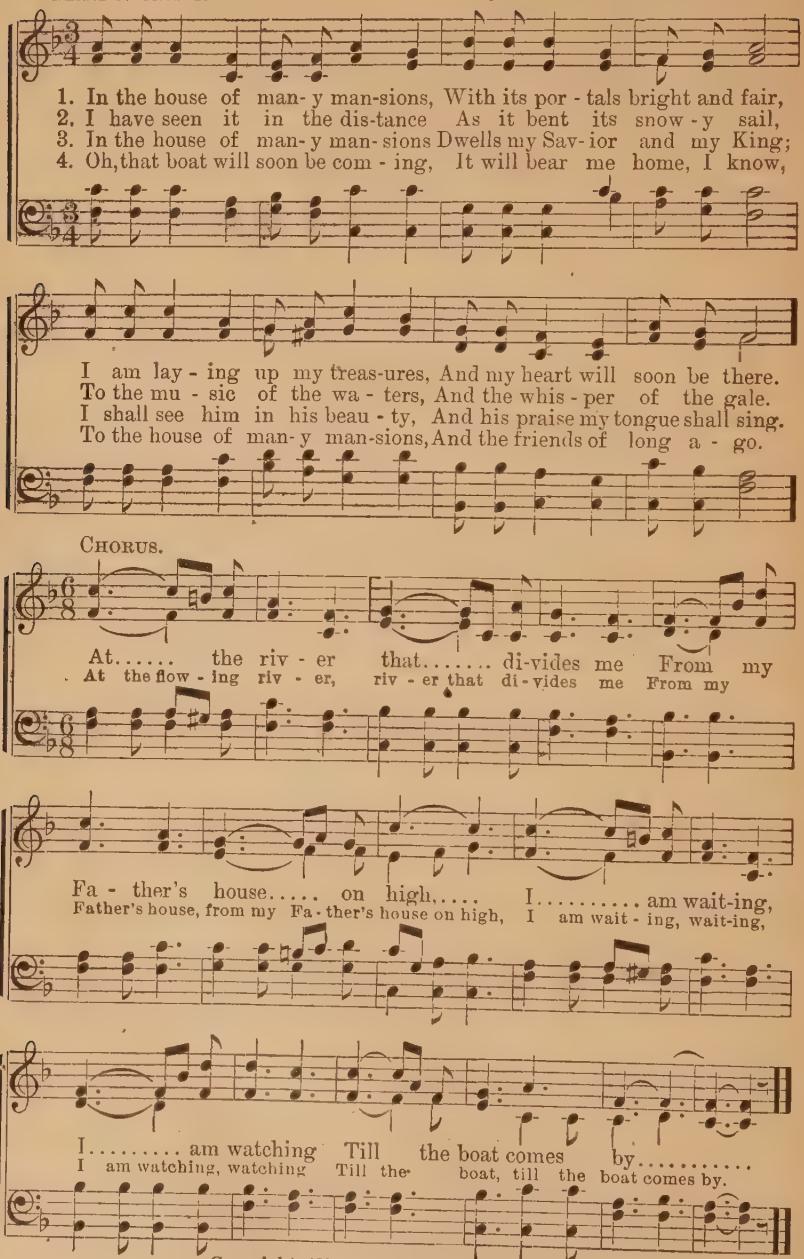
Till the Boat Comes By.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. In the house of man- y man-sions, With its por - tals bright and fair,
2. I have seen it in the dis-tance As it bent its snow - y sail,
3. In the house of man- y man- sions Dwells my Sav- ior and my King;
4. Oh, that boat will soon be com - ing, It will bear me home, I know,
I am lay - ing up my treas-ures, And my heart will soon be there.
To the mu - sic of the wa - ters, And the whis - per of the gale.
I shall see him in his beau - ty, And his praise my tongue shall sing.
To the house of man- y man-sions, And the friends of long a - go.
CHORUS.
At..... the riv - er that..... di-vides me From my
At the flow - ing riv - er, riv - er that di - vides me From my
Fa - ther's house..... on high,..... I..... am wait-ing,
Father's house, from my Fa - ther's house on high, I am wait - ing, wait-ing,
I..... am watching Till the boat comes by.....
I am watching, watching Till the boat, till the boat comes by.

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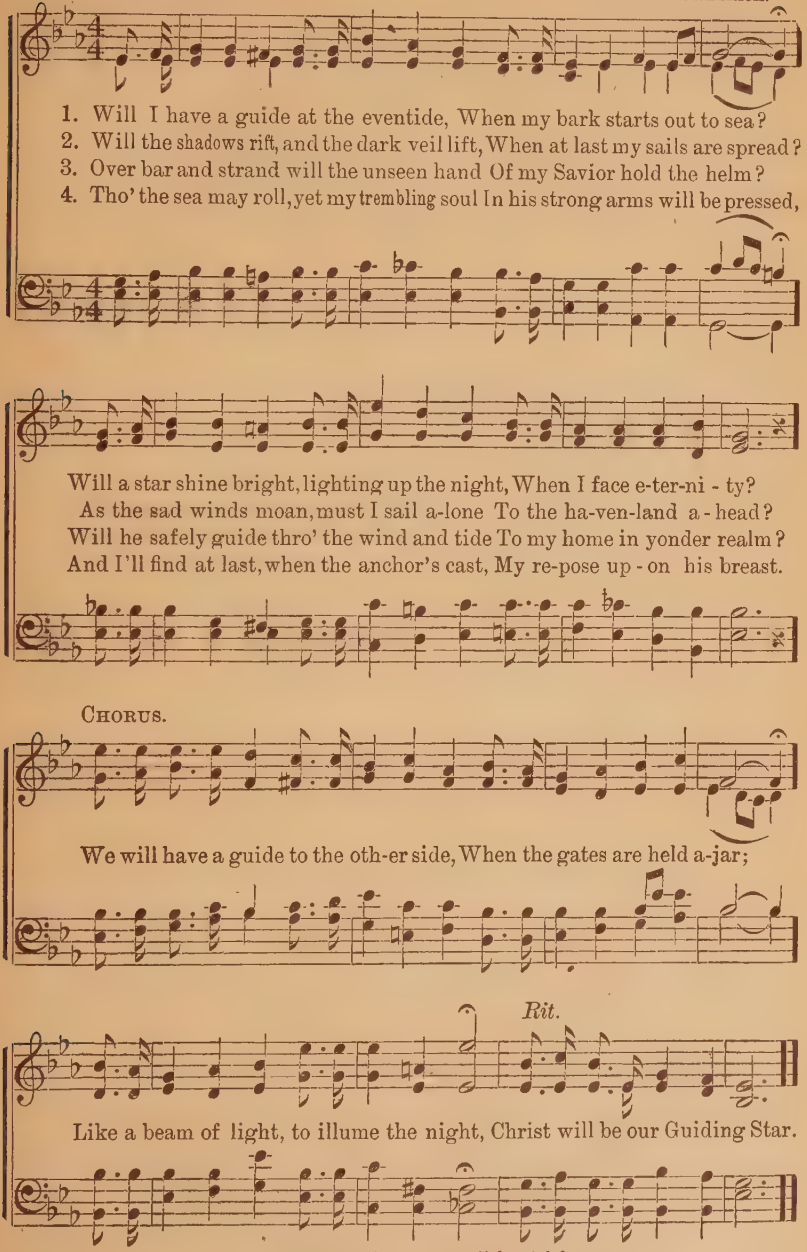
Will I Have a Guide?

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Will I have a guide at the eventide, When my bark starts out to sea?
2. Will the shadows rift, and the dark veil lift, When at last my sails are spread?
3. Over bar and strand will the unseen hand Of my Savior hold the helm?
4. Tho' the sea may roll, yet my trembling soul In his strong arms will be pressed,
Will a star shine bright, lighting up the night, When I face e-ter-ni - ty?
As the sad winds moan, must I sail a-lone To the ha-ven-land a - head?
Will he safely guide thro' the wind and tide To my home in yonder realm?
And I'll find at last, when the anchor's cast, My re-pose up - on his breast.
CHORUS.
We will have a guide to the oth-er side, When the gates are held a-jar;
Rit.
Like a beam of light, to illume the night, Christ will be our Guiding Star.

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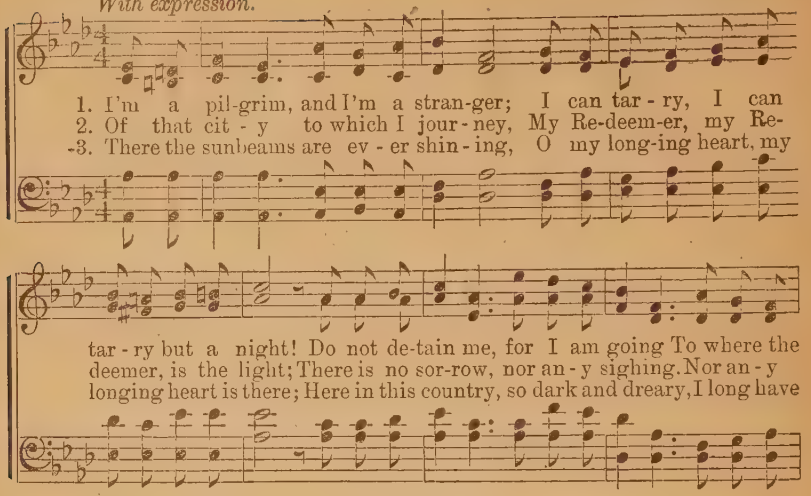
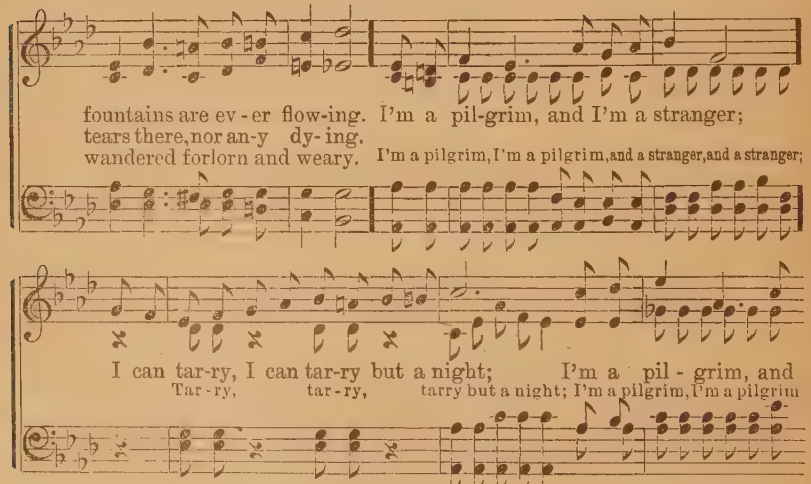
I'm a Pilgrim.

MARY S. B. DANA. J. LINCOLN HALL.

With expression.


1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can
2. Of that cit-y to which I jour-ney, My Re-deem-er, my Re-
3. There the sunbeams are ev-er shin-ing, O my long-ing heart, my
tar-ry but a night! Do not de-tain me, for I am going To where the
deemer, is the light; There is no sor-row, nor an-y sighing. Nor an-y
longing heart is there; Here in this country, so dark and dreary, I long have

CHORUS.


fountains are ev-er flow-ing. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger;
tears there, nor an-y dy-ing.
wandered forlorn and weary. I'm a pilgrim, I'm a pilgrim, and a stranger, and a stranger;
I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night; I'm a pil-grim, and
Tar-ry, tar-ry, tarry but a night; I'm a pilgrim, I'm a pilgrim
Rit.
I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.
and a stranger, and a stranger; Tar-ry, tar-ry, tarry but a night.

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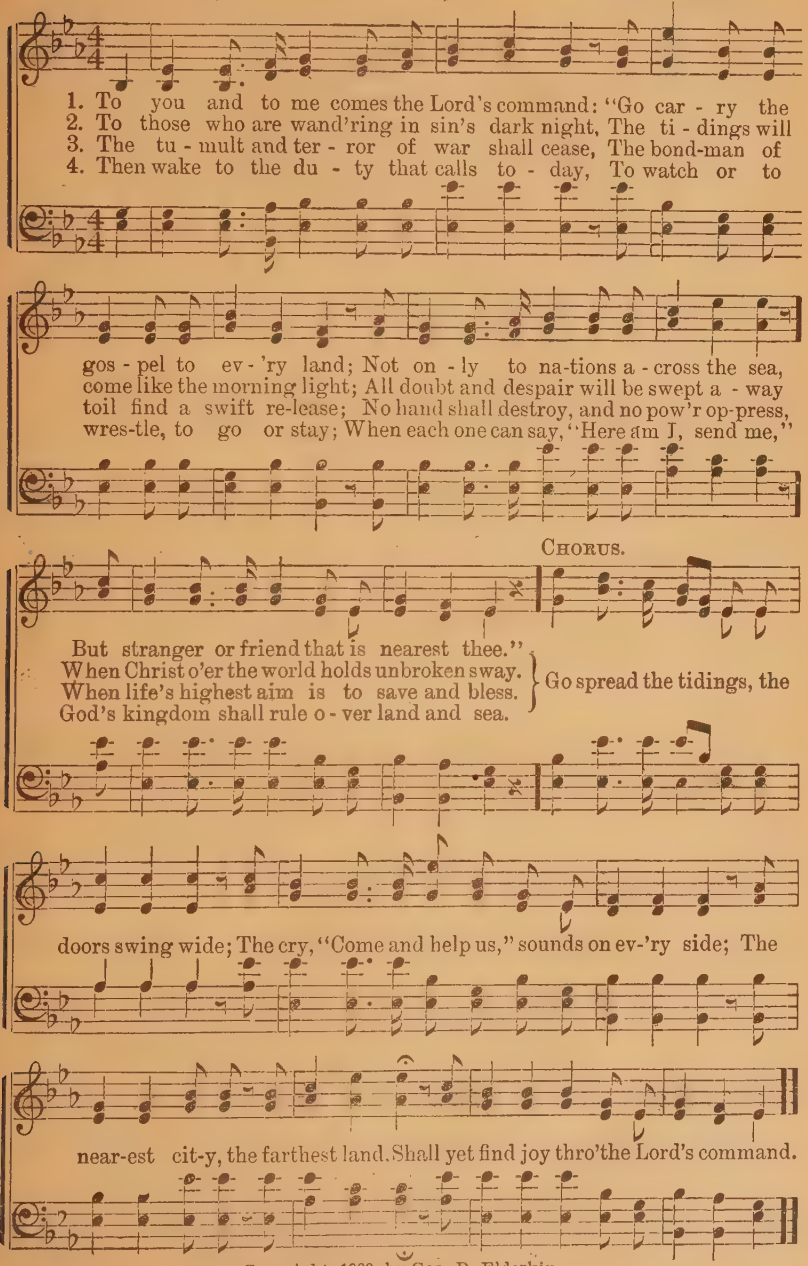
Go Spread the Tidings.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. G. WILLIAM ELDERKIN.


1. To you and to me comes the Lord's command: "Go car - ry the
2. To those who are wand'ring in sin's dark night, The ti - dings will
3. The tu - mult and ter - ror of war shall cease, The bond-man of
4. Then wake to the du - ty that calls to - day, To watch or to
gos - pel to ev - 'ry land; Not on - ly to na-tions a - cross the sea,
come like the morning light; All doubt and despair will be swept a - way
toil find a swift re-lease; No hand shall destroy, and no pow'r op-press,
wres-tle, to go or stay; When each one can say, "Here am I, send me,"
CHORUS.
But stranger or friend that is nearest thee."
When Christ o'er the world holds unbroken sway.
When life's highest aim is to save and bless.
God's kingdom shall rule o - ver land and sea.
Go spread the tidings, the
doors swing wide; The cry, "Come and help us," sounds on ev-'ry side; The
near-est cit-y, the farthest land. Shall yet find joy thro'the Lord's command.

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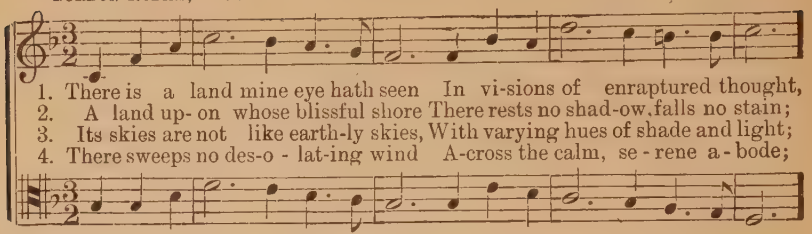
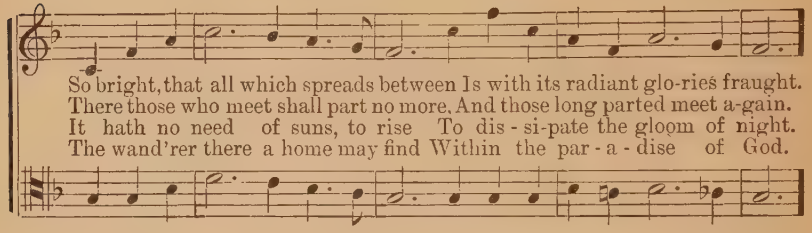
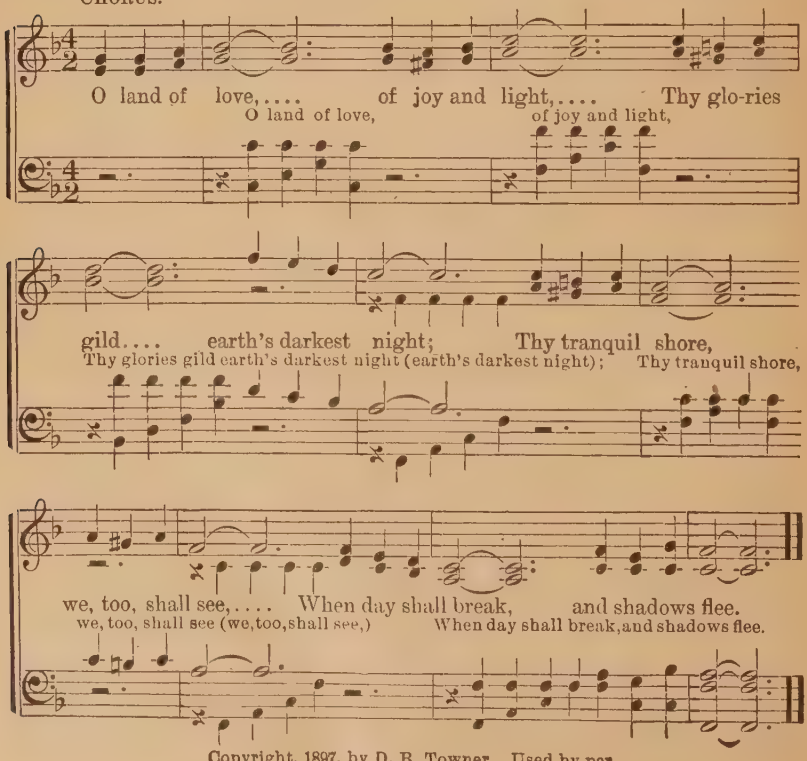
The Better Land.

GURDON ROBINS, arr. DANIEL B. TOWNER.


1. There is a land mine eye hath seen In vi-sions of enraptured thought,
2. A land up- on whose blissful shore There rests no shad-ow, falls no stain;
3. Its skies are not like earth-ly skies, With varying hues of shade and light;
4. There sweeps no des-o - lat-ing wind A-cross the calm, se - rene a - bode;


So bright, that all which spreads between Is with its radiant glo-ries fraught.
There those who meet shall part no more, And those long parted meet a-gain.
It hath no need of suns, to rise To dis - si-pate the gloom of night.
The wand'rer there a home may find Within the par - a - dise of God.

CHORUS.


O land of love,.... of joy and light,.... Thy glo-ries
O land of love, of joy and light,
gild.... earth's darkest night; Thy tranquil shore,
Thy glories gild earth's darkest night (earth's darkest night); Thy tranquil shore,
we, too, shall see,.... When day shall break, and shadows flee.
we, too, shall see (we, too, shall see,) When day shall break, and shadows flee.

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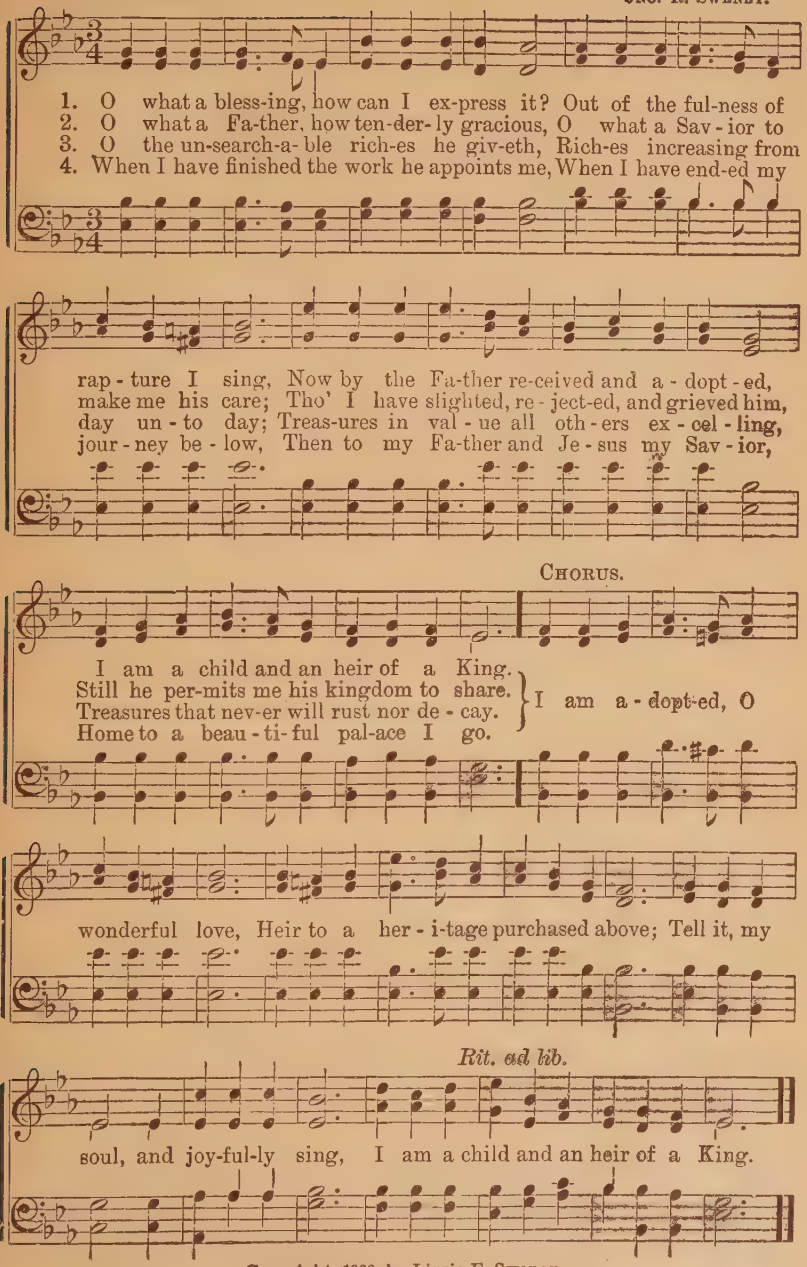
Adopted.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. O what a bless-ing, how can I ex-press it? Out of the ful-ness of
2. O what a Fa-ther, how ten-der-ly gracious, O what a Sav-ior to
3. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es he giv-eth, Rich-es increasing from
4. When I have finished the work he appoints me, When I have end-ed my
rap-ture I sing, Now by the Fa-ther re-ceived and a-dopt-ed,
make me his care; Tho' I have slighted, re-ject-ed, and grieved him,
day un-to day; Treas-ures in val-ue all oth-ers ex-cel-ling,
jour-ney be-low, Then to my Fa-ther and Je-sus my Sav-ior,
CHORUS.
I am a child and an heir of a King.
Still he per-mits me his kingdom to share.
Treasures that nev-er will rust nor de-cay.
Home to a beau-ti-ful pal-ace I go.
I am a-dopt-ed, O
wonderful love, Heir to a her-i-tage purchased above; Tell it, my
Rit. ad lib.
soul, and joy-ful-ly sing, I am a child and an heir of a King.

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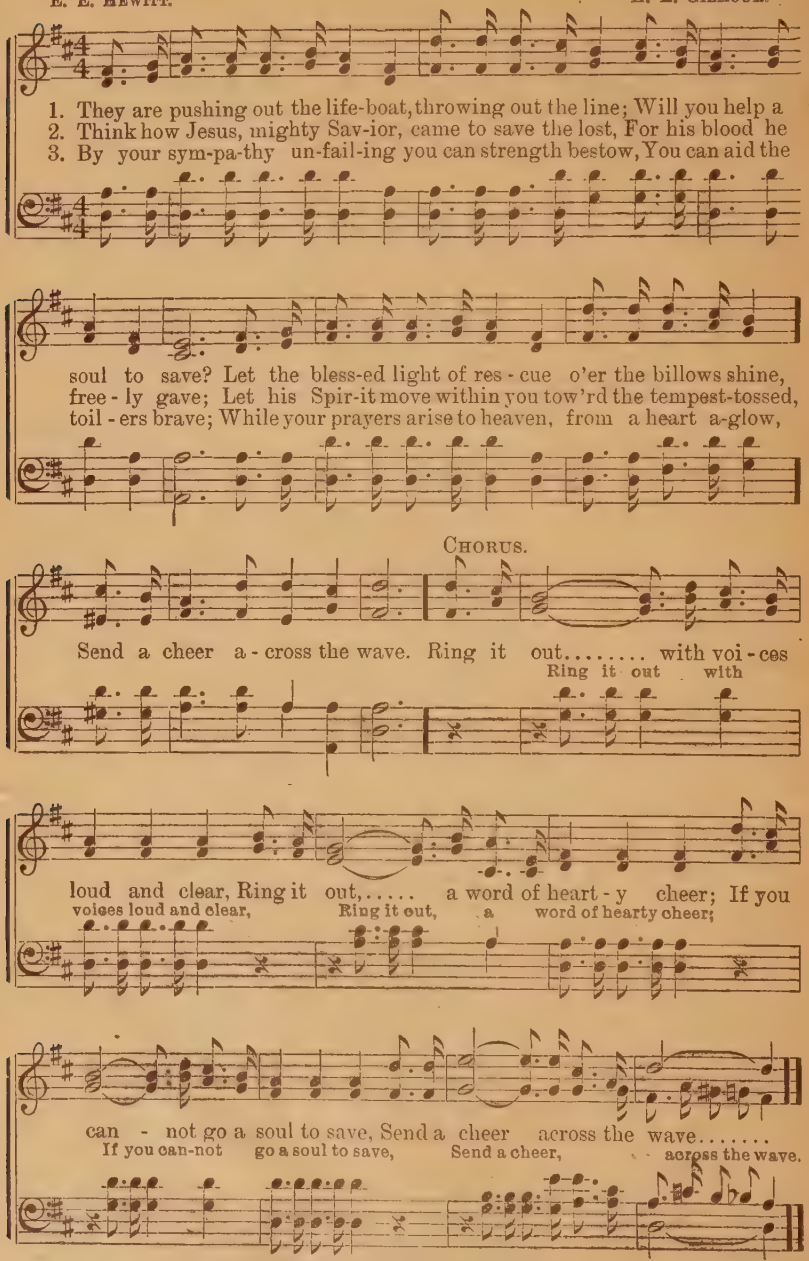
12 Send a Cheer Across the Wave.

E. E. Hewitt. H. L. Gilmour.


1. They are pushing out the life-boat, throwing out the line; Will you help a
2. Think how Jesus, mighty Sav-ior, came to save the lost, For his blood he
3. By your sym-pa-thy un-fail-ing you can strength bestow, You can aid the
soul to save? Let the bless-ed light of res - cue o'er the billows shine,
free - ly gave; Let his Spir-it move within you tow'rd the tempest-tossed,
toil - ers brave; While your prayers arise to heaven, from a heart a-glow,
Chorus.
Send a cheer a - cross the wave. Ring it out..... with voi - ces
Ring it out with
loud and clear, Ring it out,..... a word of heart - y cheer; If you
voices loud and clear, Ring it out, a word of hearty cheer;
can - not go a soul to save, Send a cheer across the wave.....
If you can-not go a soul to save, Send a cheer, across the wave.

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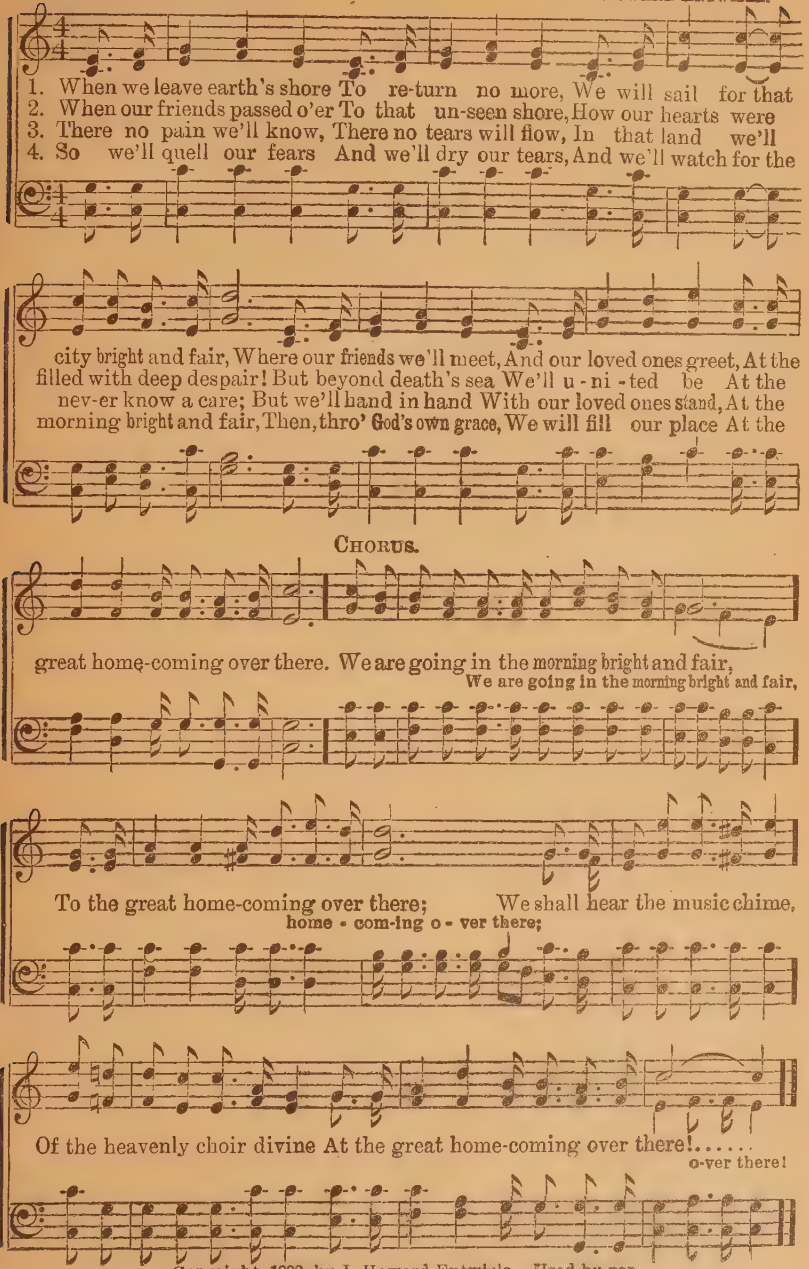
The Home-Coming.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.


1. When we leave earth's shore To re-turn no more, We will sail for that
2. When our friends passed o'er To that un-seen shore, How our hearts were
3. There no pain we'll know, There no tears will flow, In that land we'll
4. So we'll quell our fears And we'll dry our tears, And we'll watch for the
city bright and fair, Where our friends we'll meet, And our loved ones greet, At the
filled with deep despair! But beyond death's sea We'll u - ni - ted be At the
nev-er know a care; But we'll hand in hand With our loved ones stand, At the
morning bright and fair, Then, thro' God's own grace, We will fill our place At the
CHORUS.
great home-coming over there. We are going in the morning bright and fair,
We are going in the morning bright and fair,
To the great home-coming over there; We shall hear the music chime,
home - com-ing o - ver there;
Of the heavenly choir divine At the great home-coming over there!.....
o-ver there!

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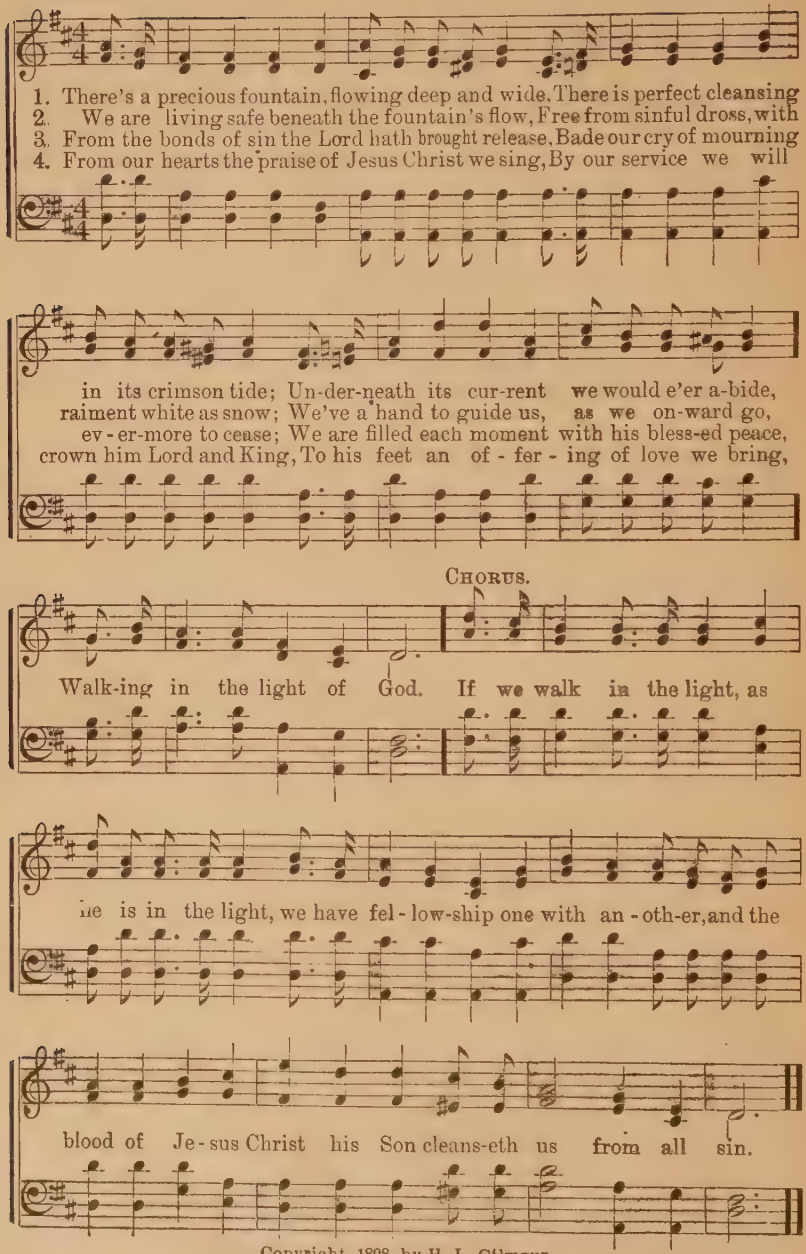
14 We Have Fellowship.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. There's a precious fountain, flowing deep and wide, There is perfect cleansing
2. We are living safe beneath the fountain's flow, Free from sinful dross, with
3. From the bonds of sin the Lord hath brought release, Bade our cry of mourning
4. From our hearts the praise of Jesus Christ we sing, By our service we will
in its crimson tide; Un-der-neath its cur-rent we would e'er a-bide,
raiment white as snow; We've a hand to guide us, as we on-ward go,
ev-er-more to cease; We are filled each moment with his bless-ed peace,
crown him Lord and King, To his feet an of-fer-ing of love we bring,
Chorus.
Walk-ing in the light of God. If we walk in the light, as
he is in the light, we have fel-low-ship one with an-oth-er, and the
blood of Je-sus Christ his Son cleans-eth us from all sin.

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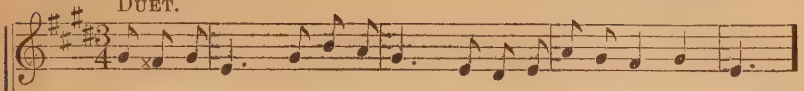
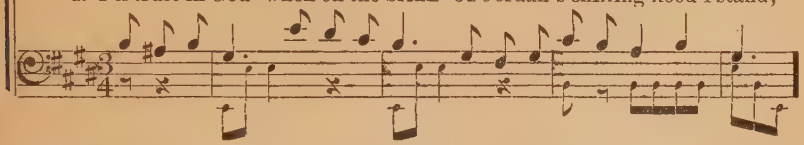
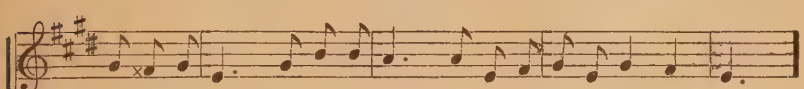
I'll Trust in God.

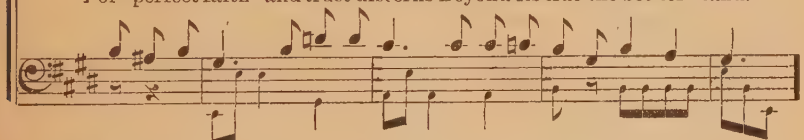
CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

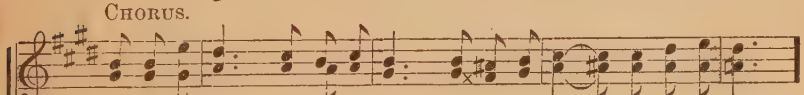
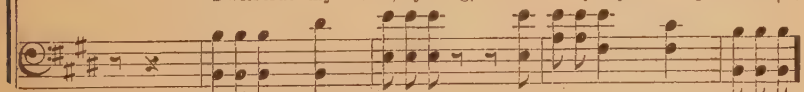
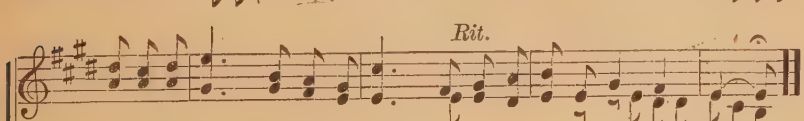
DUET.

1. I'll trust in God—he knows the best! And I will follow where he leads,
2. I'll trust in God, whose child I am, And gladly yield to his con-trol;
3. I'll trust in God, nor question why My cup of sorrows should o'erflow;
4. I'll trust in God when on the brink Of Jordan's chilling flood I stand;

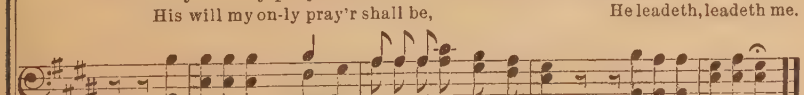




For well I know his love affords A rich supply for all my needs.
He gives me grace for ev-'ry day, And ful-ly sat-is-fies my soul.
Con-tent to feel his guiding hand Is leading wheresoe'er I go.
For perfect faith and trust discerns Beyond its tide the bet-ter land.



CHORUS.

Yes, I will trust my God, my King, And all the day his praises sing;
I will trust my God, my King, And ev'ry day his praises sing;

Rit.

His will my on - ly pray'r shall be, Content to know he leadeth me.
His will my on-ly pray'r shall be, He leadeth, leadeth me.



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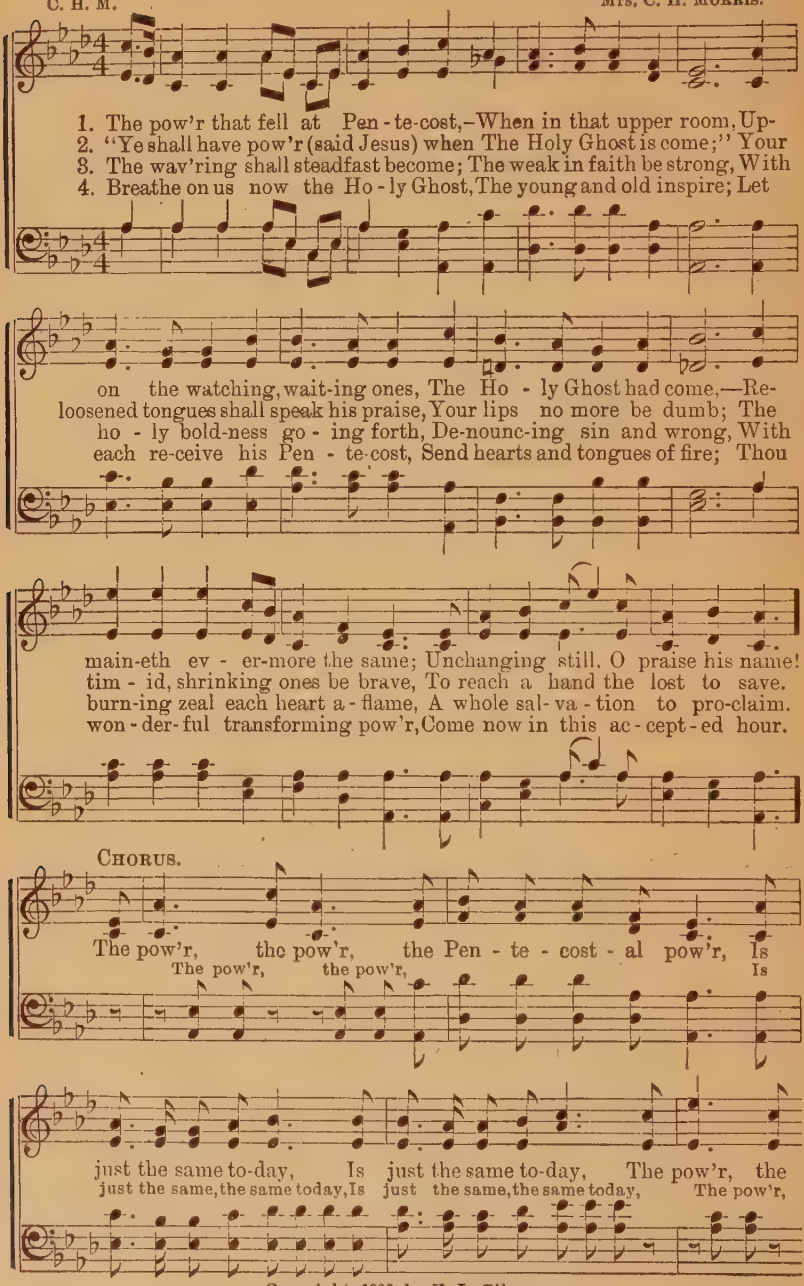
The Pentecostal Power.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The pow'r that fell at Pen-te-cost,—When in that upper room, Up-
2. "Ye shall have pow'r (said Jesus) when The Holy Ghost is come;" Your
3. The wav'ring shall steadfast become; The weak in faith be strong, With
4. Breathe on us now the Ho-ly Ghost, The young and old inspire; Let
on the watching, wait-ing ones, The Ho-ly Ghost had come,—Re-
loosened tongues shall speak his praise, Your lips no more be dumb; The
ho-ly bold-ness go-ing forth, De-nounc-ing sin and wrong, With
each re-ceive his Pen-te-cost, Send hearts and tongues of fire; Thou
main-eth ev-er-more the same; Unchanging still, O praise his name!
tim-id, shrinking ones be brave, To reach a hand the lost to save.
burn-ing zeal each heart a-flame, A whole sal-va-tion to pro-claim.
won-der-ful transforming pow'r, Come now in this ac-cept-ed hour.
Chorus.
The pow'r, the pow'r, the Pen-te-cost-al pow'r, Is
The pow'r, the pow'r, Is
just the same to-day, Is just the same to-day, The pow'r, the
just the same, the same today, Is just the same, the same today, The pow'r,

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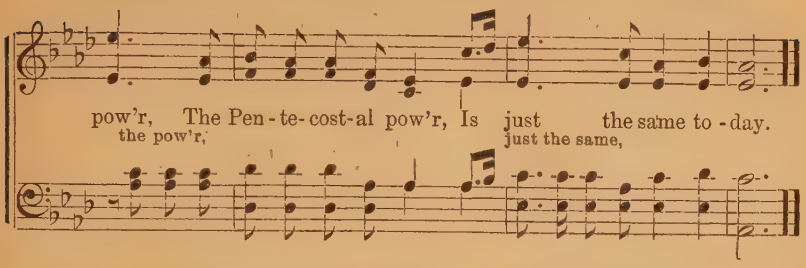
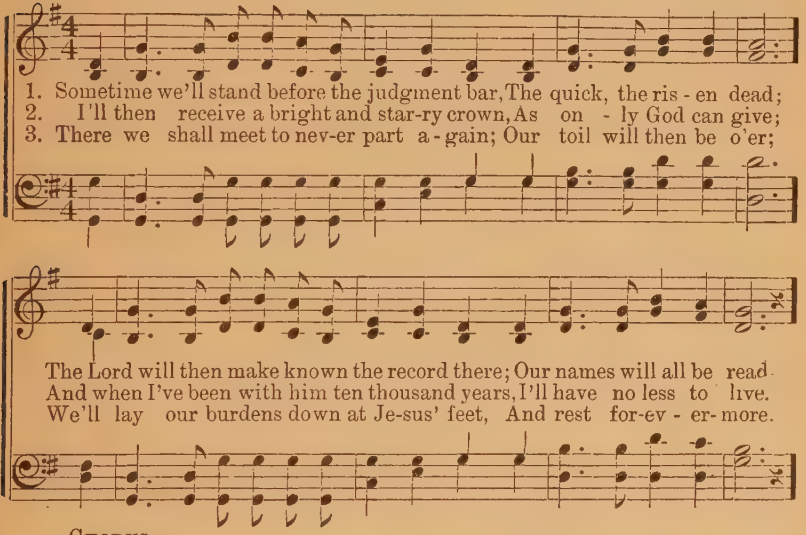
The Pentecostal Power—Concluded.



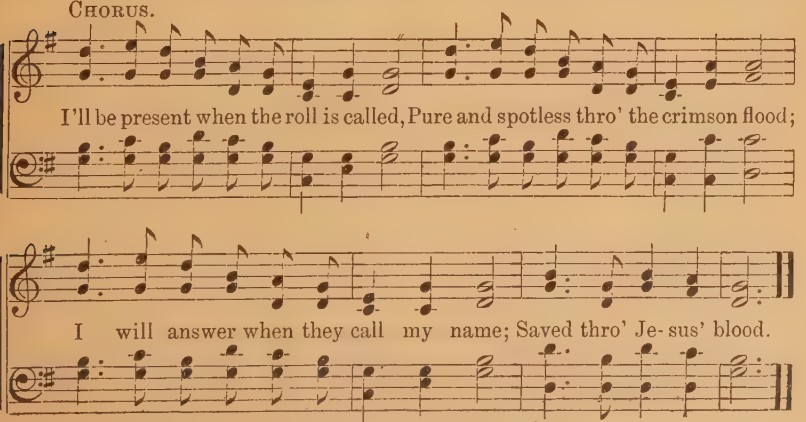
17 Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

J. W. V. J. W. Van De Venter.


1. Sometime we'll stand before the judgment bar, The quick, the ris - en dead;
2. I'll then receive a bright and star-ry crown, As on - ly God can give;
3. There we shall meet to nev-er part a - gain; Our toil will then be o'er;

The Lord will then make known the record there; Our names will all be read
And when I've been with him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live.
We'll lay our burdens down at Je-sus' feet, And rest for-ev - er- more.

Chorus.


I'll be present when the roll is called, Pure and spotless thro' the crimson flood;
I will answer when they call my name; Saved thro' Je- sus' blood.

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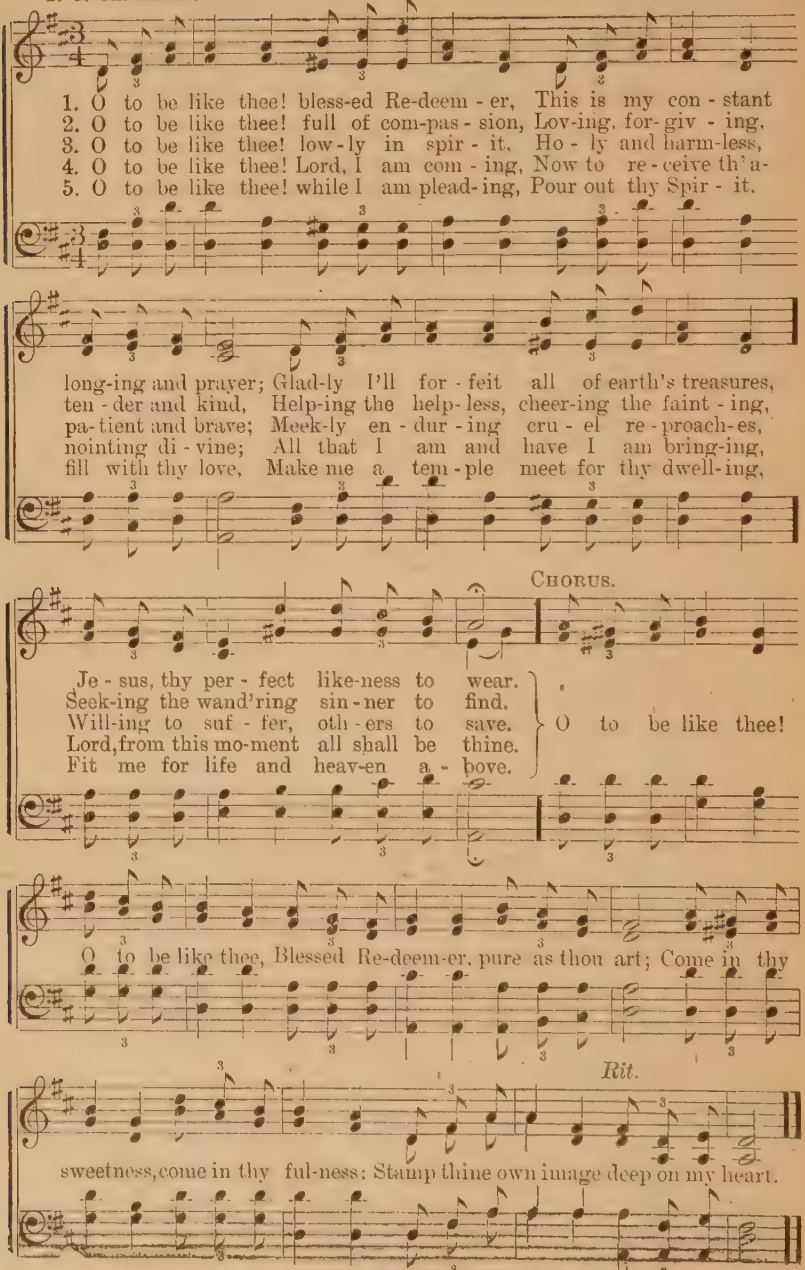
18 O to be Like Thee.

T. O. Chrisholm. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O to be like thee! bless-ed Re-deem - er, This is my con - stant
2. O to be like thee! full of com-pas - sion, Lov-ing, for-giv - ing,
3. O to be like thee! low-ly in spir - it, Ho - ly and harm-less,
4. O to be like thee! Lord, I am com - ing, Now to re - ceive th' a-
5. O to be like thee! while I am plead - ing, Pour out thy Spir - it,
long-ing and prayer; Glad-ly I'll for - feit all of earth's treasures,
ten - der and kind, Help-ing the help-less, cheer-ing the faint - ing,
pa-tient and brave; Meek-ly en - dur - ing cru - el re - proach-es,
nointing di - vine; All that I am and have I am bring-ing,
fill with thy love, Make me a tem - ple meet for thy dwell-ing,
Chorus.
Je - sus, thy per - fect like-ness to wear.
Seek-ing the wand'ring sin-ner to find.
Will-ing to suf - fer, oth - ers to save.
Lord, from this mo-ment all shall be thine.
Fit me for life and heav-en a - bove.
O to be like thee!
O to be like thee, Blessed Re-deem-er, pure as thou art; Come in thy
Rit.
sweetness, come in thy ful-ness; Stamp thine own image deep on my heart.

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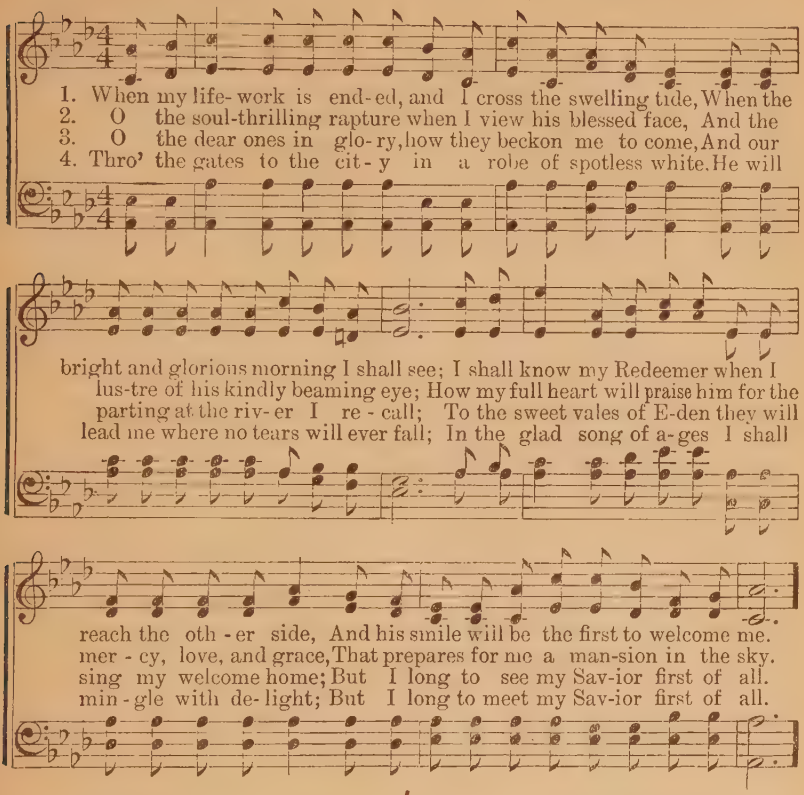
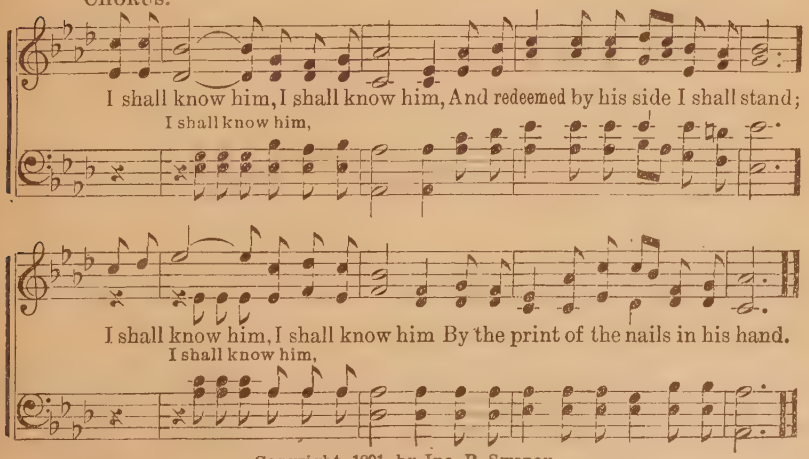
My Savior First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. O the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his blessed face, And the
3. O the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spotless white. He will
bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
lus-tre of his kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the
parting at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall
reach the oth-er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.
mer-cy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my welcome home; But I long to see my Sav-ior first of all.
min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.

CHORUS.


I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeemed by his side I shall stand;
I shall know him,
I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.
I shall know him,

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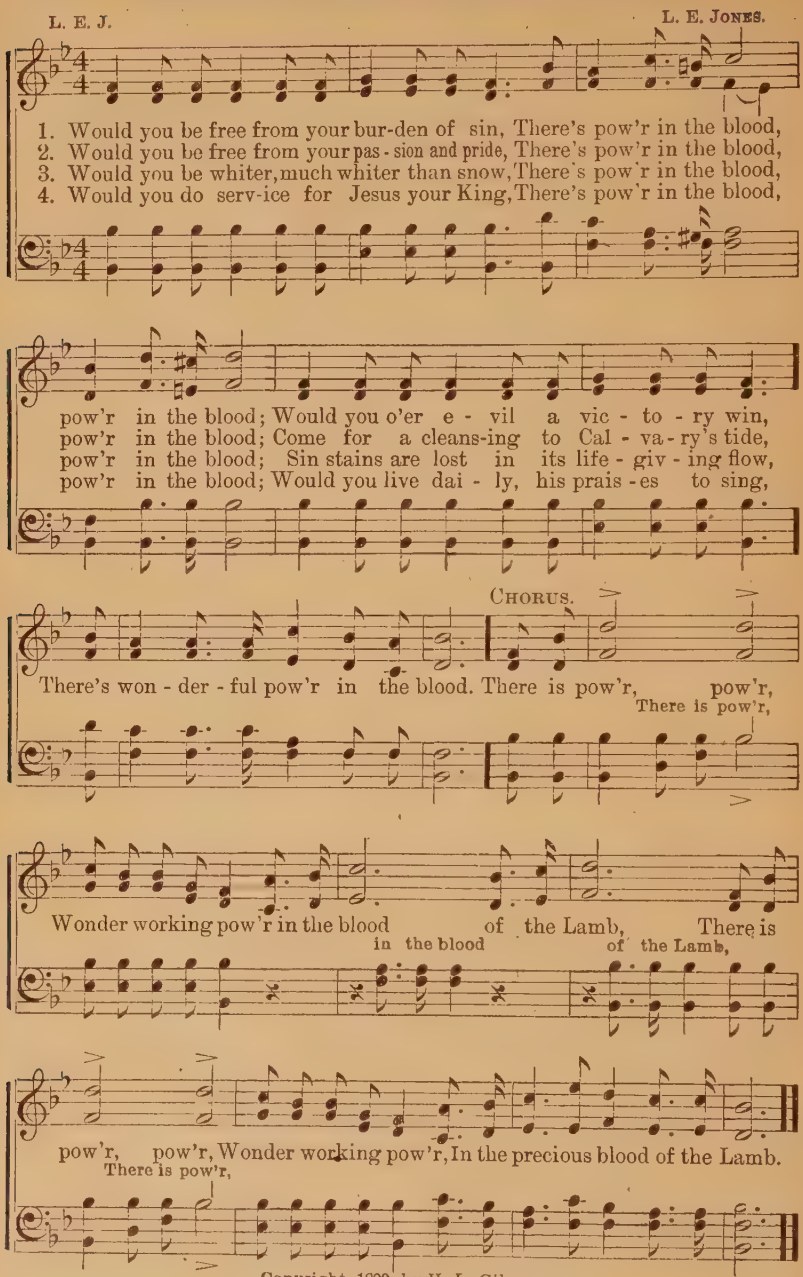
20 There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin, There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride, There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow, There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv-ice for Jesus your King, There's pow'r in the blood,
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e-vil a vic-to-ry win,
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal-va-ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life-giv-ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai-ly, his prais-es to sing,
CHORUS.
There's won-der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r,
Wonder working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
in the blood of the Lamb,
pow'r, pow'r, Wonder working pow'r, In the precious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

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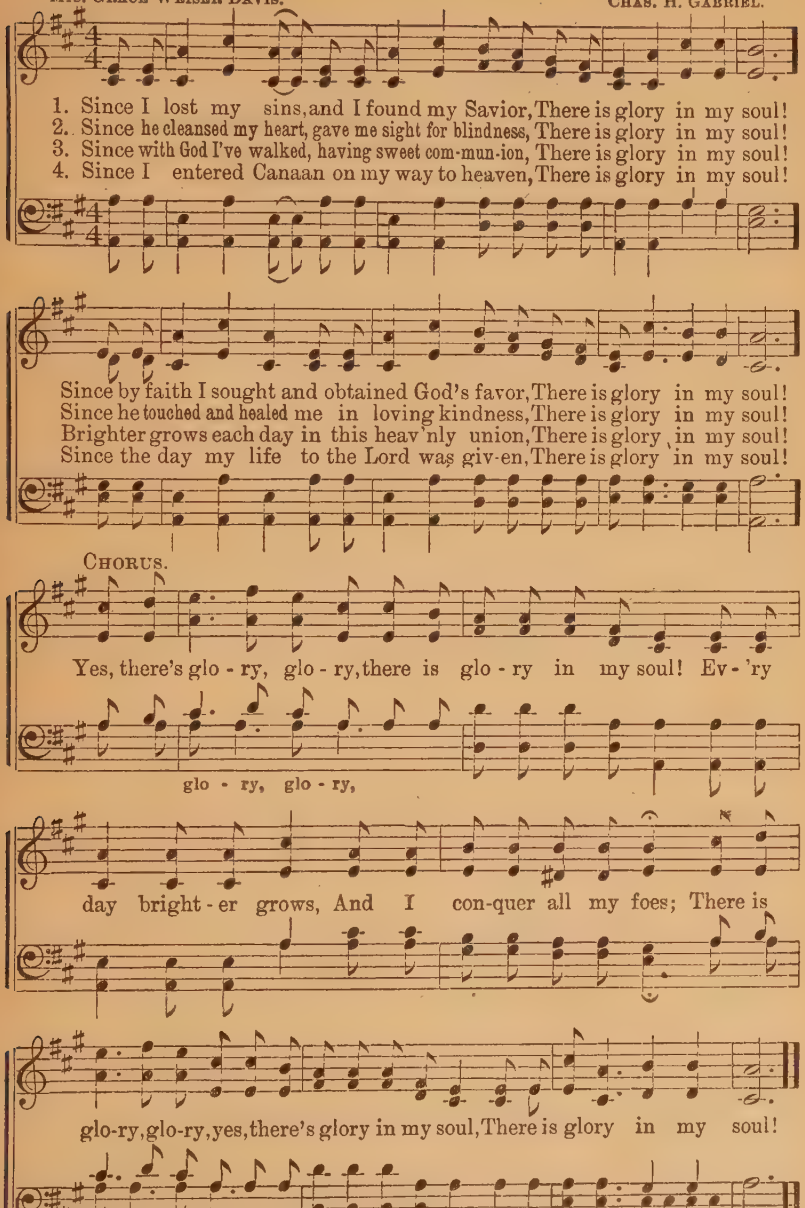
21 There is Glory in My Soul.

Mrs. Grace Weiser Davis. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Savior, There is glory in my soul!
2. Since he cleansed my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glory in my soul!
3. Since with God I've walked, having sweet com-mun-ion, There is glory in my soul!
4. Since I entered Canaan on my way to heaven, There is glory in my soul!
Since by faith I sought and obtained God's favor, There is glory in my soul!
Since he touched and healed me in loving kindness, There is glory in my soul!
Brighter grows each day in this heav'nly union, There is glory in my soul!
Since the day my life to the Lord was giv-en, There is glory in my soul!
Chorus.
Yes, there's glo - ry, glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul! Ev - 'ry
glo - ry, glo - ry,
day bright - er grows, And I con-quer all my foes; There is
glo-ry, glo-ry, yes, there's glory in my soul, There is glory in my soul!
glo-ry, glo-ry,
glory in my soul!

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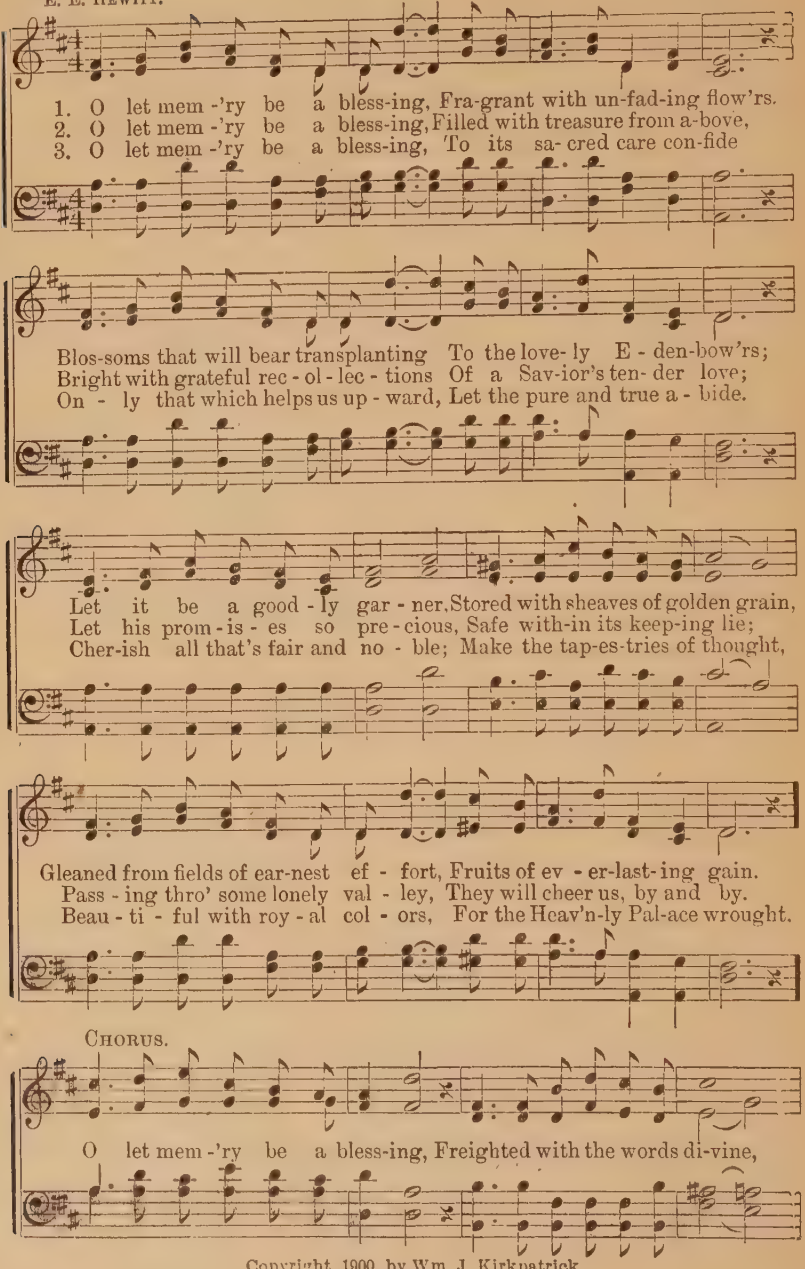
O Let Memory be a Blessing.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O let mem -'ry be a bless-ing, Fra-grant with un-fad-ing flow'rs.
2. O let mem -'ry be a bless-ing, Filled with treasure from a-bove,
3. O let mem -'ry be a bless-ing, To its sa- cred care con-fide
Blos-soms that will bear transplanting To the love- ly E - den-bow'rs;
Bright with grateful rec - ol - lec - tions Of a Sav-ior's ten- der love;
On - ly that which helps us up - ward, Let the pure and true a - bide.
Let it be a good - ly gar - ner, Stored with sheaves of golden grain,
Let his prom - is - es so pre - cious, Safe with-in its keep-ing lie;
Cher-ish all that's fair and no - ble; Make the tap-es-tries of thought,
Gleaned from fields of ear-nest ef - fort, Fruits of ev - er-last-ing gain.
Pass - ing thro' some lonely val - ley, They will cheer us, by and by.
Beau - ti - ful with roy - al col - ors, For the Heav'n-ly Pal-ace wrought.
Chorus.
O let mem -'ry be a bless-ing, Freighted with the words di-vine,

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O Let Memory be a Blessing—Concluded.

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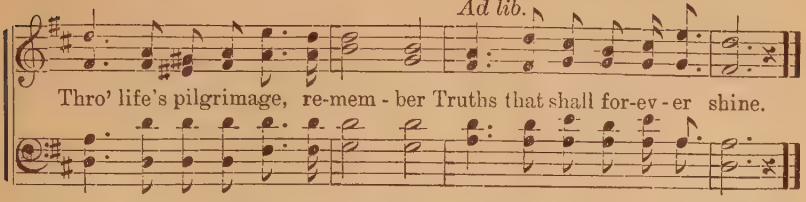
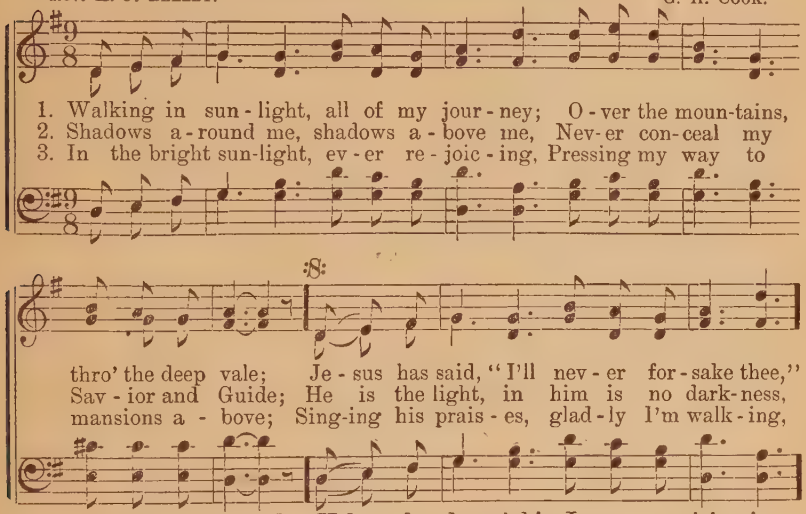


23 Heavenly Sunlight.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. G. H. Cook.


1. Walking in sun - light, all of my jour - ney; O - ver the moun-tains,
2. Shadows a - round me, shadows a - bove me, Nev-er con-ceal my
3. In the bright sun-light, ev - er re - joic - ing, Pressing my way to
:S:
thro' the deep vale; Je - sus has said, "I'll nev - er for - sake thee,"
Sav - ior and Guide; He is the light, in him is no dark-ness,
mansions a - bove; Sing-ing his prais - es, glad - ly I'm walk - ing,
D. S.—Hal - le - lu - jah! I am re - joic - ing,
Fine. Chorus.
Promise di - vine that nev - er can fail.
Ev - er I'm walk - ing close to his side.
Walking in sun - light, sun-light of love.
Heav-en - ly sun - light,
Sing-ing his prais - es, Je - sus is mine.
D.S.
heav-en - ly sun - light, Flooding my soul with glo - ry di - vine;

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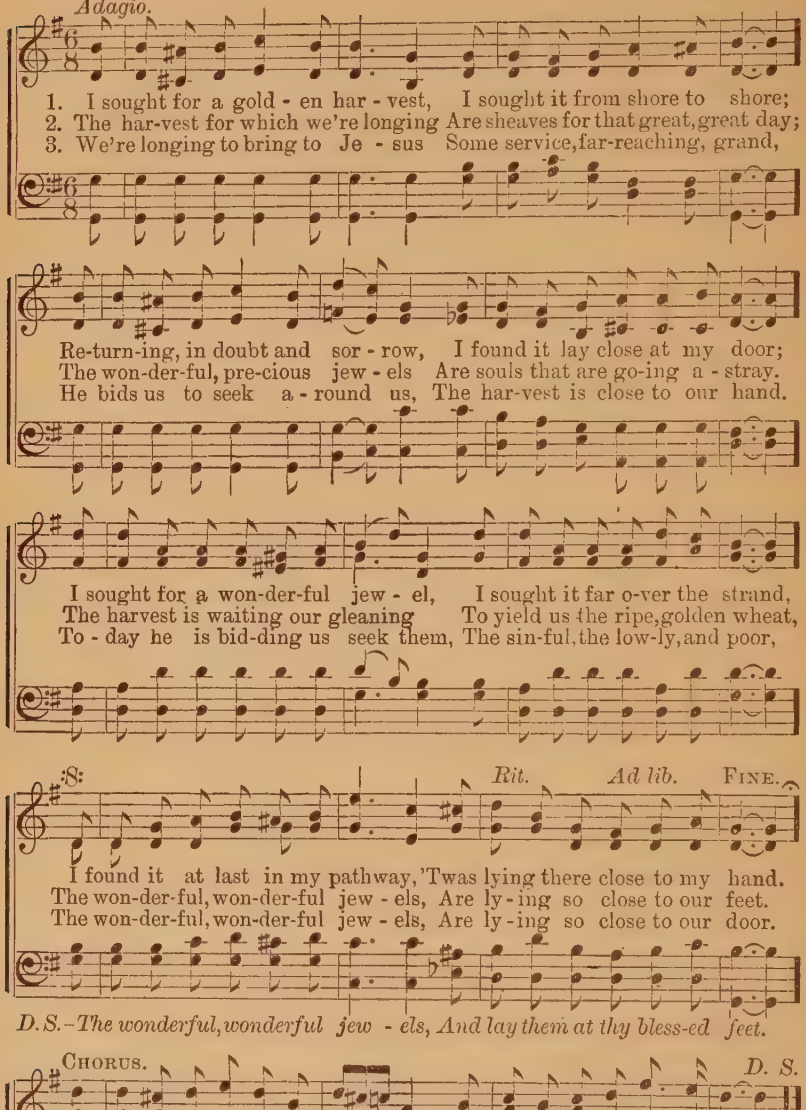
Seeking Lost Jewels.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE. H. L. GILMOUR.

Adagio.


1. I sought for a gold - en har - vest, I sought it from shore to shore;
2. The har-vest for which we're longing Are sheaves for that great, great day;
3. We're longing to bring to Je - sus Some service, far-reaching, grand,
Re-turn-ing, in doubt and sor - row, I found it lay close at my door;
The won-der-ful, pre-cious jew - els Are souls that are go-ing a - stray.
He bids us to seek a - round us, The har-vest is close to our hand.
I sought for a won-der-ful jew - el, I sought it far o-ver the strand,
The harvest is waiting our gleaning To yield us the ripe, golden wheat,
To - day he is bid-ding us seek them, The sin-ful, the low-ly, and poor,
S:
Rit.
Ad lib.
FINE.
I found it at last in my pathway, 'Twas lying there close to my hand.
The won-der-ful, won-der-ful jew - els, Are ly - ing so close to our feet.
The won-der-ful, won-der-ful jew - els, Are ly - ing so close to our door.
D.S.–The wonderful, wonderful jew - els, And lay them at thy bless-ed feet.
CHORUS.
D. S.
O teach us, dear Lord of the har - vest, To gath-er the ripe, golden wheat,

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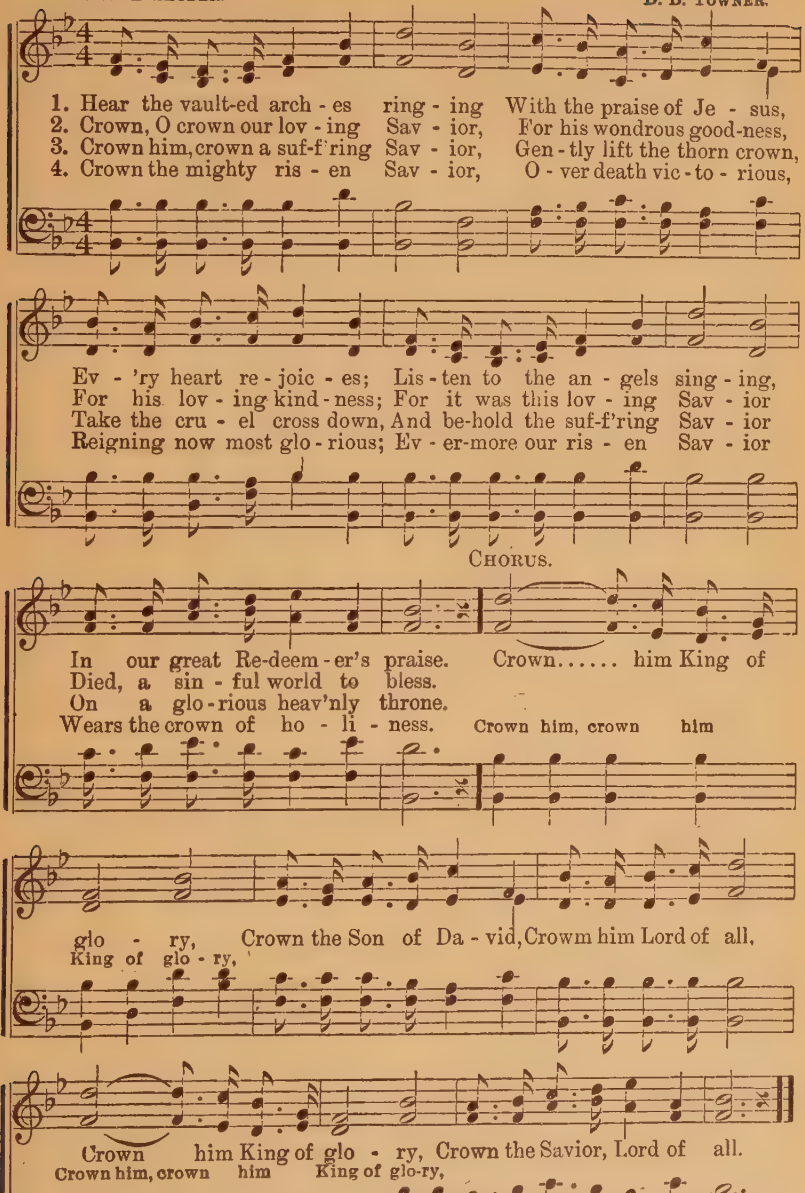
Crown Him.

Mrs. Ella Lauder. D. B. Towner.


1. Hear the vault-ed arch - es ring - ing With the praise of Je - sus,
2. Crown, O crown our lov - ing Sav - ior, For his wondrous good-ness,
3. Crown him, crown a suf-f'ring Sav - ior, Gen - tly lift the thorn crown,
4. Crown the mighty ris - en Sav - ior, O - ver death vic - to - rious,
Ev - 'ry heart re - joic - es; Lis - ten to the an - gels sing - ing,
For his lov - ing kind - ness; For it was this lov - ing Sav - ior
Take the cru - el cross down, And be-hold the suf-f'ring Sav - ior
Reigning now most glo - rious; Ev - er-more our ris - en Sav - ior
Chorus.
In our great Re-deem - er's praise. Crown..... him King of
Died, a sin - ful world to bless.
On a glo - rious heav'nly throne.
Wears the crown of ho - li - ness. Crown him, crown him
glo - ry, Crown the Son of Da - vid, Crown him Lord of all,
King of glo - ry,
Crown him King of glo - ry, Crown the Savior, Lord of all.
Crown him, crown him King of glo-ry,

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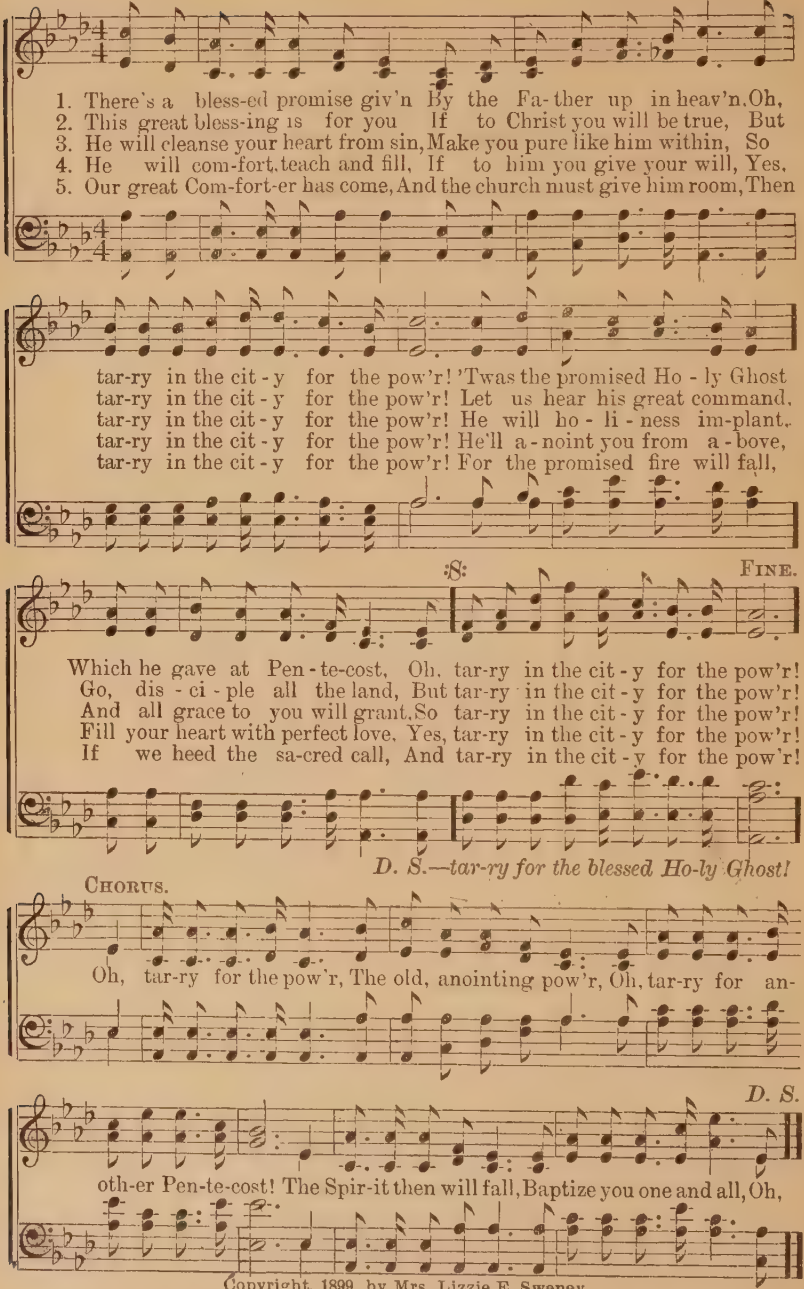
Tarry for the Power.

Rev. A. C. Bane. Josephine H. Sweney.

1. There's a bless-ed promise giv'n By the Fa-ther up in heav'n. Oh,
2. This great bless-ing is for you If to Christ you will be true, But
3. He will cleanse your heart from sin, Make you pure like him within, So
4. He will com-fort, teach and fill, If to him you give your will, Yes,
5. Our great Com-fort-er has come, And the church must give him room, Then
tar-ry in the cit-y for the pow'r! 'Twas the promised Ho-ly Ghost
tar-ry in the cit-y for the pow'r! Let us hear his great command,
tar-ry in the cit-y for the pow'r! He will ho-li-ness im-plant,
tar-ry in the cit-y for the pow'r! He'll a-noint you from a-bove,
tar-ry in the cit-y for the pow'r! For the promised fire will fall,
:S:
Fine.
Which he gave at Pen-te-cost, Oh, tar-ry in the cit-y for the pow'r!
Go, dis-ci-ple all the land, But tar-ry in the cit-y for the pow'r!
And all grace to you will grant, So tar-ry in the cit-y for the pow'r!
Fill your heart with perfect love, Yes, tar-ry in the cit-y for the pow'r!
If we heed the sa-cred call, And tar-ry in the cit-y for the pow'r!
D. S.—tar-ry for the blessed Ho-ly Ghost!
Chorus.
Oh, tar-ry for the pow'r, The old, anointing pow'r, Oh, tar-ry for an-
D. S.
oth-er Pen-te-cost! The Spir-it then will fall, Baptize you one and all, Oh,

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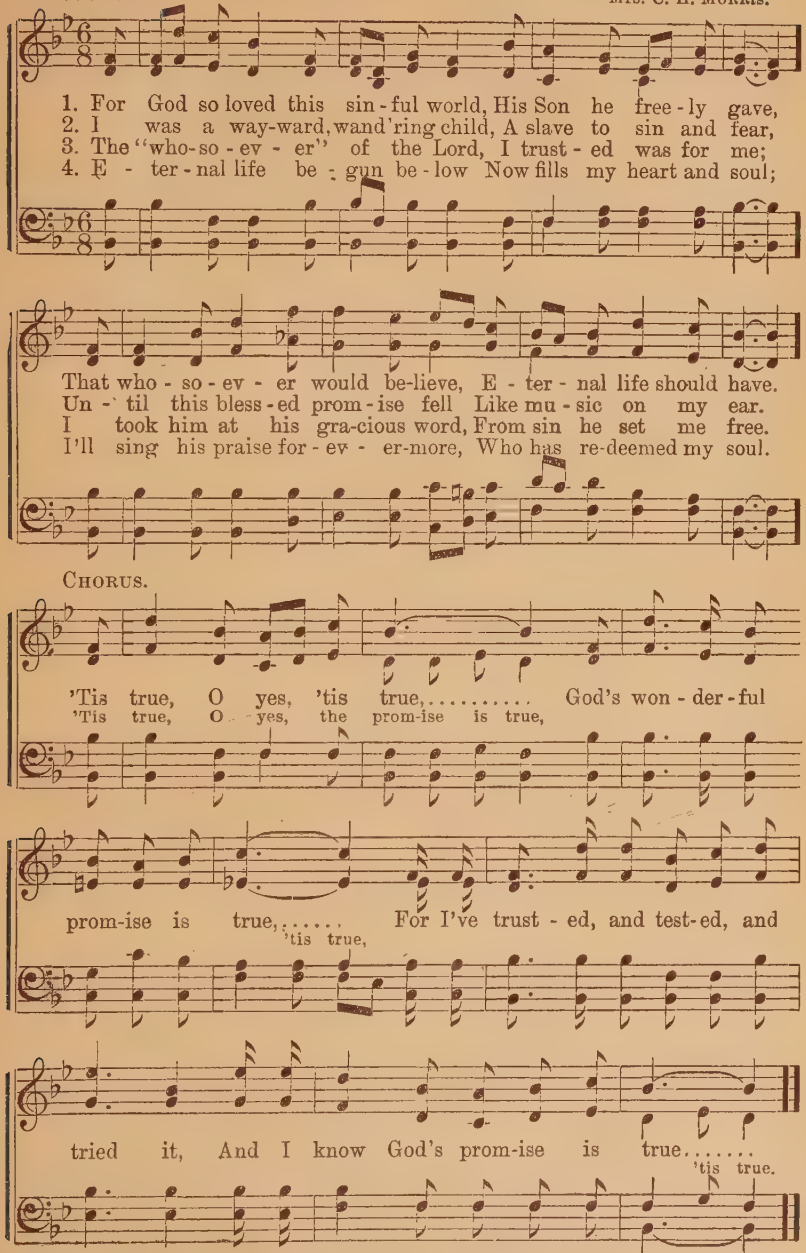
27 I Know God's Promise is True.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. For God so loved this sin-ful world, His Son he free-ly gave,
2. I was a way-ward, wand'ring child, A slave to sin and fear,
3. The "who-so-ev-er" of the Lord, I trust-ed was for me;
4. E-ter-nal life be-gun be-low Now fills my heart and soul;
That who-so-ev-er would be-lieve, E-ter-nal life should have.
Un-til this bless-ed prom-ise fell Like mu-sic on my ear.
I took him at his gra-cious word, From sin he set me free.
I'll sing his praise for-ev-er-more, Who has re-deemed my soul.
Chorus.
'Tis true, O yes, 'tis true, God's won-der-ful
'Tis true, O yes, the prom-ise is true,
prom-ise is true, For I've trust-ed, and test-ed, and
'tis true,
tried it, And I know God's prom-ise is true.
'tis true.

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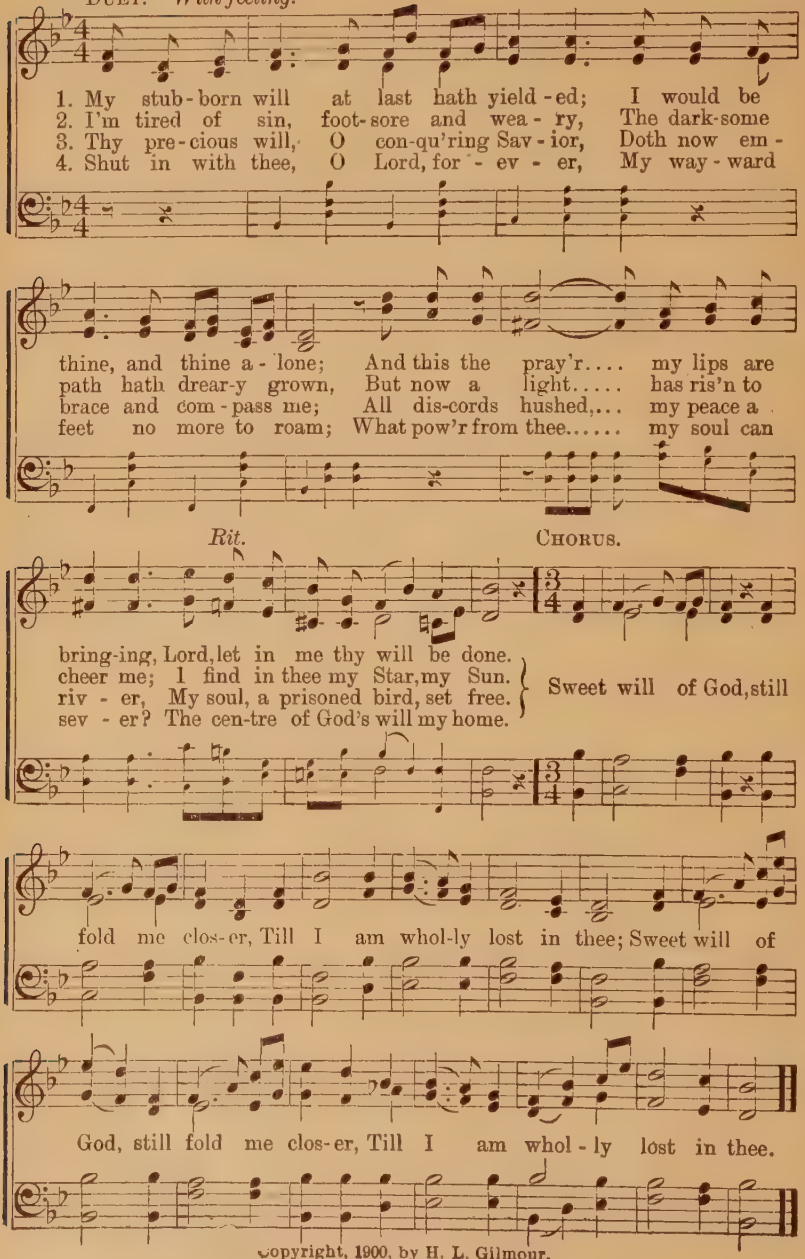
Sweet Will of God.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Duet. *With feeling.*

1. My stub-born will at last hath yield-ed; I would be
2. I'm tired of sin, foot-sore and wea-ry, The dark-some
3. Thy pre-cious will, O con-qu'ring Sav-ior, Doth now em-
4. Shut in with thee, O Lord, for-ev-er, My way-ward
thine, and thine a-lone; And this the pray'r.... my lips are
path hath drear-y grown, But now a light..... has ris'n to
brace and com-pass me; All dis-cords hushed,... my peace a
feet no more to roam; What pow'r from thee..... my soul can
Rit.
Chorus.
bring-ing, Lord, let in me thy will be done.
cheer me; I find in thee my Star, my Sun.
riv-er, My soul, a prisoned bird, set free.
sev-er? The cen-tre of God's will my home.
Sweet will of God, still
fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in thee; Sweet will of
God, still fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in thee.

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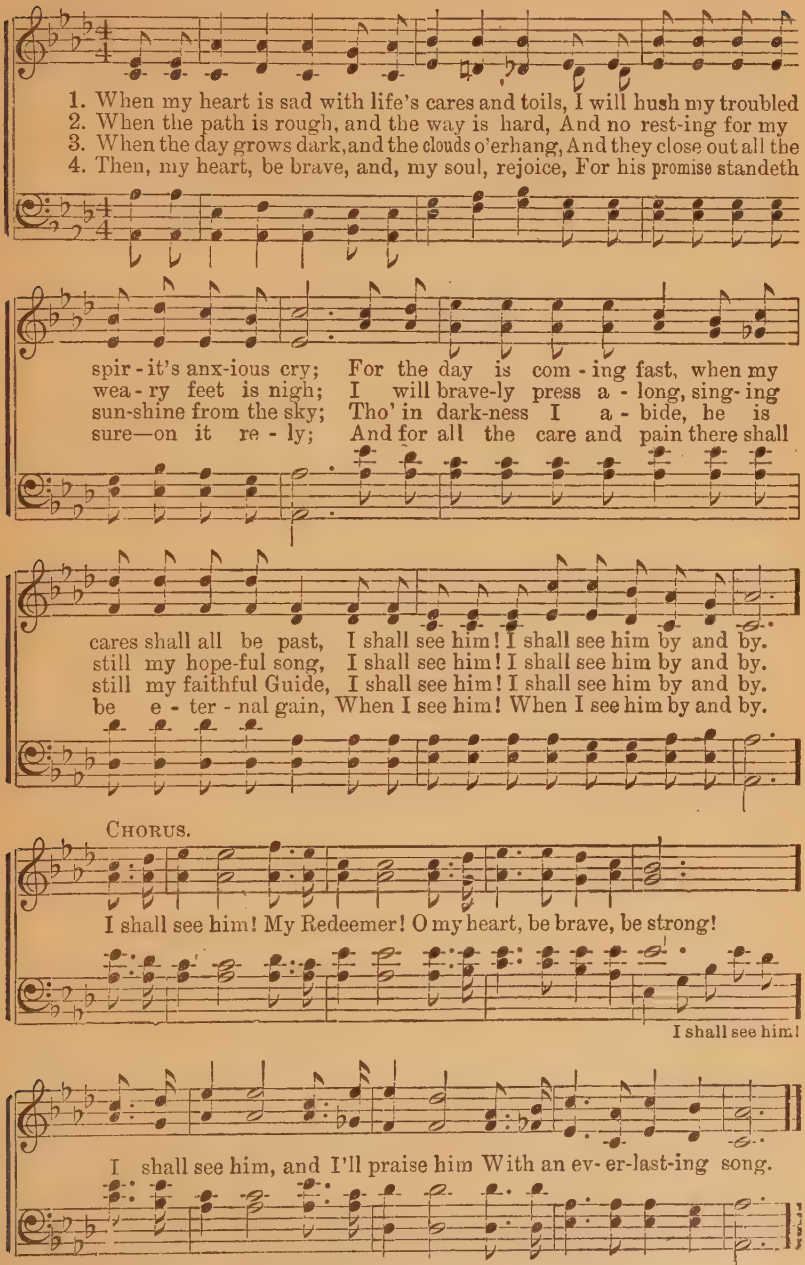
29 I Shall See Him By and By.

Rev. Frank E. Graeff. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. When my heart is sad with life's cares and toils, I will hush my troubled
2. When the path is rough, and the way is hard, And no rest-ing for my
3. When the day grows dark, and the clouds o'erhang, And they close out all the
4. Then, my heart, be brave, and, my soul, rejoice, For his promise standeth
spir-it's anx-ious cry; For the day is com-ing fast, when my
wea-ry feet is nigh; I will brave-ly press a-long, sing-ing
sun-shine from the sky; Tho' in dark-ness I a-bide, he is
sure—on it re-ly; And for all the care and pain there shall
cares shall all be past, I shall see him! I shall see him by and by.
still my hope-ful song, I shall see him! I shall see him by and by.
still my faithful Guide, I shall see him! I shall see him by and by.
be e-ter-nal gain, When I see him! When I see him by and by.
Chorus.
I shall see him! My Redeemer! O my heart, be brave, be strong!
I shall see him!
I shall see him, and I'll praise him With an ev-er-last-ing song.

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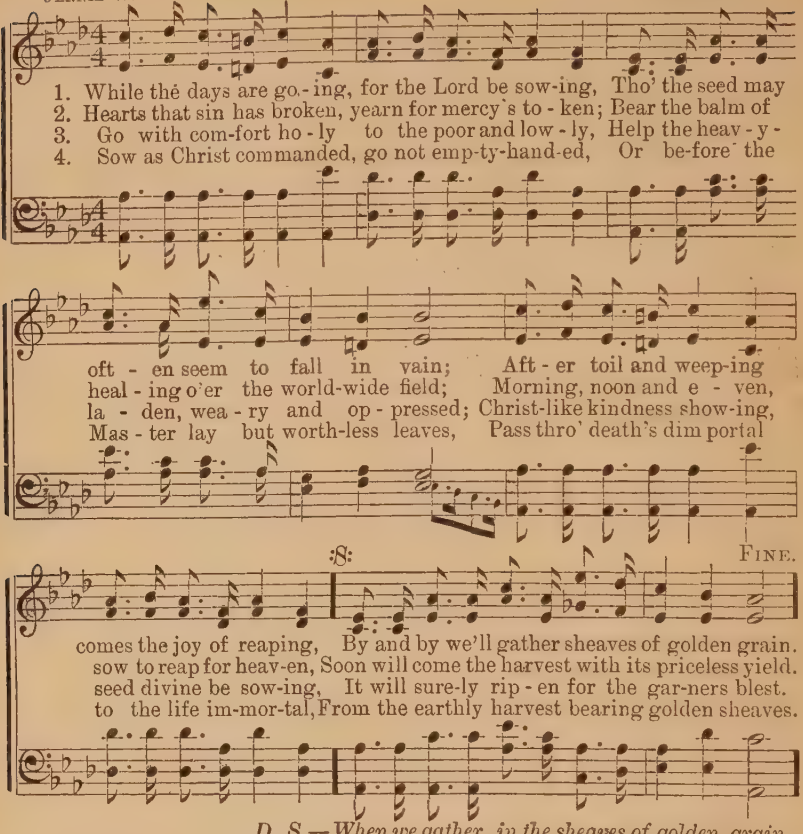
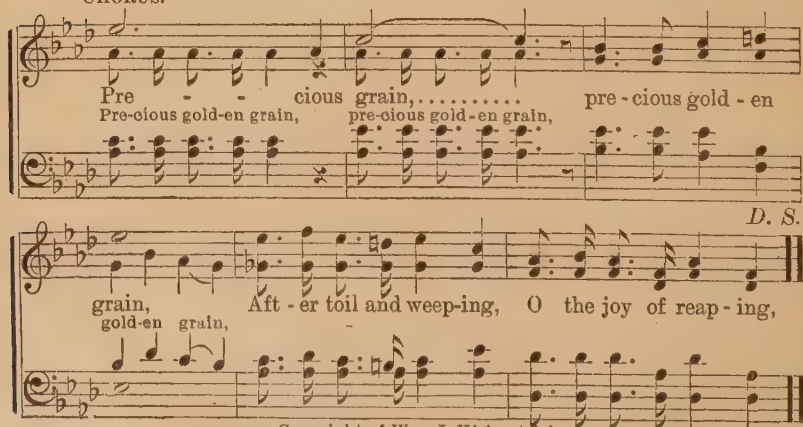
Precious Golden Grain.

JENNIE WILSON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. While the days are go-ing, for the Lord be sow-ing, Tho' the seed may
2. Hearts that sin has broken, yearn for mercy's to-ken; Bear the balm of
3. Go with com-fort ho-ly to the poor and low-ly, Help the heav-y-
4. Sow as Christ commanded, go not emp-ty-hand-ed, Or be-fore the
oft-en seem to fall in vain; Aft-er toil and weep-ing
heal-ing o'er the world-wide field; Morning, noon and e-ven,
la-den, wea-ry and op-pressed; Christ-like kindness show-ing,
Mas-ter lay but worth-less leaves, Pass thro' death's dim portal
:S:
FINE.
comes the joy of reaping, By and by we'll gather sheaves of golden grain.
sow to reap for heav-en, Soon will come the harvest with its priceless yield.
seed divine be sow-ing, It will sure-ly rip-en for the gar-ners blest.
to the life im-mor-tal, From the earthly harvest bearing golden sheaves.

D. S.—When we gather in the sheaves of golden grain.

CHORUS.


Pre-cious grain, pre-cious gold-en
Pre-cious gold-en grain, pre-cious gold-en grain,
D. S.
grain, Aft-er toil and weep-ing, O the joy of reap-ing,
gold-en grain,

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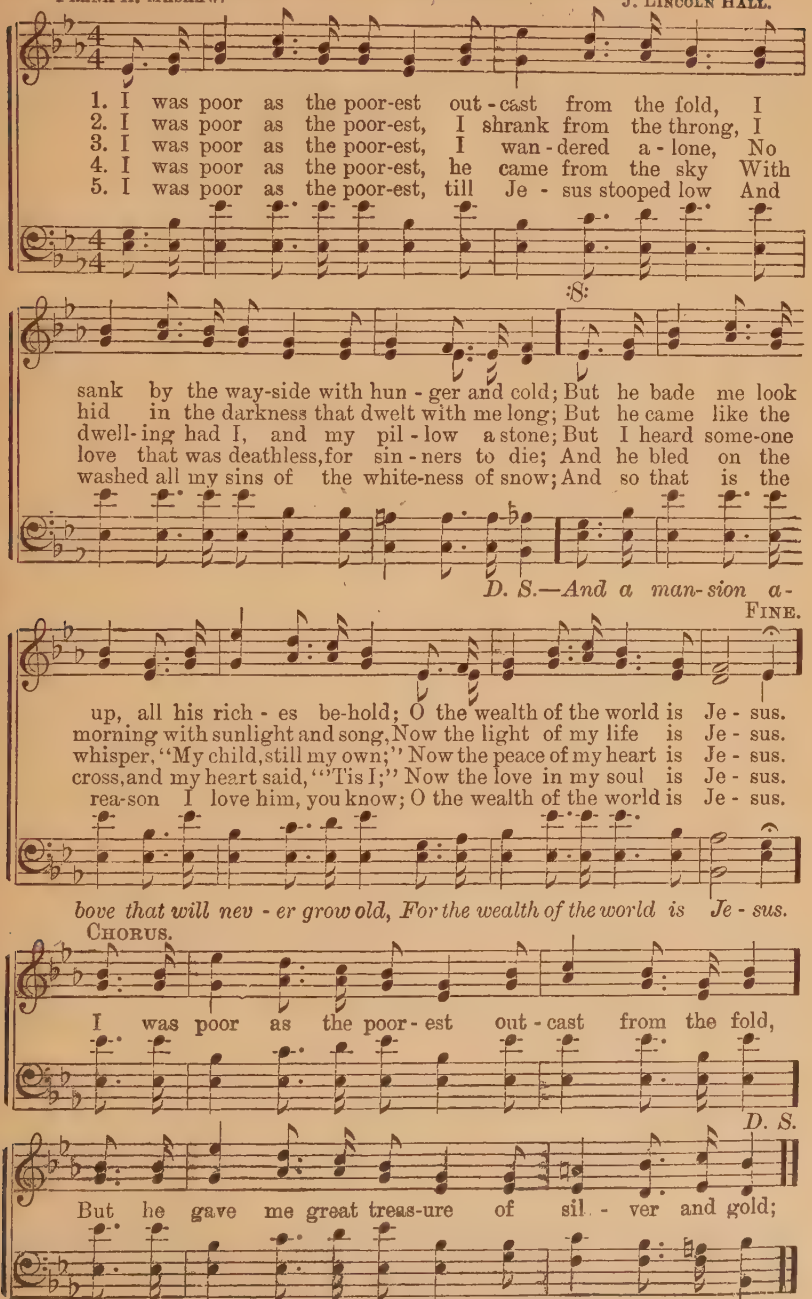
31 I Was Poor as the Poorest.

FRANK H. MASHAW. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. I was poor as the poor-est out-cast from the fold, I
2. I was poor as the poor-est, I shrank from the throng, I
3. I was poor as the poor-est, I wan-dered a-lone, No
4. I was poor as the poor-est, he came from the sky With
5. I was poor as the poor-est, till Je-sus stooped low And
:S:
sank by the way-side with hun-ger and cold; But he bade me look
hid in the darkness that dwelt with me long; But he came like the
dwell-ing had I, and my pil-low a stone; But I heard some-one
love that was deathless, for sin-ners to die; And he bled on the
washed all my sins of the white-ness of snow; And so that is the
D. S.—And a man-sion a-
FINE.
up, all his rich-es be-hold; O the wealth of the world is Je-sus.
morning with sunlight and song, Now the light of my life is Je-sus.
whisper, "My child, still my own;" Now the peace of my heart is Je-sus.
cross, and my heart said, "'Tis I;" Now the love in my soul is Je-sus.
rea-son I love him, you know; O the wealth of the world is Je-sus.
bove that will nev-er grow old, For the wealth of the world is Je-sus.
CHORUS.
I was poor as the poor-est out-cast from the fold,
D. S.
But he gave me great treas-ure of sil-ver and gold;

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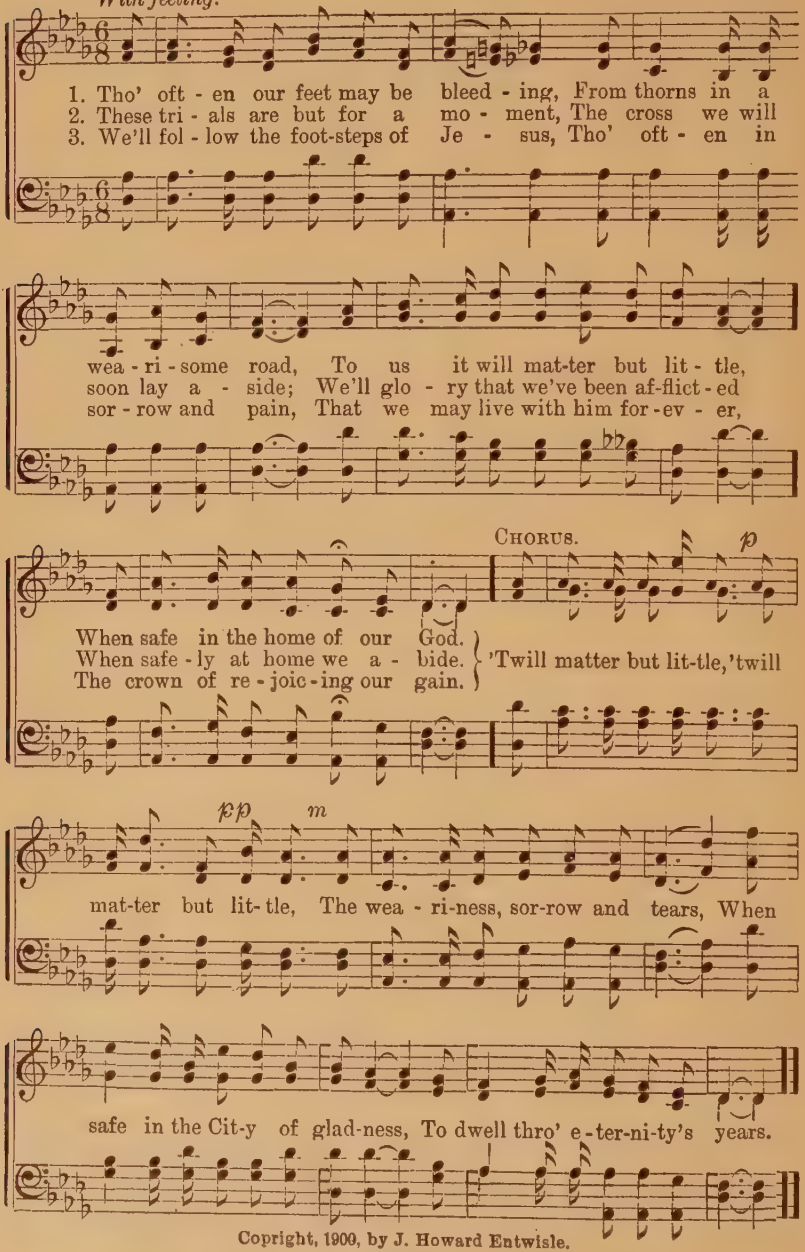
'Twill Matter But Little.

HARRIET E. JONES. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

With feeling.


1. Tho' oft - en our feet may be bleed - ing, From thorns in a
2. These tri - als are but for a mo - ment, The cross we will
3. We'll fol - low the foot-steps of Je - sus, Tho' oft - en in
wea - ri - some road, To us it will mat-ter but lit - tle,
soon lay a - side; We'll glo - ry that we've been af-flict - ed
sor - row and pain, That we may live with him for - ev - er,
CHORUS.
p
When safe in the home of our God.
When safe - ly at home we a - bide.
The crown of re - joic - ing our gain.
'Twill matter but lit-tle, 'twill
pp
m
mat-ter but lit-tle, The wea - ri-ness, sor-row and tears, When
safe in the Cit-y of glad-ness, To dwell thro' e - ter-ni-ty's years.

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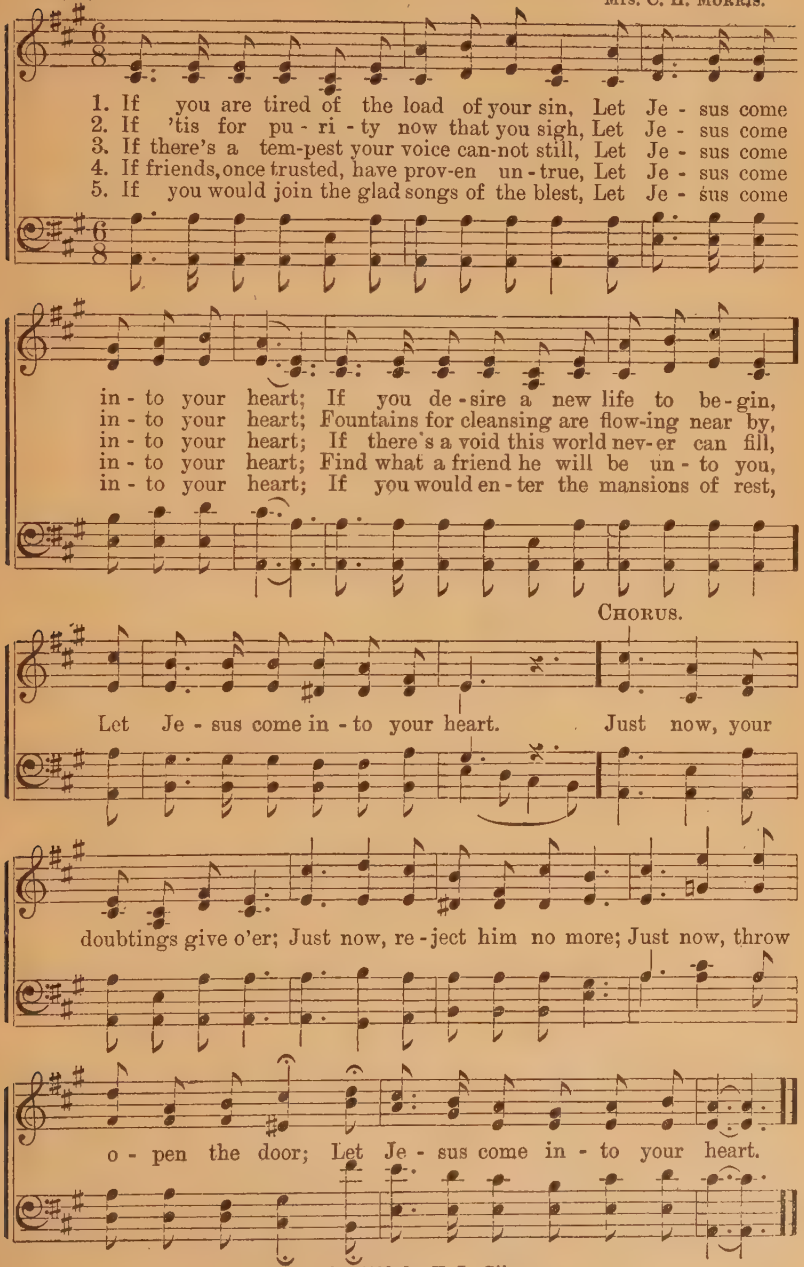
33 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; Fountains for cleansing are flow-ing near by,
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can-not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev-er can fill,
4. If friends, once trusted, have prov-en un - true, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; Find what a friend he will be un - to you,
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,
Chorus.
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your
doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject him no more; Just now, throw
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

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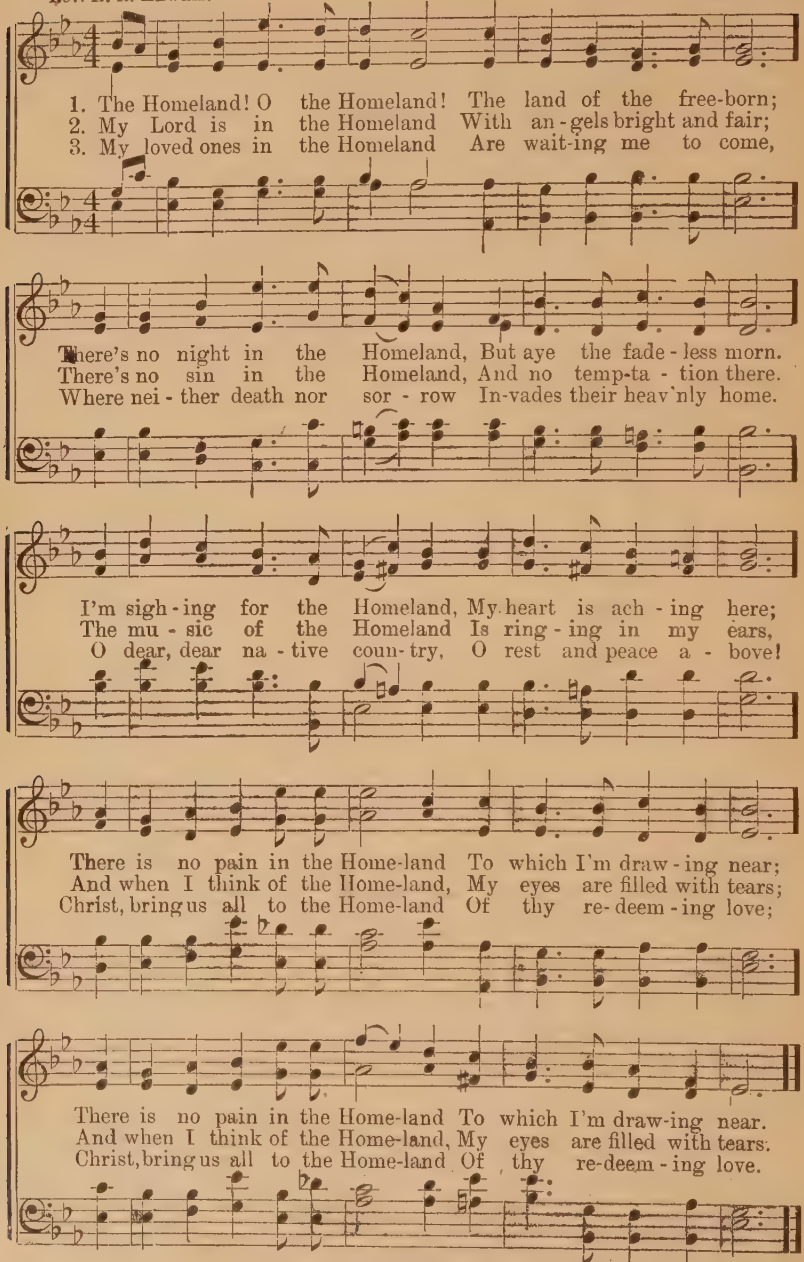
The Homeland.

Rev. H. R. Hawels. G. William Elderkin.

1. The Homeland! O the Homeland! The land of the free-born;
2. My Lord is in the Homeland With an-gels bright and fair;
3. My loved ones in the Homeland Are wait-ing me to come,
There's no night in the Homeland, But aye the fade-less morn.
There's no sin in the Homeland, And no temp-ta-tion there.
Where nei-ther death nor sor-row In-vades their heav'nly home.
I'm sigh-ing for the Homeland, My heart is ach-ing here;
The mu-sic of the Homeland Is ring-ing in my ears,
O dear, dear na-tive coun-try, O rest and peace a-bove!
There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw-ing near;
And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are filled with tears;
Christ, bring us all to the Home-land Of thy re-deem-ing love;
There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw-ing near.
And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are filled with tears.
Christ, bring us all to the Home-land Of thy re-deem-ing love.

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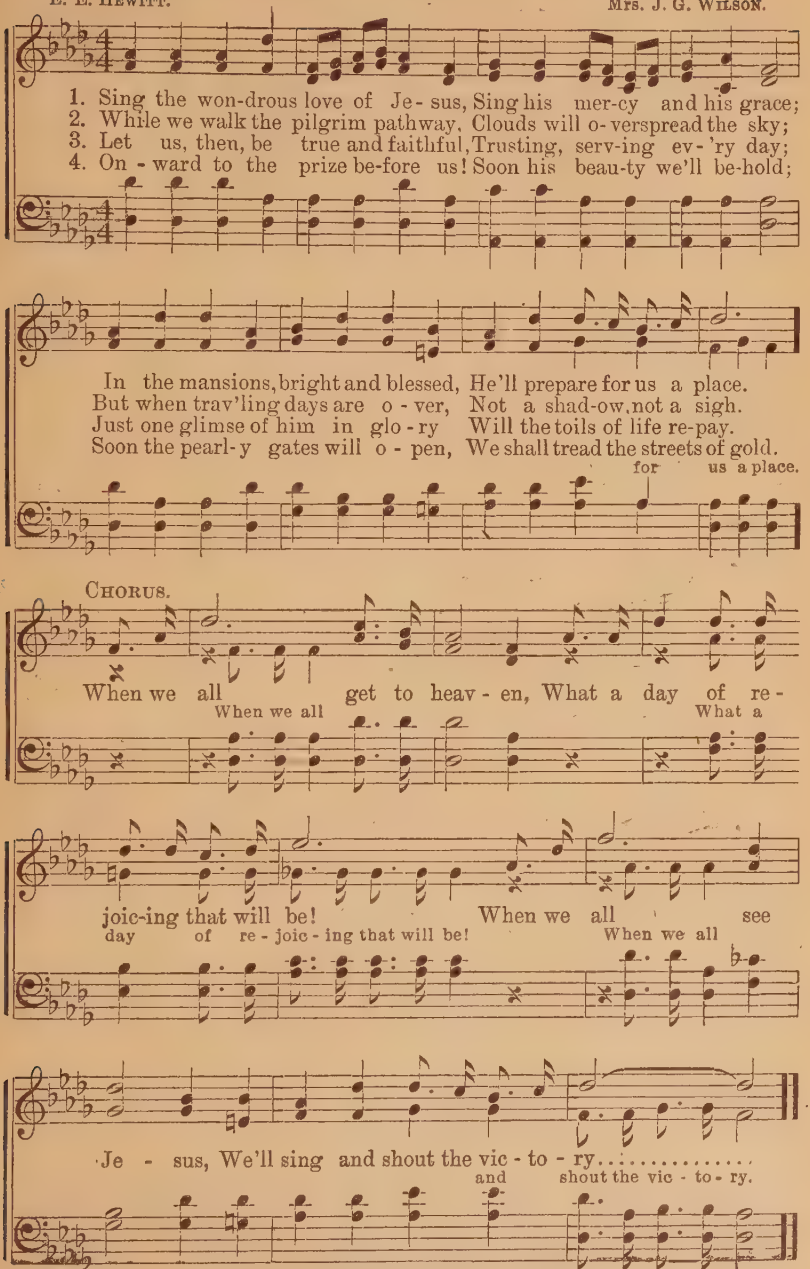
35 When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E. HEWITT. Mrs. J. G. WILSON.


1. Sing the won-drous love of Je- sus, Sing his mer-cy and his grace;
2. While we walk the pilgrim pathway, Clouds will o-verspread the sky;
3. Let us, then, be true and faithful, Trusting, serv-ing ev-'ry day;
4. On-ward to the prize be-fore us! Soon his beau-ty we'll be-hold;
In the mansions, bright and blessed, He'll prepare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o-ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimse of him in glo-ry Will the toils of life re-pay.
Soon the pearl-y gates will o-pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
for us a place.
CHORUS.
When we all get to heav-en, What a day of re-
When we all
What a
joic-ing that will be! When we all see
day of re-joic-ing that will be!
When we all
Je-sus, We'll sing and shout the vic-to-ry.
and shout the vic-to-ry.

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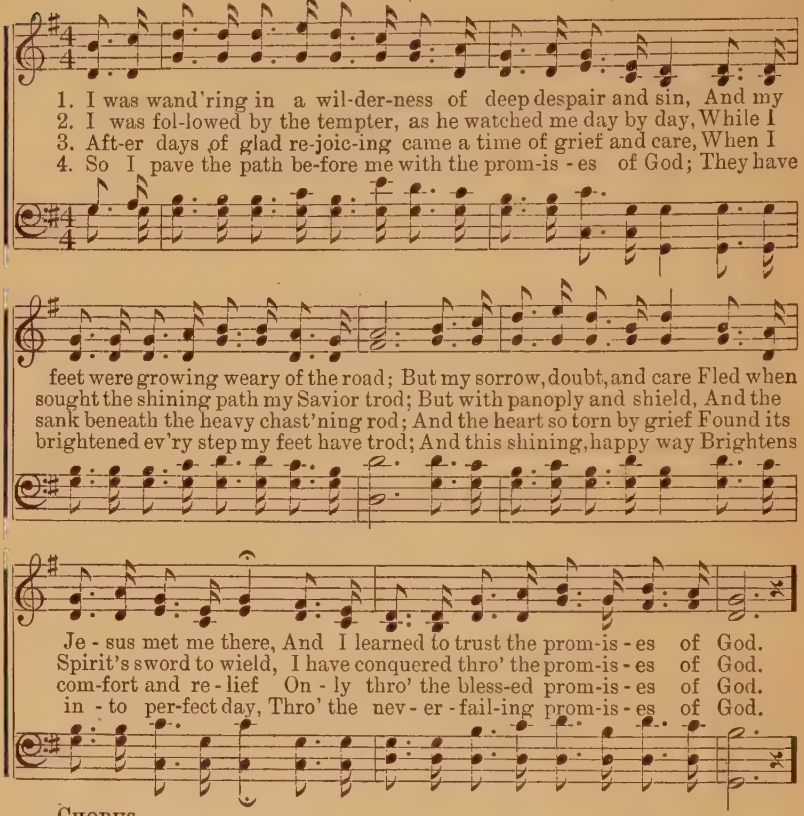
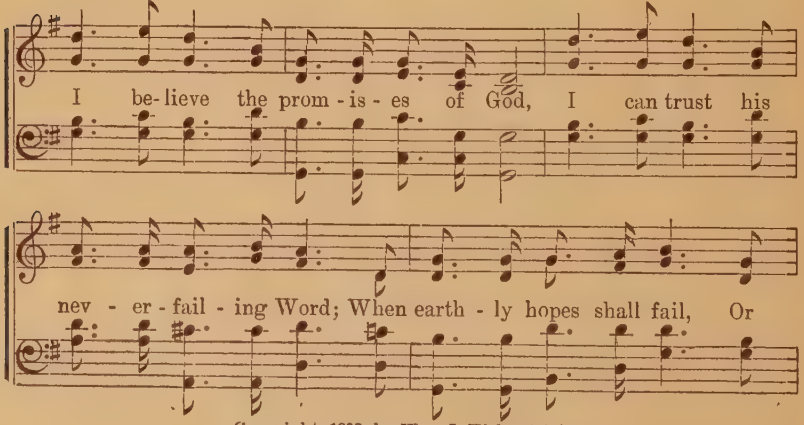
The Promises of God.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I was wand'ring in a wil-der-ness of deep despair and sin, And my
2. I was fol-lowed by the tempter, as he watched me day by day, While I
3. Aft-er days of glad re-joic-ing came a time of grief and care, When I
4. So I pave the path be-fore me with the prom-is - es of God; They have
feet were growing weary of the road; But my sorrow, doubt, and care Fled when
sought the shining path my Savior trod; But with panoply and shield, And the
sank beneath the heavy chast'ning rod; And the heart so torn by grief Found its
brightened ev'ry step my feet have trod; And this shining, happy way Brightens
Je - sus met me there, And I learned to trust the prom-is - es of God.
Spirit's sword to wield, I have conquered thro' the prom-is - es of God.
com-fort and re - lief On - ly thro' the bless-ed prom-is - es of God.
in - to per-fect day, Thro' the nev - er - fail-ing prom-is - es of God.

CHORUS.



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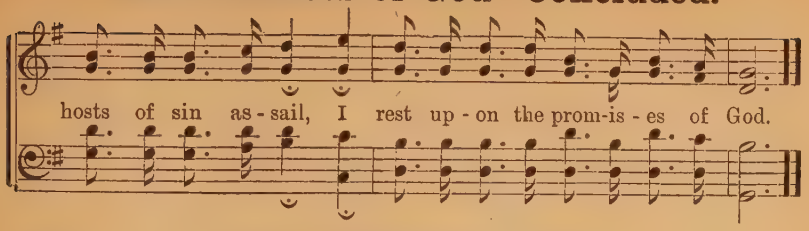
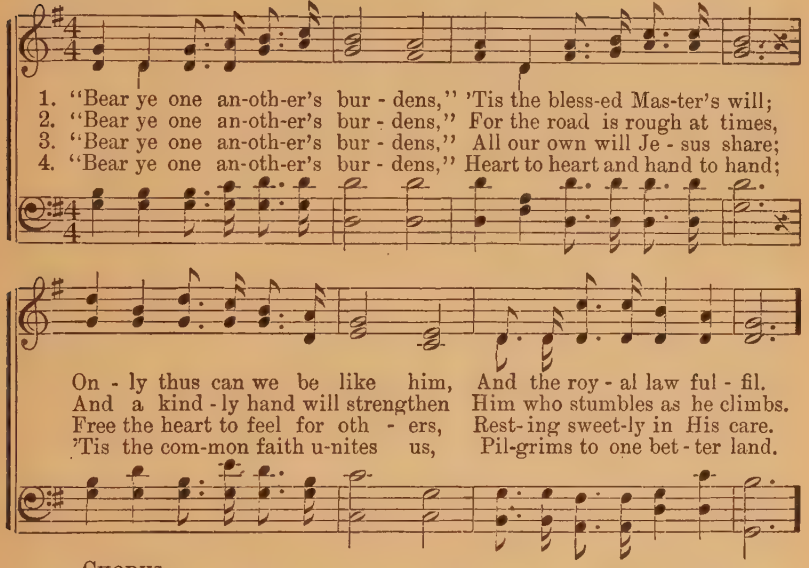
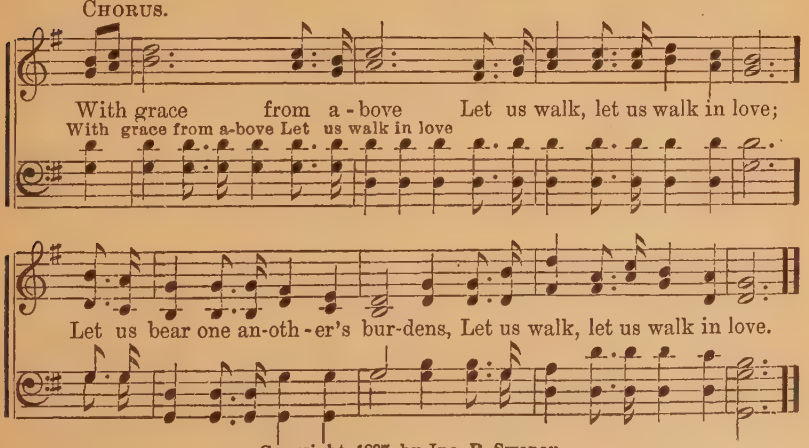


37 Let us Walk in Love.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. "Bear ye one an-oth-er's bur - dens," 'Tis the bless-ed Mas-ter's will;
2. "Bear ye one an-oth-er's bur - dens," For the road is rough at times,
3. "Bear ye one an-oth-er's bur - dens," All our own will Je - sus share;
4. "Bear ye one an-oth-er's bur - dens," Heart to heart and hand to hand;
On - ly thus can we be like him, And the roy - al law ful - fil.
And a kind - ly hand will strengthen Him who stumbles as he climbs.
Free the heart to feel for oth - ers, Rest - ing sweet-ly in His care.
'Tis the com-mon faith u-nites us, Pil-grims to one bet - ter land.

CHORUS.


With grace from a - bove Let us walk, let us walk in love;
With grace from a-bove Let us walk in love
Let us bear one an-oth - er's bur-dens, Let us walk, let us walk in love.

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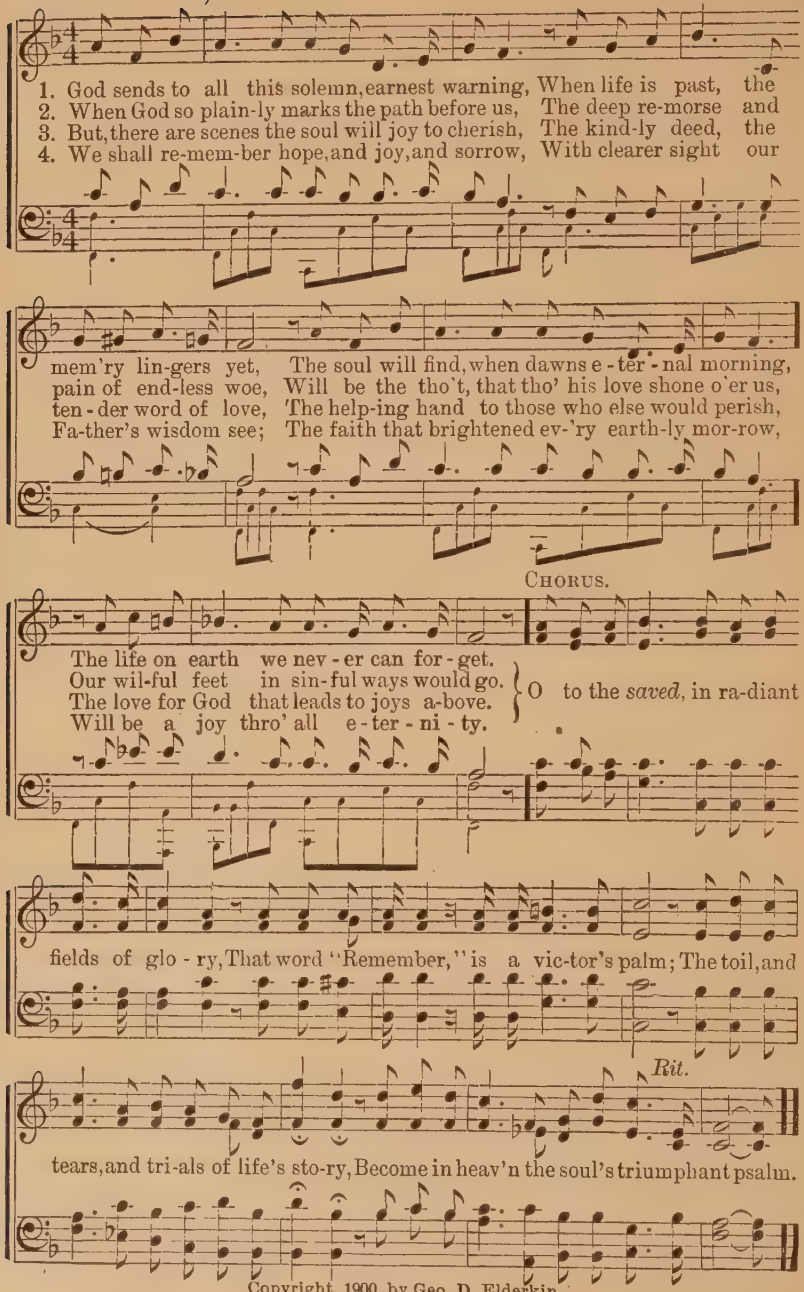
"Son, Remember."

L. W. S.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

1. God sends to all this solemn, earnest warning, When life is past, the
2. When God so plain-ly marks the path before us, The deep re-morse and
3. But, there are scenes the soul will joy to cherish, The kind-ly deed, the
4. We shall re-mem-ber hope, and joy, and sorrow, With clearer sight our
mem'ry lin-gers yet, The soul will find, when dawns e-ter-nal morning,
pain of end-less woe, Will be the tho't, that tho' his love shone o'er us,
ten-der word of love, The help-ing hand to those who else would perish,
Fa-ther's wisdom see; The faith that brightened ev-'ry earth-ly mor-row,
CHORUS.
The life on earth we nev-er can for-get.
Our wil-ful feet in sin-ful ways would go.
The love for God that leads to joys a-bove.
Will be a joy thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.
O to the saved, in ra-diant
fields of glo-ry, That word "Remember," is a vic-tor's palm; The toil, and
Rit.
tears, and tri-als of life's sto-ry, Become in heav'n the soul's triumphant psalm.

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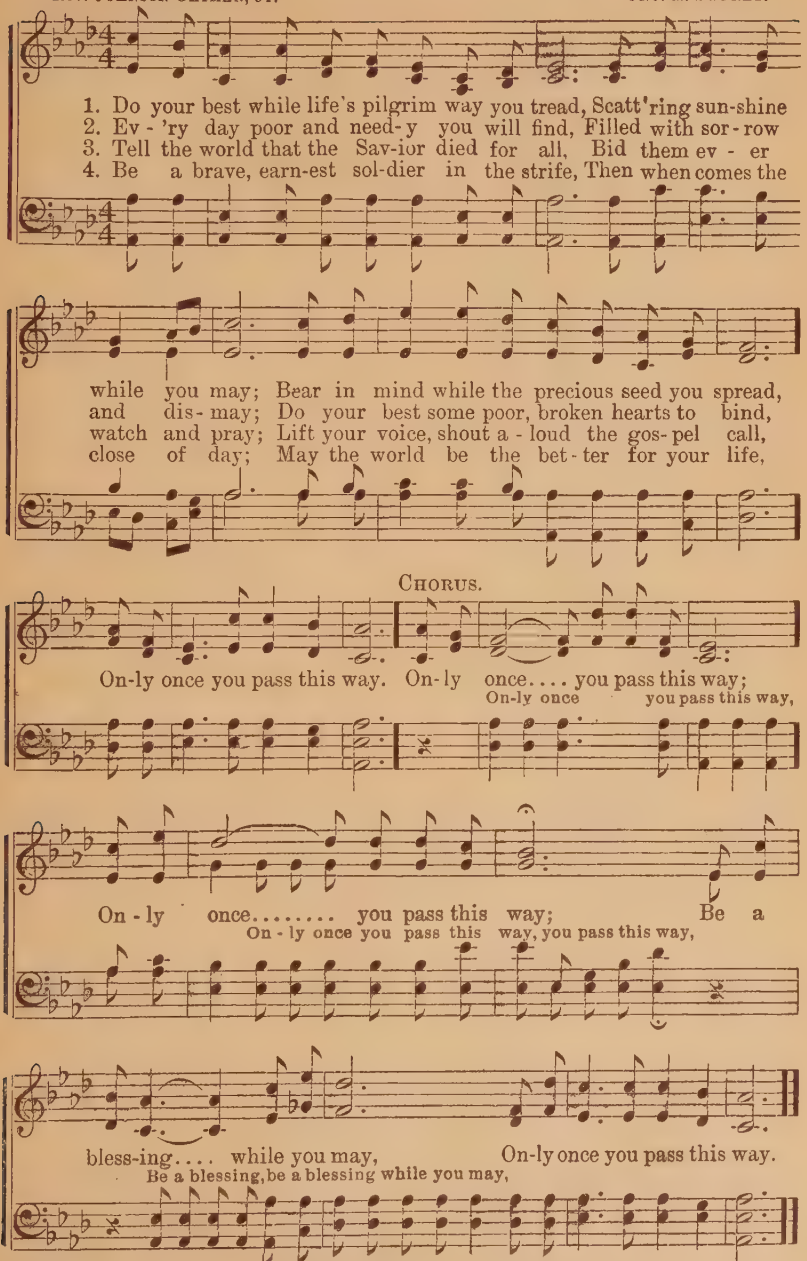
39 Only Once You Pass This Way.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Do your best while life's pilgrim way you tread, Scatt'ring sun-shine
2. Ev - 'ry day poor and need-y you will find, Filled with sor - row
3. Tell the world that the Sav-ior died for all, Bid them ev - er
4. Be a brave, earn-est sol-dier in the strife, Then when comes the
while you may; Bear in mind while the precious seed you spread,
and dis - may; Do your best some poor, broken hearts to bind,
watch and pray; Lift your voice, shout a - loud the gos-pel call,
close of day; May the world be the bet - ter for your life,
Chorus.
On-ly once you pass this way. On-ly once.... you pass this way;
On-ly once you pass this way,
On - ly once..... you pass this way; Be a
On - ly once you pass this way, you pass this way,
bless-ing.... while you may, On-ly once you pass this way.
Be a blessing, be a blessing while you may,

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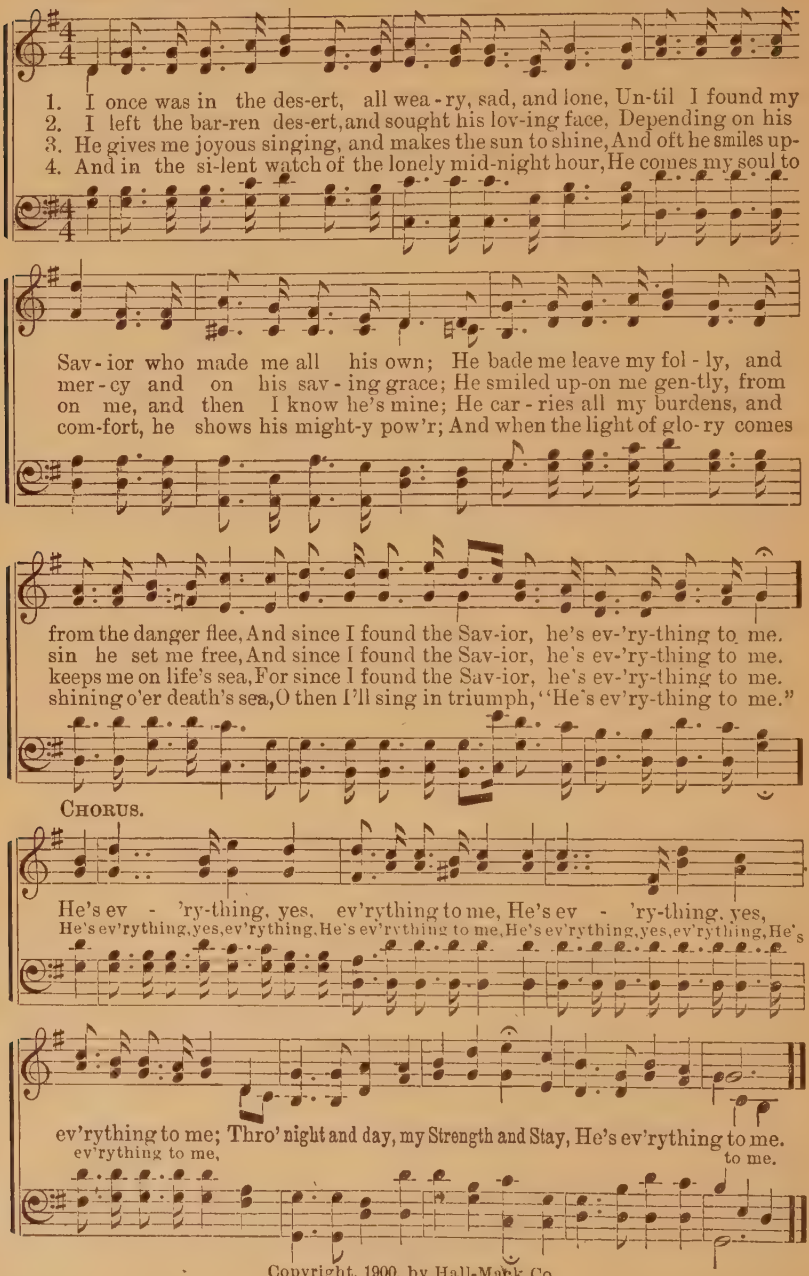
40 He's Everything to Me.

FRANK H. MASHAW. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. I once was in the des-ert, all wea-ry, sad, and lone, Un-til I found my
2. I left the bar-ren des-ert, and sought his lov-ing face, Depending on his
3. He gives me joyous singing, and makes the sun to shine, And oft he smiles up-
4. And in the si-lent watch of the lonely mid-night hour, He comes my soul to
Sav-ior who made me all his own; He bade me leave my fol-ly, and
mer-cy and on his sav-ing grace; He smiled up-on me gen-tly, from
on me, and then I know he's mine; He car-ries all my burdens, and
com-fort, he shows his might-y pow'r; And when the light of glo-ry comes
from the danger flee, And since I found the Sav-ior, he's ev-'ry-thing to me.
sin he set me free, And since I found the Sav-ior, he's ev-'ry-thing to me.
keeps me on life's sea, For since I found the Sav-ior, he's ev-'ry-thing to me.
shining o'er death's sea, O then I'll sing in triumph, "He's ev'ry-thing to me."
CHORUS.
He's ev - 'ry-thing, yes, ev'rything to me, He's ev - 'ry-thing, yes,
He's ev'rything, yes, ev'rything, He's ev'rything to me, He's ev'rything, yes, ev'rything, He's
ev'rything to me; Thro' night and day, my Strength and Stay, He's ev'rything to me.
ev'rything to me, to me.

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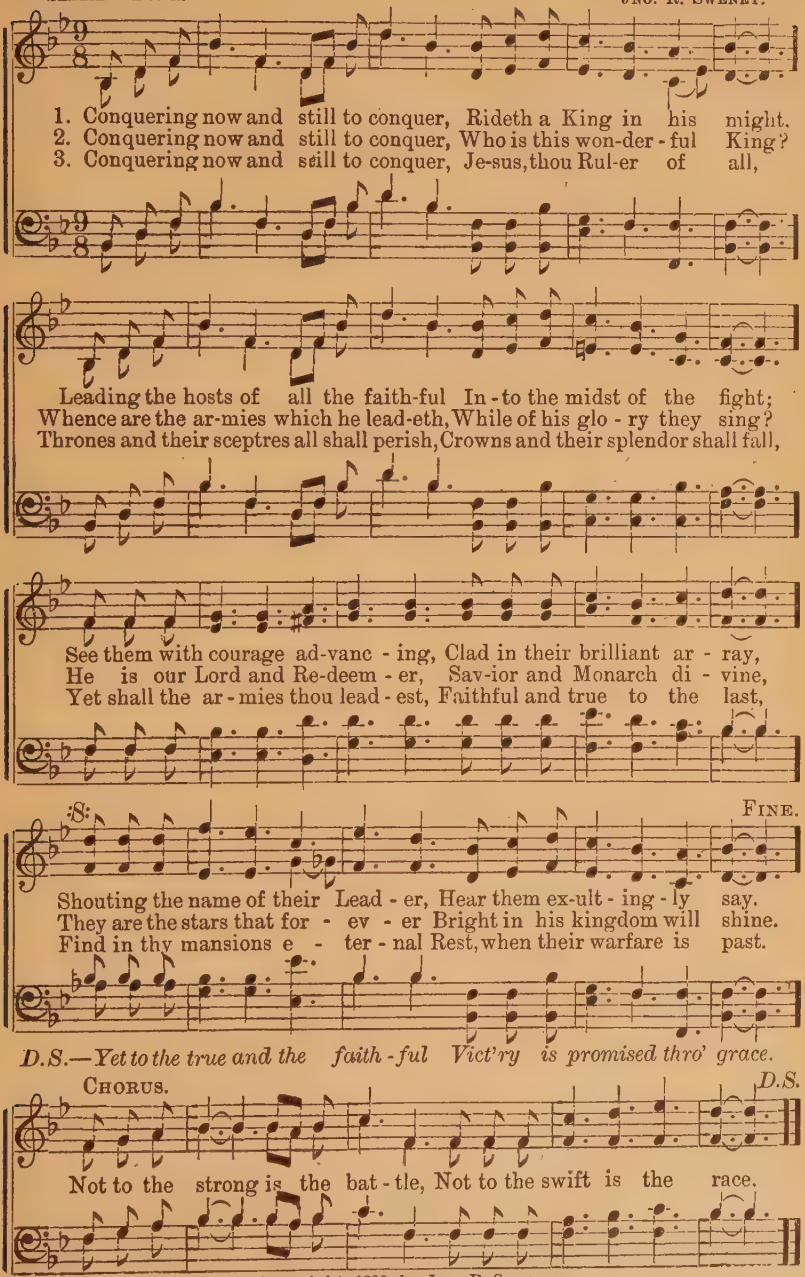
41 Victory Through Grace.

SALLIE MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Conquering now and still to conquer, Rideth a King in his might.
2. Conquering now and still to conquer, Who is this won-der-ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to conquer, Je-sus, thou Rul-er of all,
Leading the hosts of all the faith-ful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the ar-mies which he lead-eth, While of his glo-ry they sing?
Thrones and their sceptres all shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,
See them with courage ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their brilliant ar-ray,
He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Sav-ior and Monarch di-vine,
Yet shall the ar-mies thou lead-est, Faithful and true to the last,
:S:
FINE.
Shouting the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex-ult-ing-ly say.
They are the stars that for-ev-er Bright in his kingdom will shine.
Find in thy mansions e-ter-nal Rest, when their warfare is past.
D.S.—Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vict'ry is promised thro' grace.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Not to the strong is the bat-tle, Not to the swift is the race.

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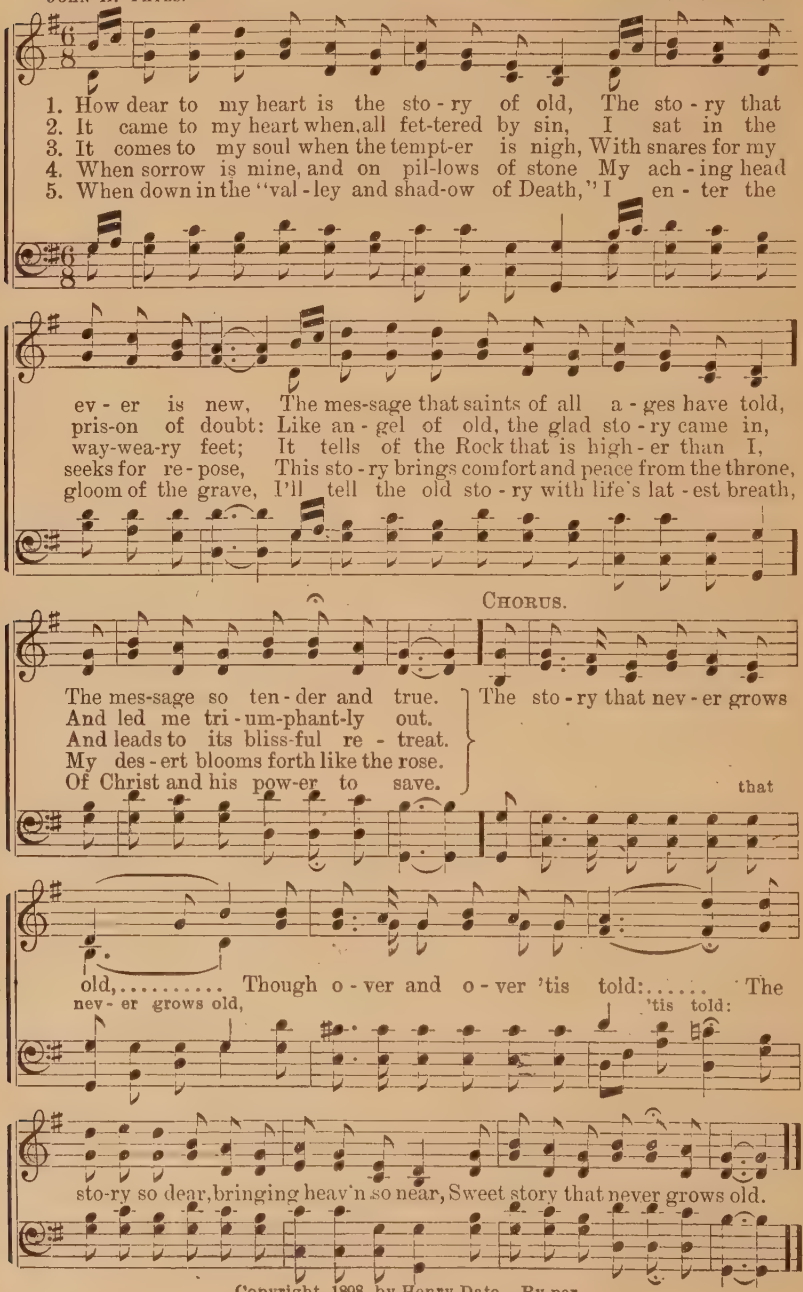
42 The Story that Never Grows Old.

JOHN H. YATES. M. L. MCPHAIL.


1. How dear to my heart is the sto - ry of old, The sto - ry that
2. It came to my heart when all fet-tered by sin, I sat in the
3. It comes to my soul when the tempt-er is nigh, With snares for my
4. When sorrow is mine, and on pil-lows of stone My ach - ing head
5. When down in the "val - ley and shad-ow of Death," I en - ter the
ev - er is new, The mes-sage that saints of all a - ges have told,
pris-on of doubt: Like an - gel of old, the glad sto - ry came in,
way-wea-ry feet; It tells of the Rock that is high - er than I,
seeks for re - pose, This sto - ry brings comfort and peace from the throne,
gloom of the grave, I'll tell the old sto - ry with life's lat - est breath,
CHORUS.
The mes-sage so ten - der and true.
And led me tri - um-phant-ly out.
And leads to its bliss-ful re - treat.
My des - ert blooms forth like the rose.
Of Christ and his pow-er to save.
The sto - ry that nev - er grows
that
old,..... Though o - ver and o - ver 'tis told:..... The
nev - er grows old, 'tis told:
sto-ry so dear, bringing heav'n so near, Sweet story that never grows old.

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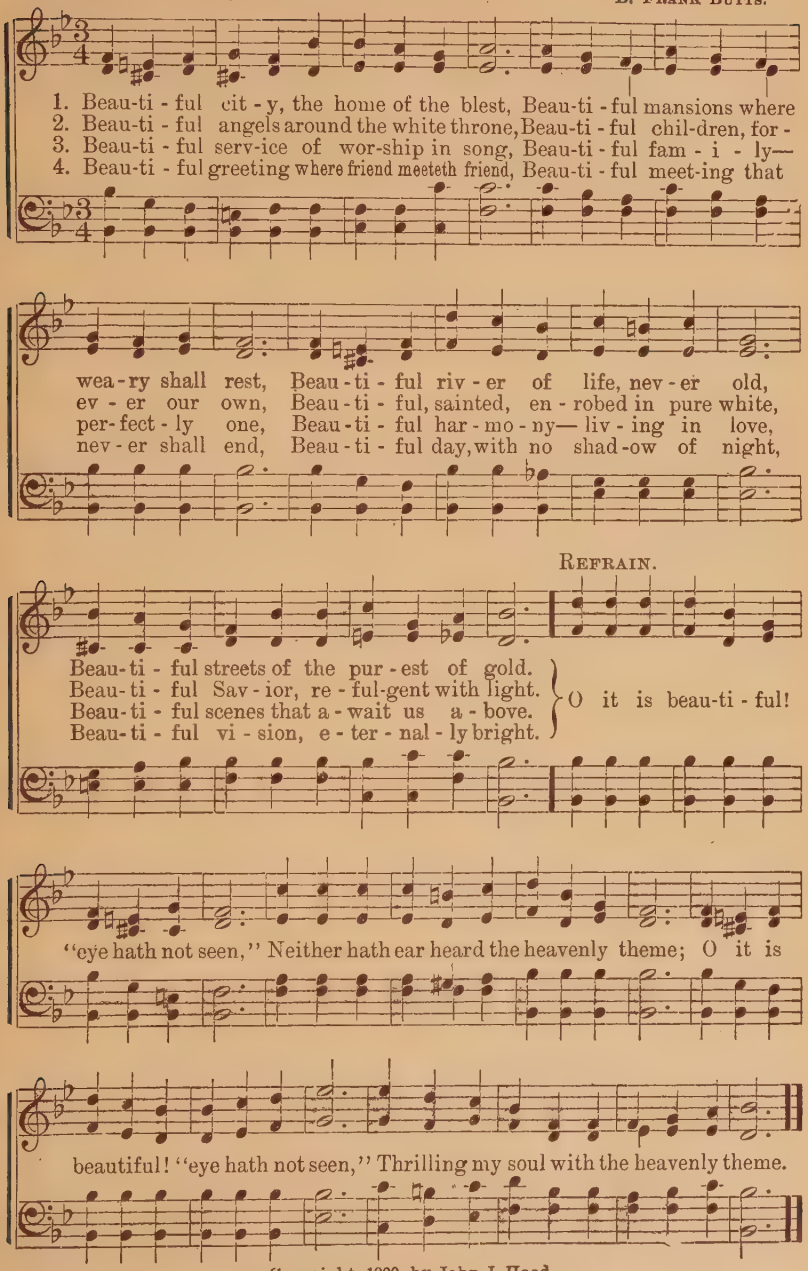
43 O It is Beautiful.

Rev. Geo. P. Beard. B. Frank Butts.

1. Beau-ti - ful cit - y, the home of the blest, Beau-ti - ful mansions where
2. Beau-ti - ful angels around the white throne, Beau-ti - ful chil-dren, for -
3. Beau-ti - ful serv-ice of wor-ship in song, Beau-ti - ful fam - i - ly—
4. Beau-ti - ful greeting where friend meeteth friend, Beau-ti - ful meet-ing that
wea-ry shall rest, Beau-ti - ful riv - er of life, nev - er old,
ev - er our own, Beau-ti - ful, sainted, en - robed in pure white,
per-fect - ly one, Beau-ti - ful har - mo - ny— liv - ing in love,
nev - er shall end, Beau-ti - ful day, with no shad-ow of night,
Refrain.
Beau-ti - ful streets of the pur - est of gold.
Beau-ti - ful Sav - ior, re - ful-gent with light.
Beau-ti - ful scenes that a - wait us a - bove.
Beau-ti - ful vi - sion, e - ter - nal - ly bright.
O it is beau-ti - ful!
"eye hath not seen," Neither hath ear heard the heavenly theme; O it is
beautiful! "eye hath not seen," Thrilling my soul with the heavenly theme.

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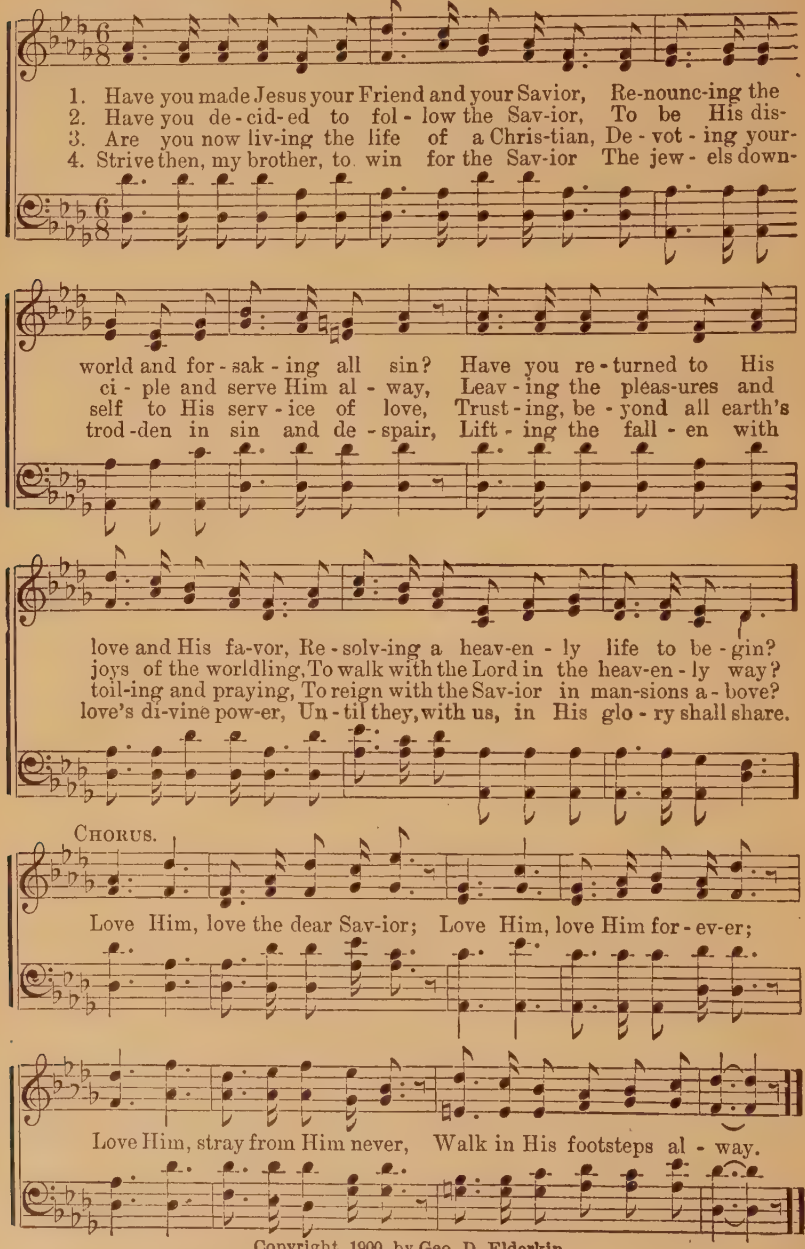
Love the Dear Savior.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.
Last verse Mrs. G. D. E.

Jno. R. Bryant.

1. Have you made Jesus your Friend and your Savior, Re-nounc-ing the world and for-sak-ing all sin? Have you re-turned to His
2. Have you de-cid-ed to fol-low the Sav-ior, To be His dis-ci-ple and serve Him al-way, Leav-ing the pleas-ures and
3. Are you now liv-ing the life of a Chris-tian, De-vot-ing your-self to His serv-ice of love, Trust-ing, be-yond all earth's
4. Strive then, my brother, to win for the Sav-ior The jew-els down-trod-den in sin and de-spair, Lift-ing the fall-en with
love and His fa-vor, Re-solv-ing a heav-en-ly life to be-gin?
joys of the worldling, To walk with the Lord in the heav-en-ly way?
toil-ing and praying, To reign with the Sav-ior in man-sions a-bove?
love's di-vine pow-er, Un-til they, with us, in His glo-ry shall share.
Chorus.
Love Him, love the dear Sav-ior; Love Him, love Him for-ev-er;
Love Him, stray from Him never, Walk in His footsteps al-way.

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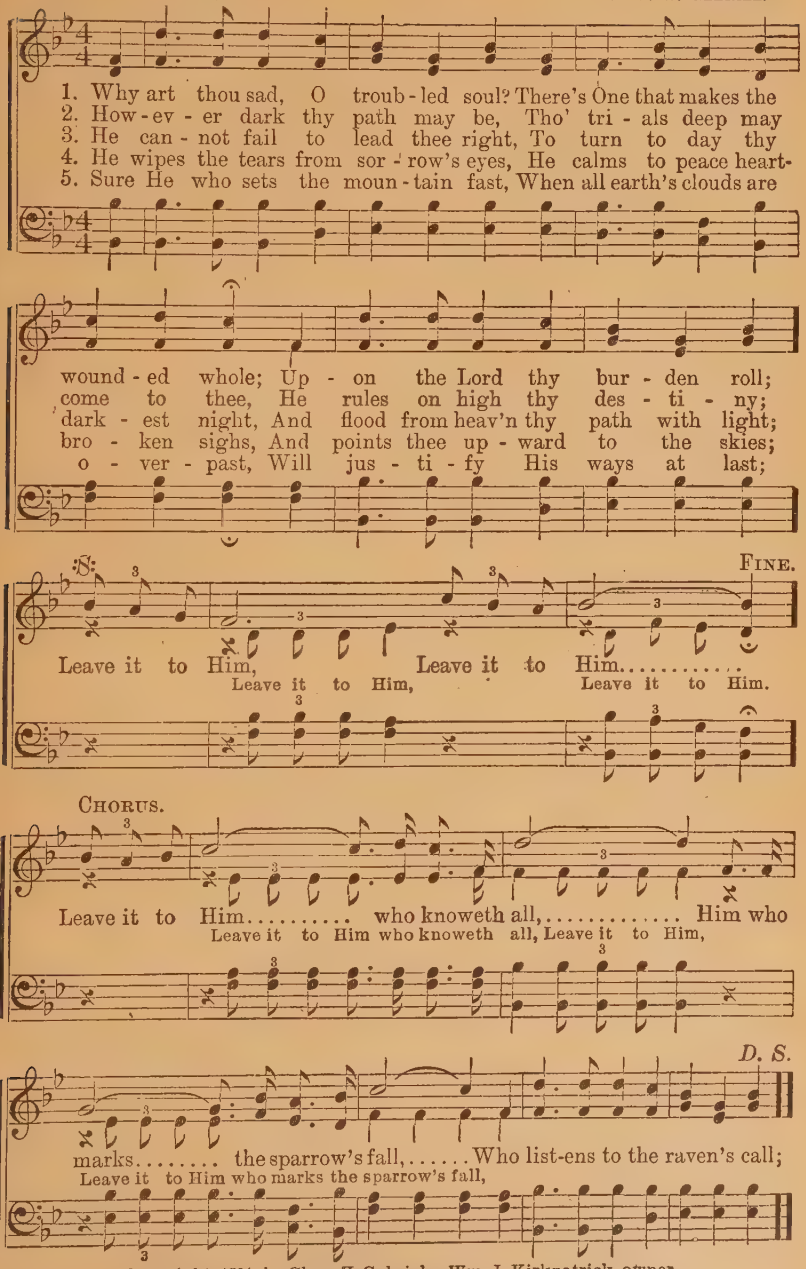
45 Leave It to Him.

Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Why art thou sad, O troub-led soul? There's One that makes the
2. How-ev-er dark thy path may be, Tho' tri-als deep may
3. He can-not fail to lead thee right, To turn to day thy
4. He wipes the tears from sor-row's eyes, He calms to peace heart-
5. Sure He who sets the moun-tain fast, When all earth's clouds are
wound-ed whole; Up-on the Lord thy bur-den roll;
come to thee, He rules on high thy des-ti-ny;
dark-est night, And flood from heav'n thy path with light;
bro-ken sighs, And points thee up-ward to the skies;
o-ver-past, Will jus-ti-fy His ways at last;
Fine.
Leave it to Him, Leave it to Him.....
Leave it to Him, Leave it to Him.
Chorus.
Leave it to Him..... who knoweth all,..... Him who
Leave it to Him who knoweth all, Leave it to Him,
D. S.
marks..... the sparrow's fall,.....Who list-ens to the raven's call;
Leave it to Him who marks the sparrow's fall,

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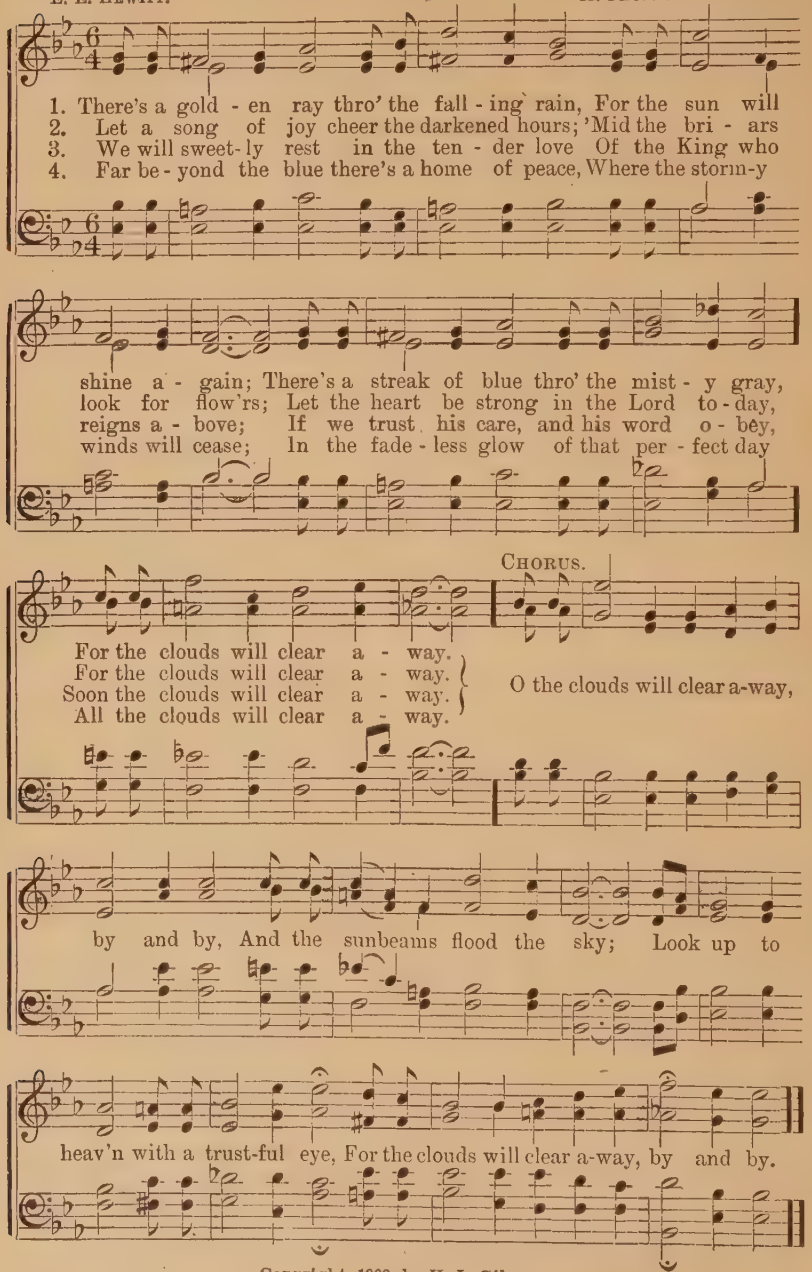
46 The Clouds Will Clear Away.

E. E. Hewitt. M. Pauline Gilmour.


1. There's a gold - en ray thro' the fall - ing rain, For the sun will shine a - gain; There's a streak of blue thro' the mist - y gray,
2. Let a song of joy cheer the darkened hours; 'Mid the bri - ars look for flow'rs; Let the heart be strong in the Lord to - day,
3. We will sweet - ly rest in the ten - der love Of the King who reigns a - bove; If we trust his care, and his word o - bey,
4. Far be - yond the blue there's a home of peace, Where the storm-y winds will cease; In the fade - less glow of that per - fect day
Chorus.
For the clouds will clear a - way.
For the clouds will clear a - way.
Soon the clouds will clear a - way.
All the clouds will clear a - way.
O the clouds will clear a-way,
by and by, And the sunbeams flood the sky; Look up to
heav'n with a trust-ful eye, For the clouds will clear a-way, by and by.

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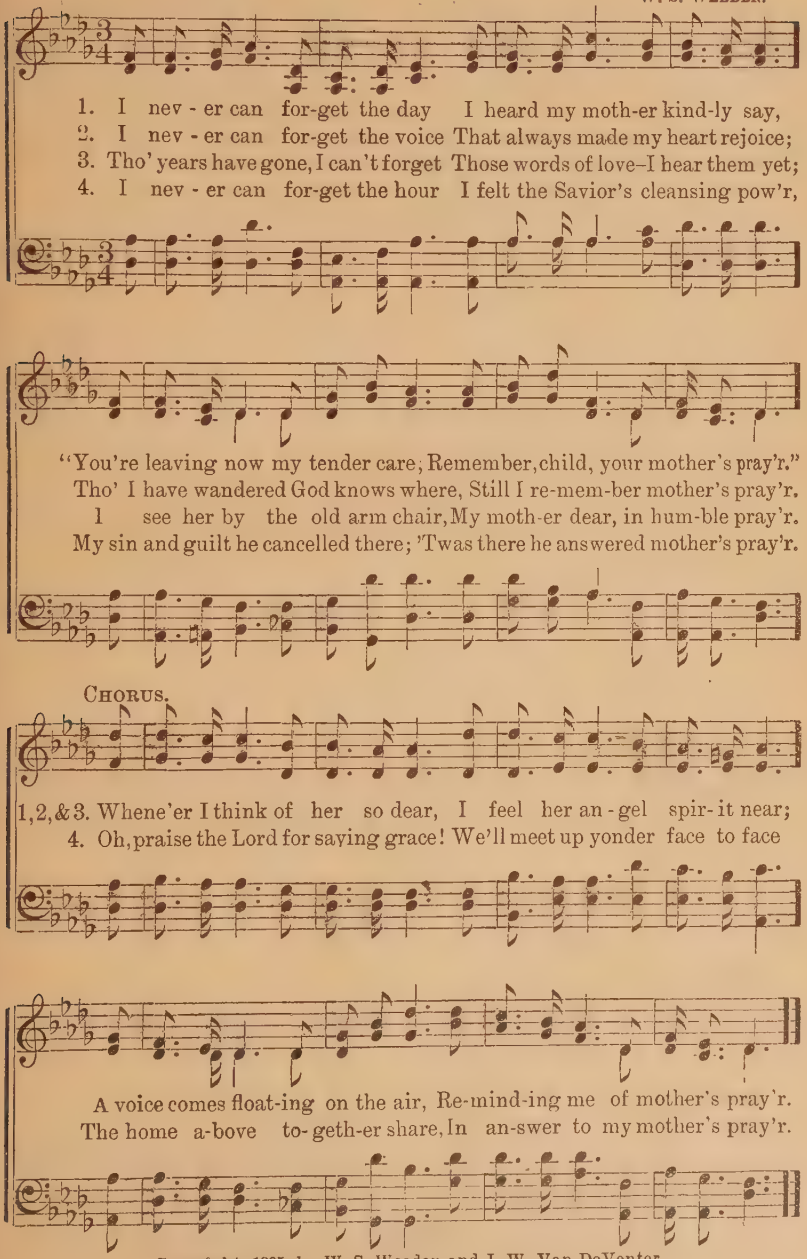
My Mother's Prayer.

J. W. Van DeVenter — W. S. Weeden.


1. I nev - er can for-get the day I heard my moth-er kind-ly say,
2. I nev - er can for-get the voice That always made my heart rejoice;
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't forget Those words of love–I hear them yet;
4. I nev - er can for-get the hour I felt the Savior's cleansing pow'r,
"You're leaving now my tender care; Remember, child, your mother's pray'r."
Tho' I have wandered God knows where, Still I re-mem-ber mother's pray'r.
I see her by the old arm chair, My moth-er dear, in hum-ble pray'r.
My sin and guilt he cancelled there; 'Twas there he answered mother's pray'r.
Chorus.
1, 2, & 3. Whene'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir-it near;
4. Oh, praise the Lord for saving grace! We'll meet up yonder face to face
A voice comes float-ing on the air, Re-mind-ing me of mother's pray'r.
The home a-bove to-geth-er share, In an-swer to my mother's pray'r.

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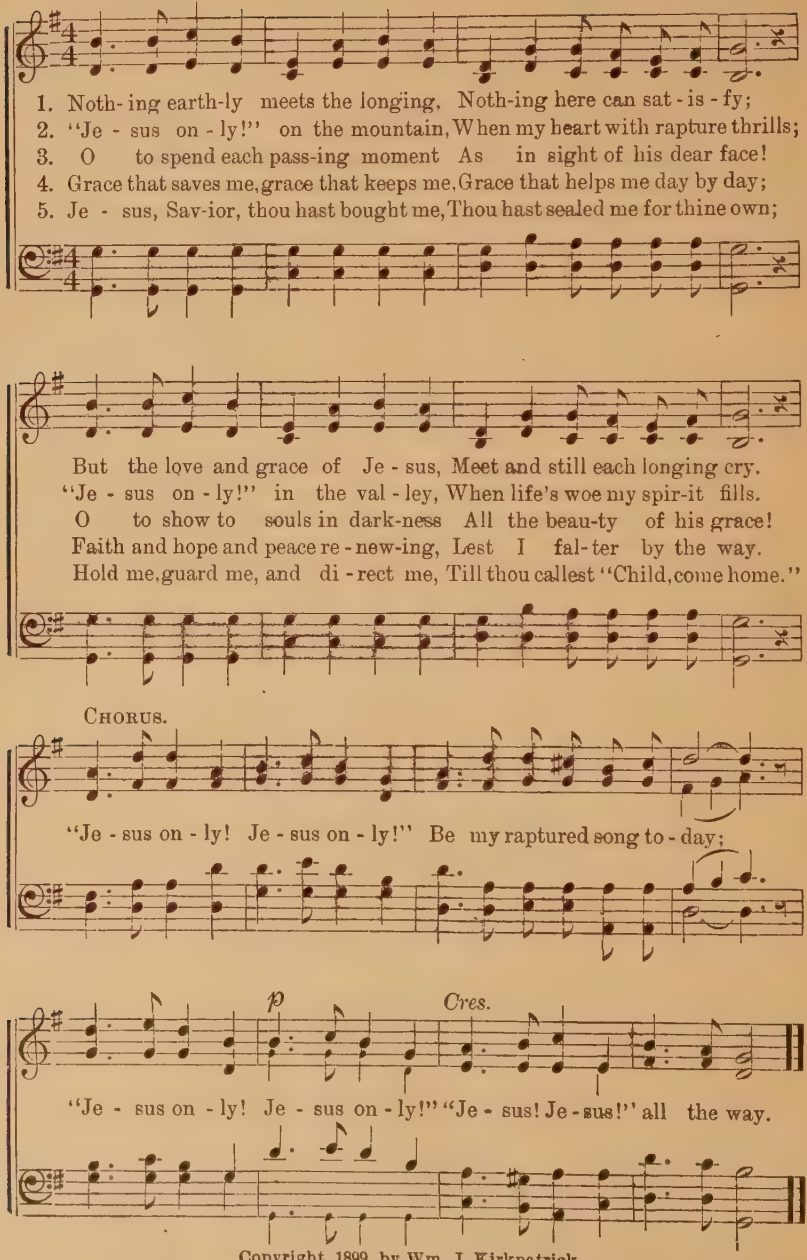
"Jesus Only!"

FLORA KIRKLAND. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Noth- ing earth-ly meets the longing, Noth-ing here can sat - is - fy;
2. "Je - sus on - ly!" on the mountain, When my heart with rapture thrills;
3. O to spend each pass-ing moment As in sight of his dear face!
4. Grace that saves me, grace that keeps me, Grace that helps me day by day;
5. Je - sus, Sav-ior, thou hast bought me, Thou hast sealed me for thine own;
But the love and grace of Je - sus, Meet and still each longing cry.
"Je - sus on - ly!" in the val - ley, When life's woe my spir-it fills.
O to show to souls in dark-ness All the beau-ty of his grace!
Faith and hope and peace re - new-ing, Lest I fal-ter by the way.
Hold me, guard me, and di - rect me, Till thou callest "Child, come home."
CHORUS.
"Je - sus on - ly! Je - sus on - ly!" Be my raptured song to - day;
p
Cres.
"Je - sus on - ly! Je - sus on - ly!" "Je - sus! Je - sus!" all the way.

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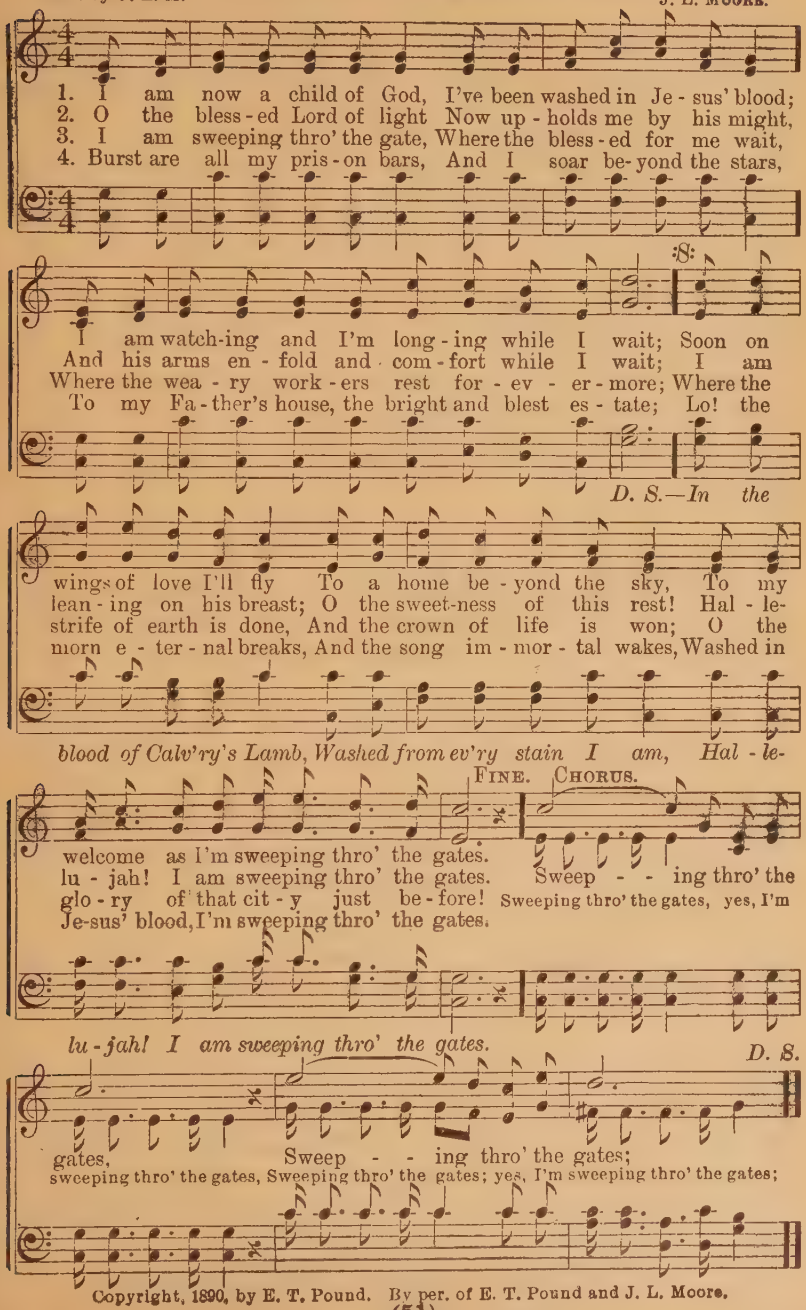
49 Sweeping Through the Gates.

Arr. by J. L. M. J. L. Moore.


1. I am now a child of God, I've been washed in Je - sus' blood;
2. O the bless - ed Lord of light Now up - holds me by his might,
3. I am sweeping thro' the gate, Where the bless - ed for me wait,
4. Burst are all my pris - on bars, And I soar be - yond the stars,
I am watch-ing and I'm long - ing while I wait; Soon on
And his arms en - fold and com - fort while I wait; I am
Where the wea - ry work - ers rest for - ev - er - more; Where the
To my Fa - ther's house, the bright and blest es - tate; Lo! the
D. S.—In the
wings of love I'll fly To a home be - yond the sky, To my
lean - ing on his breast; O the sweet-ness of this rest! Hal - le-
strife of earth is done, And the crown of life is won; O the
morn e - ter - nal breaks, And the song im - mor - tal wakes, Washed in
blood of Calv'ry's Lamb, Washed from ev'ry stain I am, Hal - le-
Fine. Chorus.
welcome as I'm sweeping thro' the gates.
lu - jah! I am sweeping thro' the gates. Sweep - - ing thro' the
glo - ry of that cit - y just be - fore! Sweeping thro' the gates, yes, I'm
Je-sus' blood, I'm sweeping thro' the gates.
lu - jah! I am sweeping thro' the gates.
D. S.
gates, Sweep - - ing thro' the gates;
sweeping thro' the gates, Sweeping thro' the gates; yes, I'm sweeping thro' the gates;

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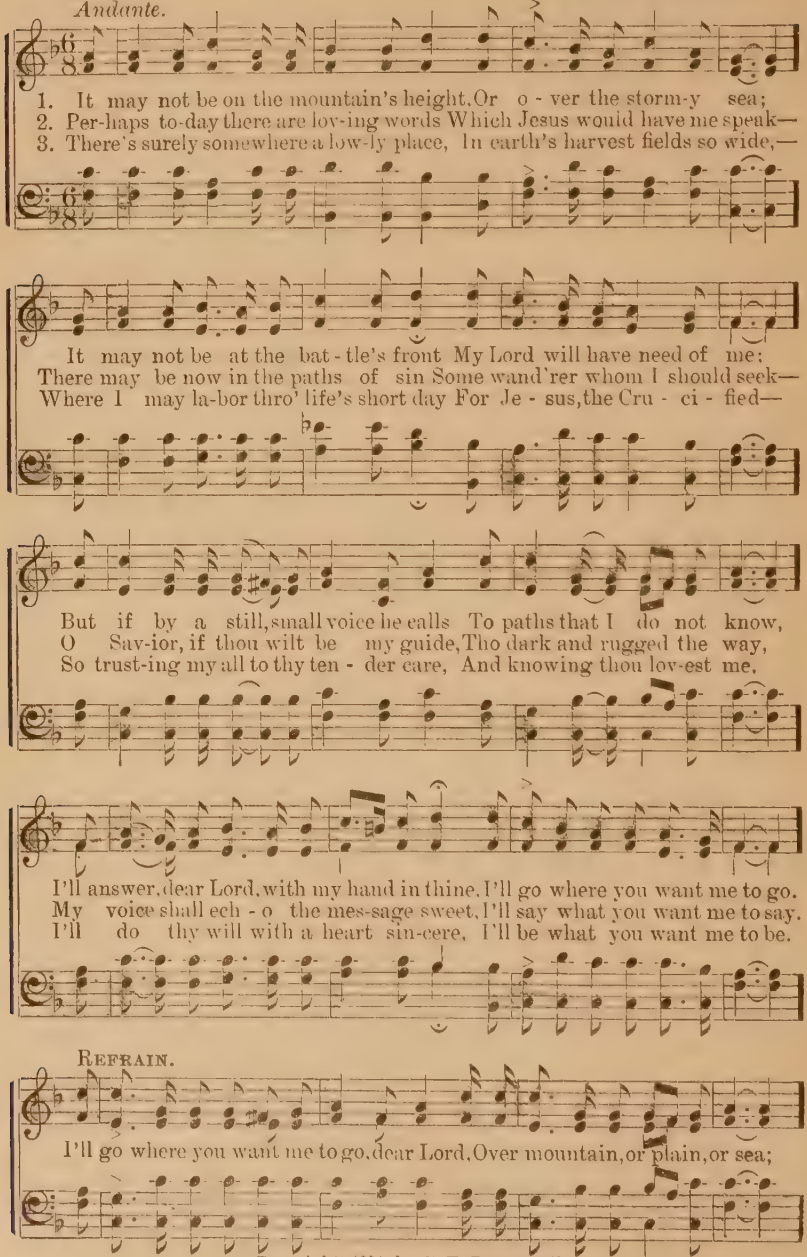
50 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.


1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,—
It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me:
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied—
But if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-ior, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho dark and rugged the way,
So trust-ing my all to thy ten - der care, And knowing thou lov-est me,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.
REFRAIN.
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

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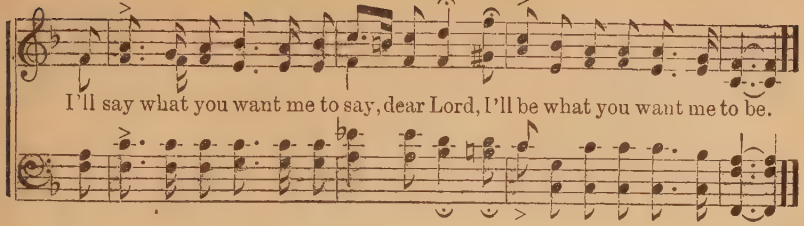
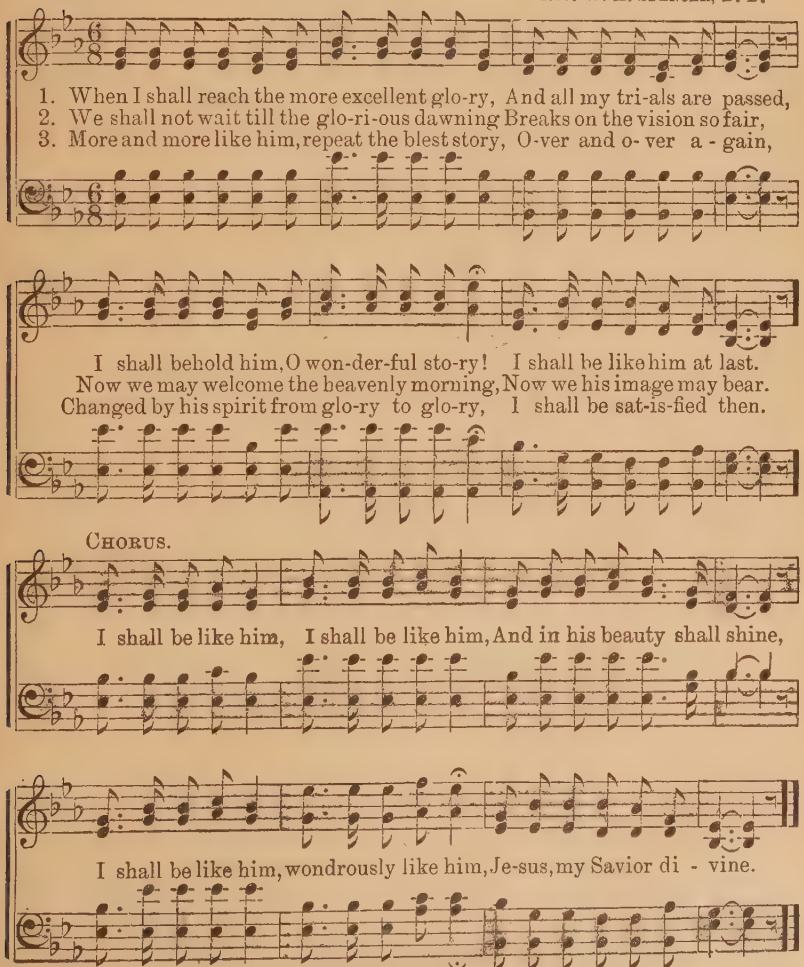


51 I Shall be Like Him.

W. A. S. Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.


1. When I shall reach the more excellent glo-ry, And all my tri-als are passed,
2. We shall not wait till the glo-ri-ous dawning Breaks on the vision so fair,
3. More and more like him, repeat the blest story, O-ver and o-ver a-gain,
I shall behold him, O won-der-ful sto-ry! I shall be like him at last.
Now we may welcome the heavenly morning, Now we his image may bear.
Changed by his spirit from glo-ry to glo-ry, I shall be sat-is-fied then.
CHORUS.
I shall be like him, I shall be like him, And in his beauty shall shine,
I shall be like him, wondrously like him, Je-sus, my Savior di-vine.

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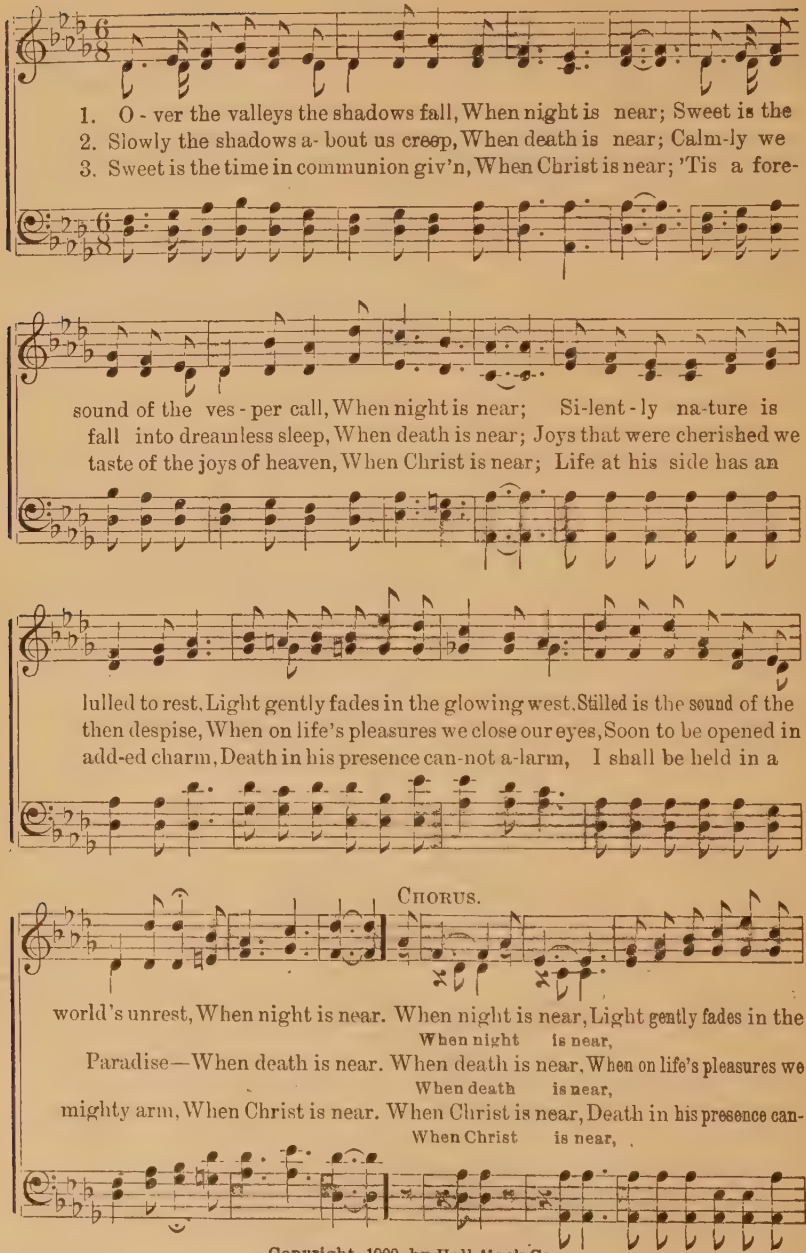
When Night is Near.

C. A. M. QUARTET. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. O - ver the valleys the shadows fall, When night is near; Sweet is the
2. Slowly the shadows a- bout us creep, When death is near; Calm-ly we
3. Sweet is the time in communion giv'n, When Christ is near; 'Tis a fore-
sound of the ves - per call, When night is near; Si-lent - ly na-ture is
fall into dreamless sleep, When death is near; Joys that were cherished we
taste of the joys of heaven, When Christ is near; Life at his side has an
lulled to rest, Light gently fades in the glowing west. Stilled is the sound of the
then despise, When on life's pleasures we close our eyes, Soon to be opened in
add-ed charm, Death in his presence can-not a-larm, I shall be held in a
CHORUS.
world's unrest, When night is near. When night is near, Light gently fades in the
When night is near,
Paradise—When death is near. When death is near, When on life's pleasures we.
When death is near,
mighty arm, When Christ is near. When Christ is near, Death in his presence can-
When Christ is near,

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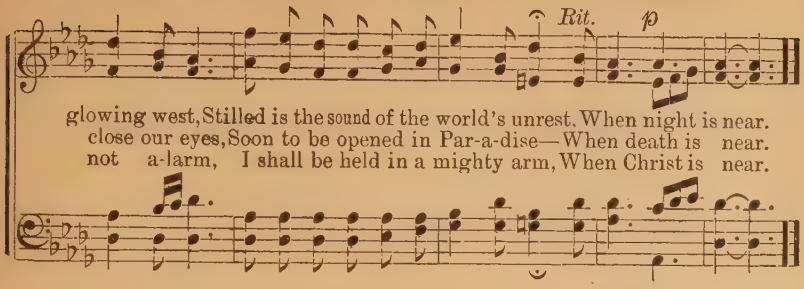
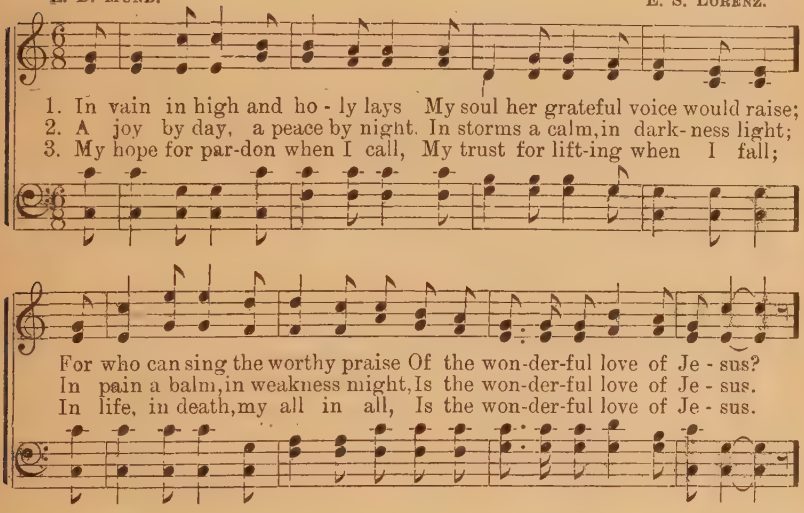
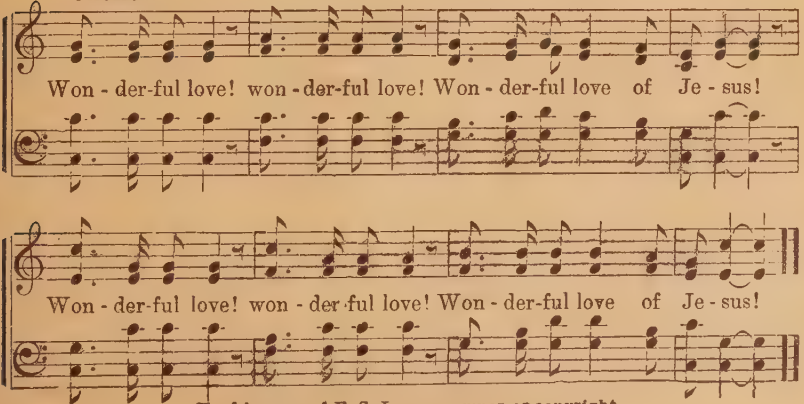

Rit.
p
glowing west, Stilled is the sound of the world's unrest, When night is near.
close our eyes, Soon to be opened in Par-a-dise—When death is near.
not a-larm, I shall be held in a mighty arm, When Christ is near.

53 Wonderful Love of Jesus.

E. D. Mund. E. S. Lorenz.


1. In vain in high and ho - ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise;
2. A joy by day, a peace by night. In storms a calm, in dark-ness light;
3. My hope for par-don when I call, My trust for lift-ing when I fall;
For who can sing the worthy praise Of the won-der-ful love of Je - sus?
In pain a balm, in weakness might, Is the won-der-ful love of Je - sus.
In life, in death, my all in all, Is the won-der-ful love of Je - sus.

Chorus.



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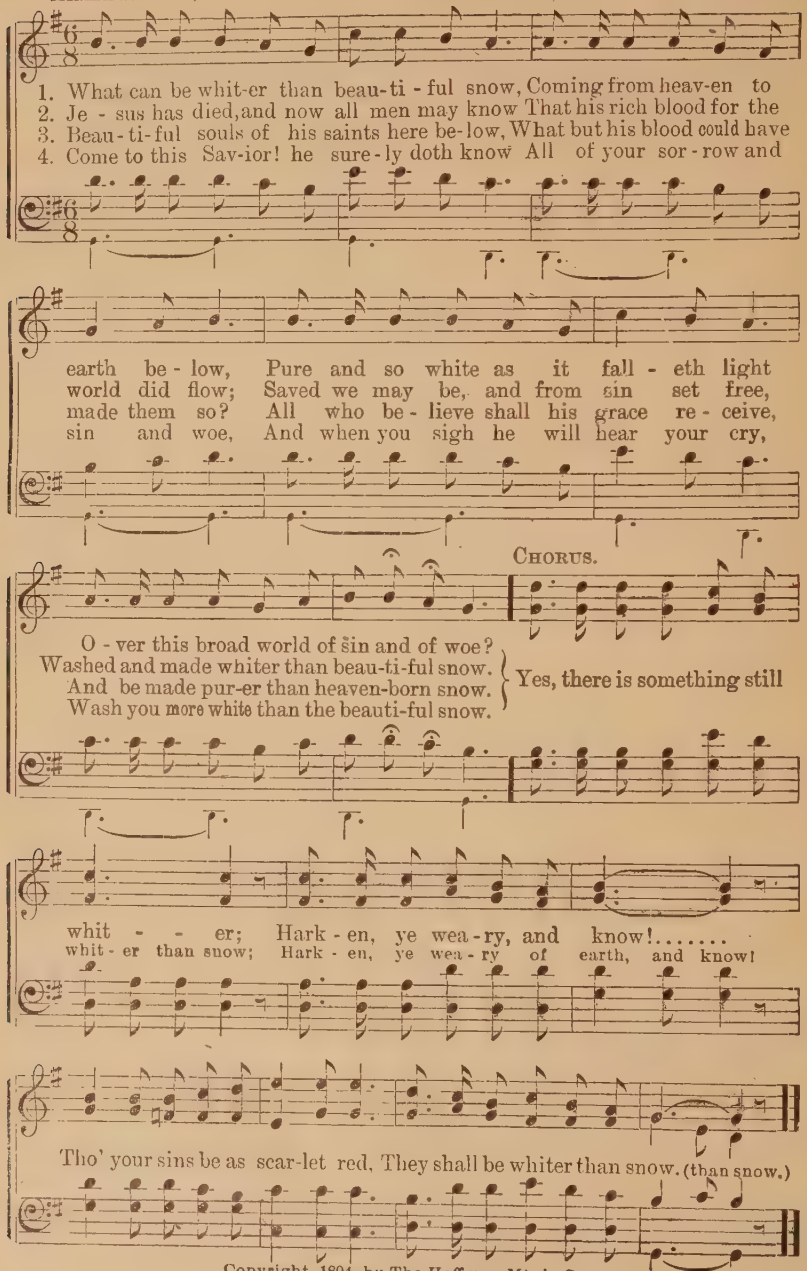
Still Whiter Than Snow.

MIRIAM STABLER, alt. S. J. PERRY.

1. What can be whit-er than beau-ti - ful snow, Coming from heav-en to
2. Je - sus has died, and now all men may know That his rich blood for the
3. Beau-ti-ful souls of his saints here be-low, What but his blood could have
4. Come to this Sav-ior! he sure-ly doth know All of your sor-row and
earth be - low, Pure and so white as it fall - eth light
world did flow; Saved we may be, and from sin set free,
made them so? All who be - lieve shall his grace re - ceive,
sin and woe, And when you sigh he will hear your cry,
CHORUS.
O - ver this broad world of sin and of woe?
Washed and made whiter than beau-ti-ful snow.
And be made pur-er than heaven-born snow.
Wash you more white than the beauti-ful snow.
Yes, there is something still
whit - - er; Hark - en, ye wea - ry, and know!.....
whit - er than snow; Hark - en, ye wea - ry of earth, and know!
Tho' your sins be as scar-let red, They shall be whiter than snow. (than snow.)

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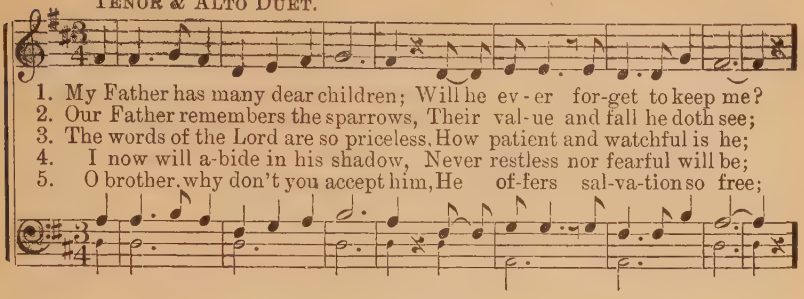
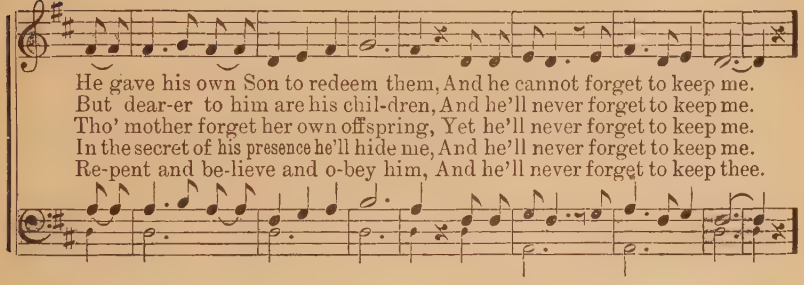
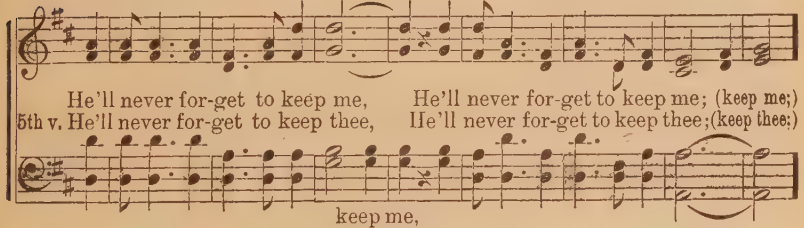
55 He'll Never Forget to Keep Me.

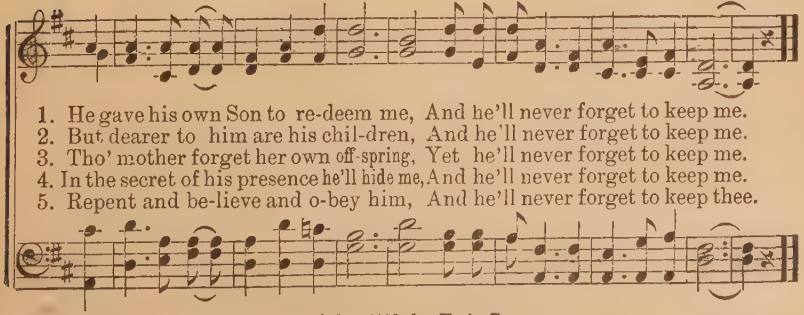
F. A. G. F. A. Graves.

Tenor & Alto Duet.


1. My Father has many dear children; Will he ev-er for-get to keep me?
2. Our Father remembers the sparrows, Their val-ue and fall he doth see;
3. The words of the Lord are so priceless, How patient and watchful is he;
4. I now will a-bide in his shadow, Never restless nor fearful will be;
5. O brother, why don't you accept him, He of-fers sal-va-tion so free;


He gave his own Son to redeem them, And he cannot forget to keep me.
But dear-er to him are his chil-dren, And he'll never forget to keep me.
Tho' mother forget her own offspring, Yet he'll never forget to keep me.
In the secret of his presence he'll hide me, And he'll never forget to keep me.
Re-pent and be-lieve and o-bey him, And he'll never forget to keep thee.

Chorus.

He'll never for-get to keep me, He'll never for-get to keep me; (keep me;)
5th v. He'll never for-get to keep thee, He'll never for-get to keep thee; (keep thee;)
keep me,
keep thee,


1. He gave his own Son to re-deem me, And he'll never forget to keep me.
2. But dearer to him are his chil-dren, And he'll never forget to keep me.
3. Tho' mother forget her own off-spring, Yet he'll never forget to keep me.
4. In the secret of his presence he'll hide me, And he'll never forget to keep me.
5. Repent and be-lieve and o-bey him, And he'll never forget to keep thee.

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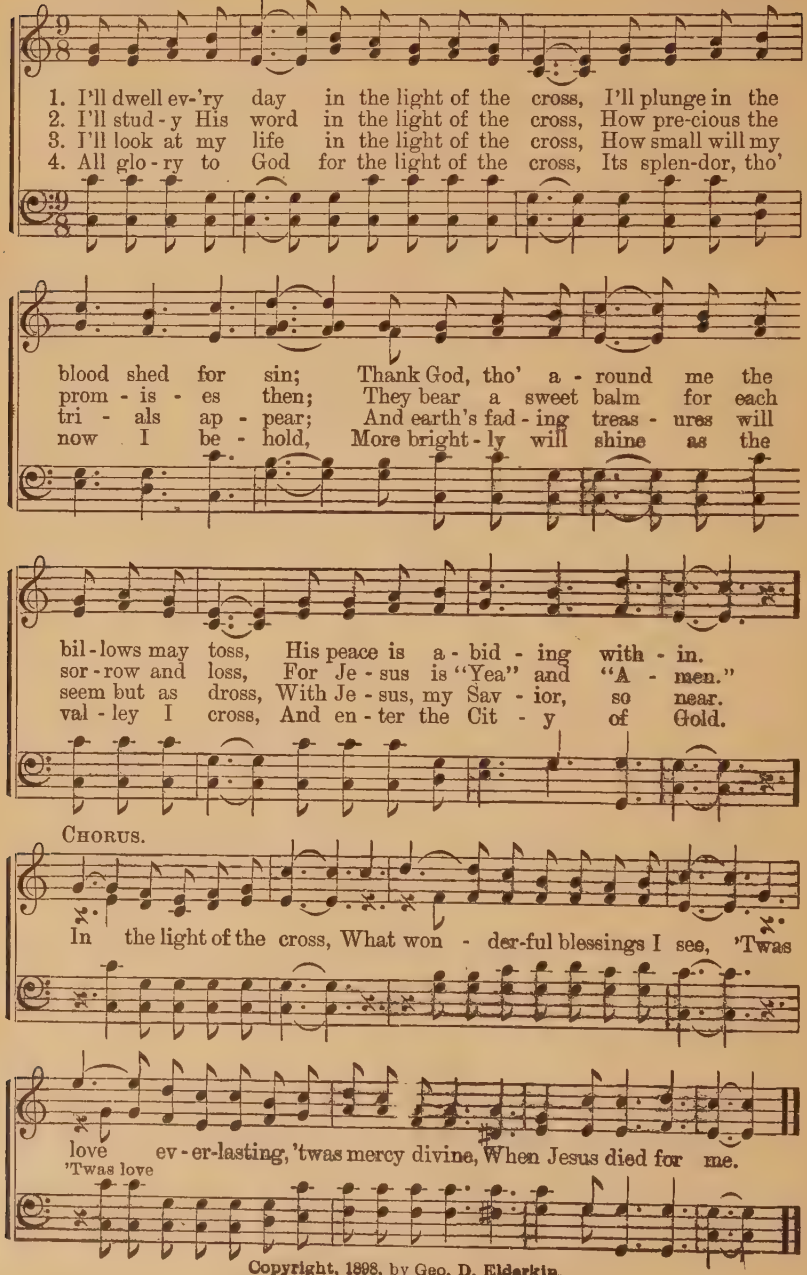
56 In the Light of the Cross.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Bryant.

1. I'll dwell ev-'ry day in the light of the cross, I'll plunge in the
2. I'll stud-y His word in the light of the cross, How pre-cious the
3. I'll look at my life in the light of the cross, How small will my
4. All glo-ry to God for the light of the cross, Its splen-dor, tho'
blood shed for sin; Thank God, tho' a-round me the
prom-is-es then; They bear a sweet balm for each
tri-als ap-pear; And earth's fad-ing treas-ures will
now I be-hold, More bright-ly will shine as the
bil-lows may toss, His peace is a-bid-ing with-in.
sor-row and loss, For Je-sus is "Yea" and "A-men."
seem but as dross, With Je-sus, my Sav-ior, so near.
val-ley I cross, And en-ter the Cit-y of Gold.
Chorus.
In the light of the cross, What won-der-ful blessings I see, 'Twas
love ev-er-lasting, 'twas mercy divine, When Jesus died for me.
'Twas love

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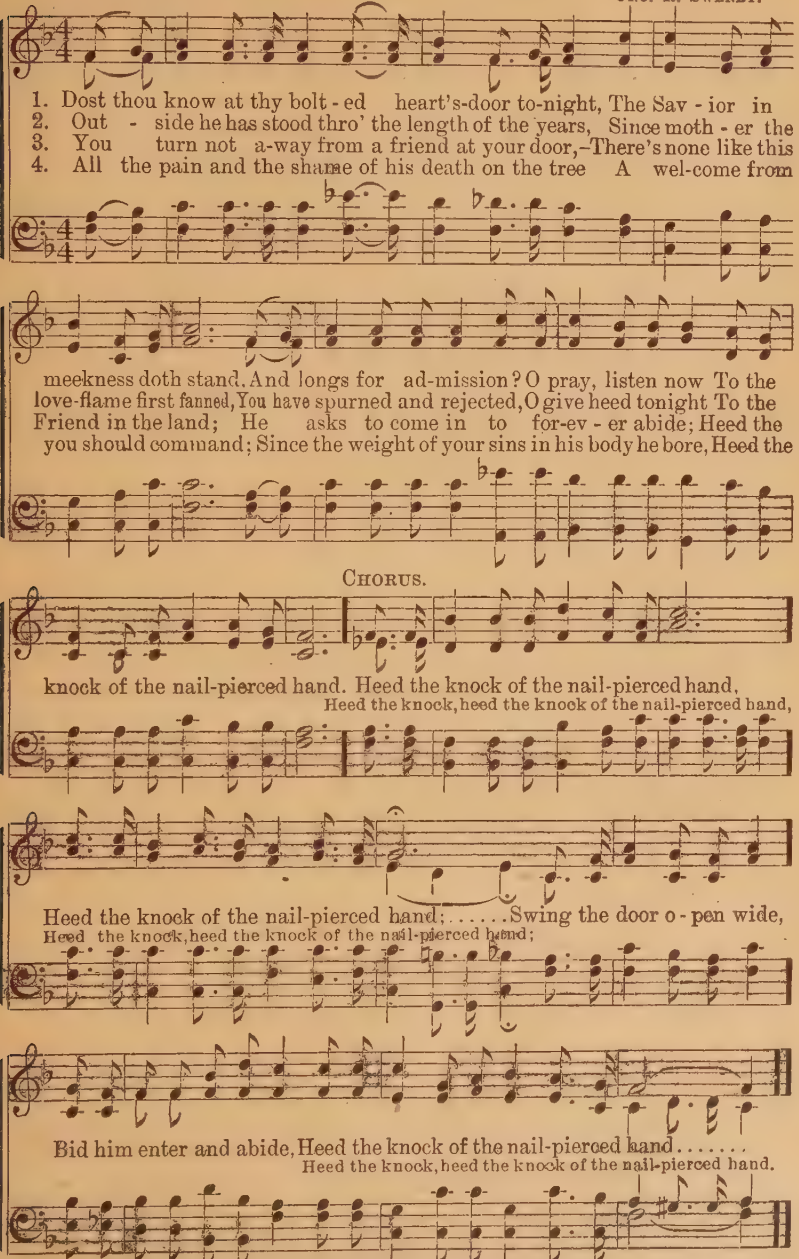
57 The Knock of the Nail-pierced Hand.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Dost thou know at thy bolt - ed heart's-door to-night, The Sav - ior in
2. Out - side he has stood thro' the length of the years, Since moth - er the
3. You turn not a-way from a friend at your door,–There's none like this
4. All the pain and the shame of his death on the tree A wel-come from
meekness doth stand. And longs for ad-mission? O pray, listen now To the
love-flame first fanned, You have spurned and rejected, O give heed tonight To the
Friend in the land; He asks to come in to for-ev - er abide; Heed the
you should command; Since the weight of your sins in his body he bore, Heed the
CHORUS.
knock of the nail-pierced hand. Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand,
Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand,
Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand; . . . . . Swing the door o - pen wide,
Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand;
Bid him enter and abide, Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand. . . . . .
Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand.

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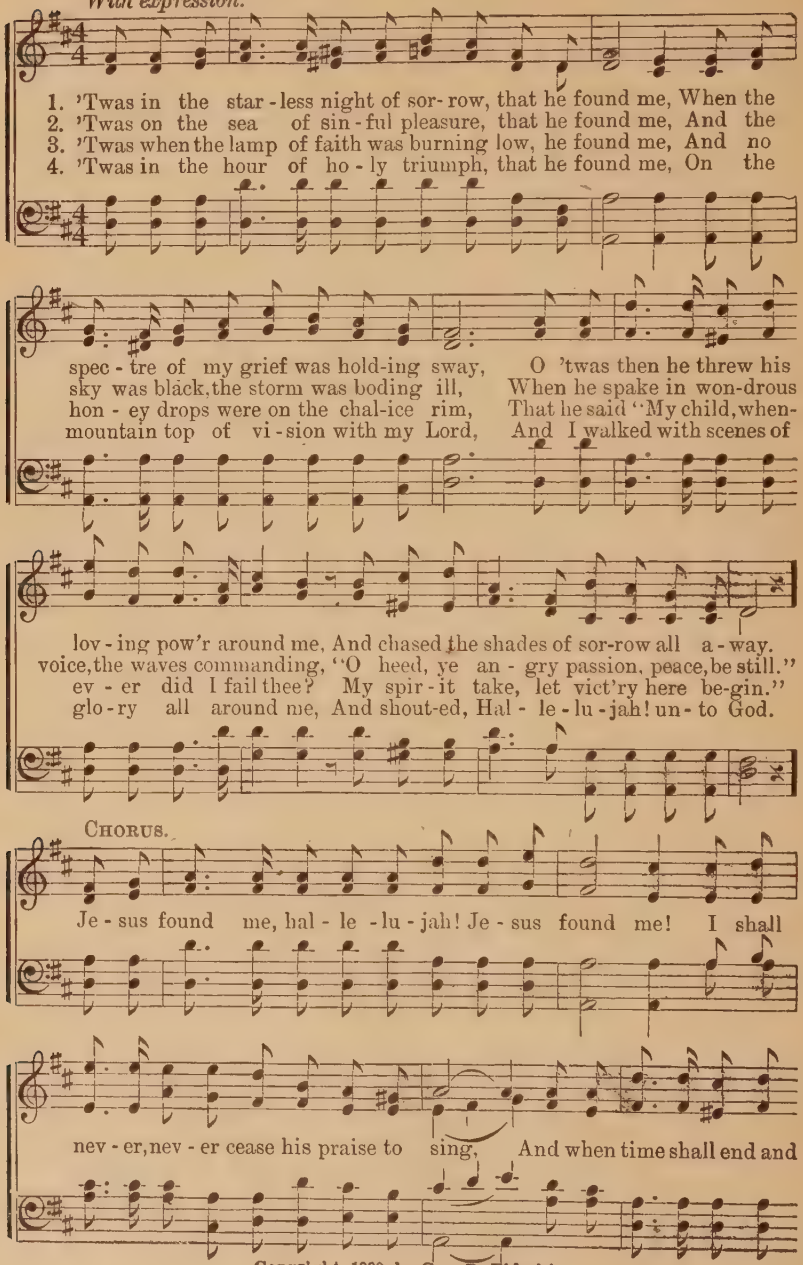
Jesus Found Me.

Rev. Henry Irving Rasmus, D. D. Geo. D. Elderkin.

With expression.


1. 'Twas in the star - less night of sor- row, that he found me, When the
2. 'Twas on the sea of sin - ful pleasure, that he found me, And the
3. 'Twas when the lamp of faith was burning low, he found me, And no
4. 'Twas in the hour of ho - ly triumph, that he found me, On the
spec - tre of my grief was hold-ing sway, O 'twas then he threw his
sky was black, the storm was boding ill, When he spake in won-drous
hon - ey drops were on the chal-ice rim, That he said "My child, when-
mountain top of vi - sion with my Lord, And I walked with scenes of
lov - ing pow'r around me, And chased the shades of sor-row all a - way.
voice, the waves commanding, "O heed, ye an - gry passion, peace, be still."
ev - er did I fail thee? My spir - it take, let vict'ry here be-gin."
glo - ry all around me, And shout-ed, Hal - le - lu - jah! un - to God.
Chorus.
Je - sus found me, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus found me! I shall
nev - er, nev - er cease his praise to sing, And when time shall end and

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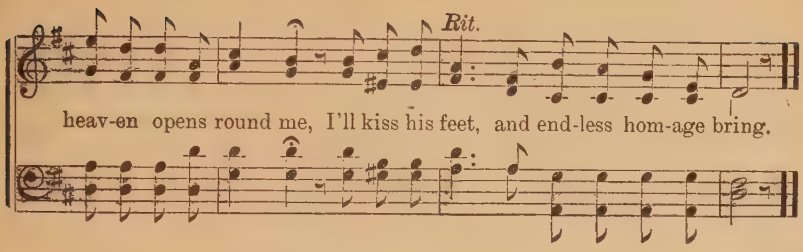
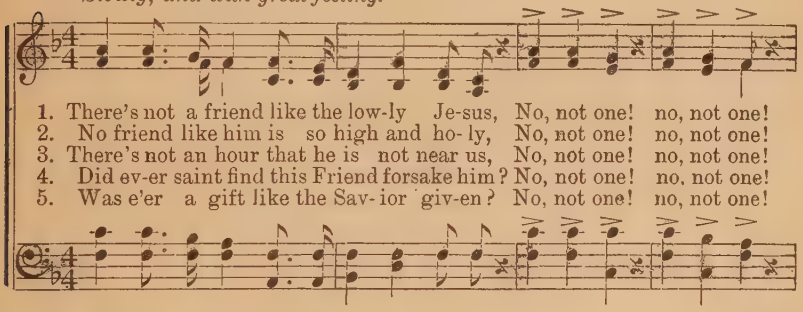
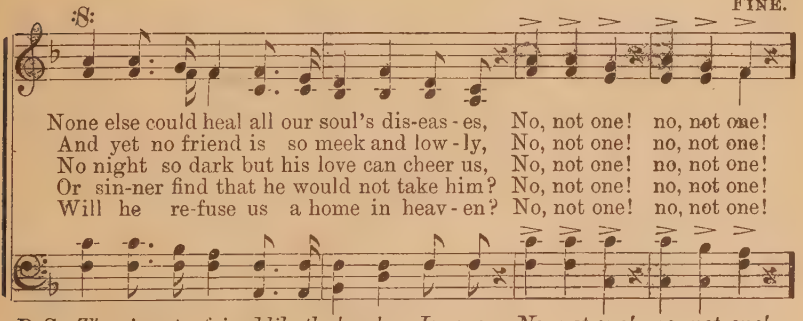


59 No, Not One!

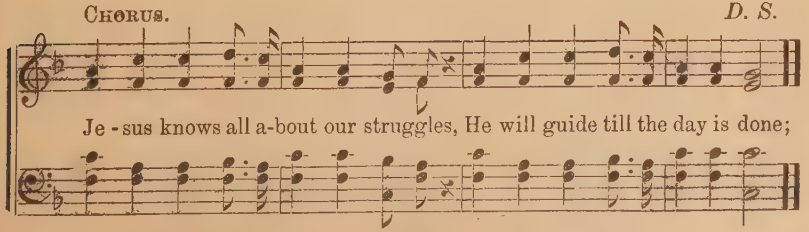
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.

Slowly, and with great feeling.


1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev-er saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-ior giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!


:S:
Fine.
None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin-ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will he re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

D.S.—There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!



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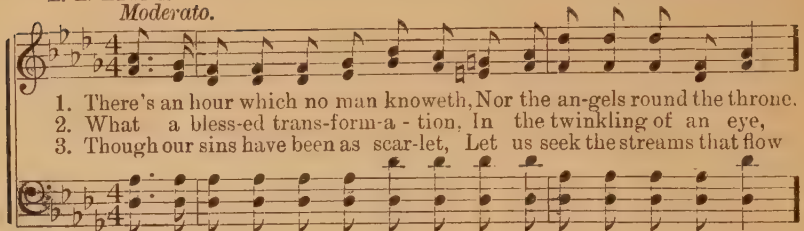
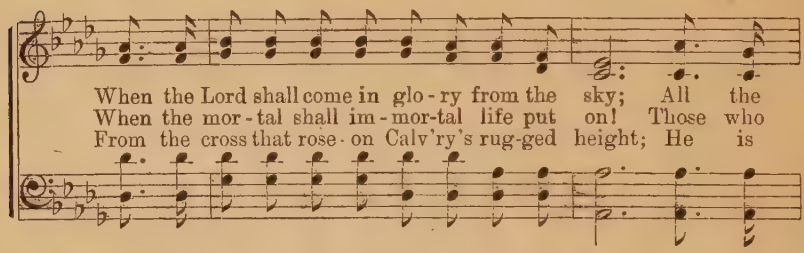
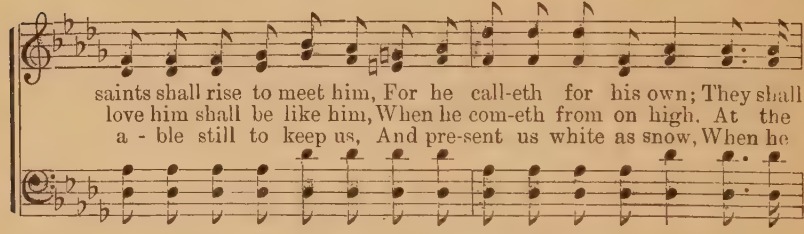
The Coronation Day.

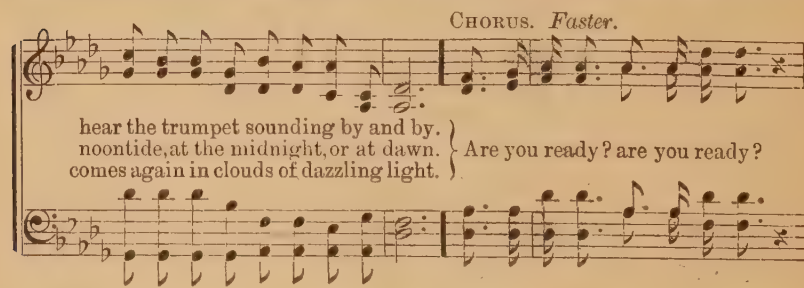
E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

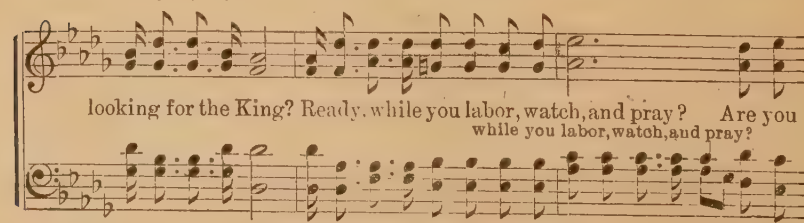
Moderato.


1. There's an hour which no man knoweth, Nor the an-gels round the throne.
2. What a bless-ed trans-form-a - tion, In the twinkling of an eye,
3. Though our sins have been as scar-let, Let us seek the streams that flow


When the Lord shall come in glo - ry from the sky; All the
When the mor - tal shall im - mor-tal life put on! Those who
From the cross that rose - on Calv'ry's rug-ged height; He is


saints shall rise to meet him, For he call-eth for his own; They shall
love him shall be like him, When he com-eth from on high. At the
a - ble still to keep us, And pre-sent us white as snow, When he


Chorus. *Faster.*
hear the trumpet sounding by and by.
noontide, at the midnight, or at dawn.
comes again in clouds of dazzling light.
Are you ready? are you ready?



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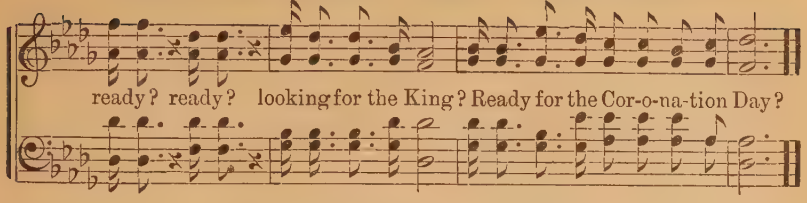
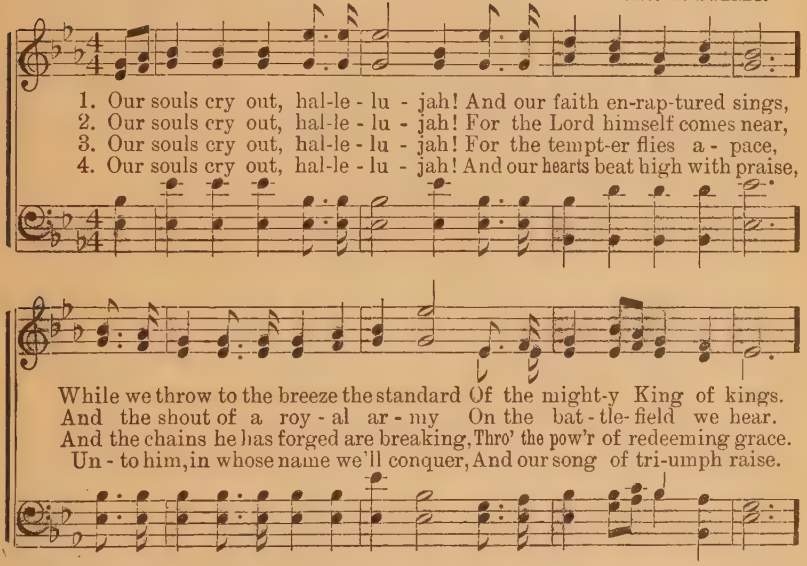
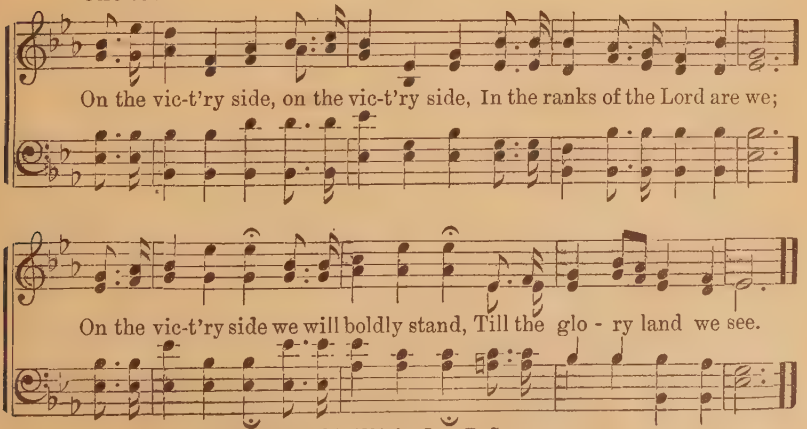


61 On the Victory Side.

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Our souls cry out, hal-le - lu - jah! And our faith en-rap-tured sings,
2. Our souls cry out, hal-le - lu - jah! For the Lord himself comes near,
3. Our souls cry out, hal-le - lu - jah! For the tempt-er flies a - pace,
4. Our souls cry out, hal-le - lu - jah! And our hearts beat high with praise,
While we throw to the breeze the standard Of the might-y King of kings.
And the shout of a roy - al ar - my On the bat - tle-field we hear.
And the chains he has forged are breaking, Thro' the pow'r of redeeming grace.
Un - to him, in whose name we'll conquer, And our song of tri-umph raise.

CHORUS.


On the vic-t'ry side, on the vic-t'ry side, In the ranks of the Lord are we;
On the vic-t'ry side we will boldly stand, Till the glo - ry land we see.

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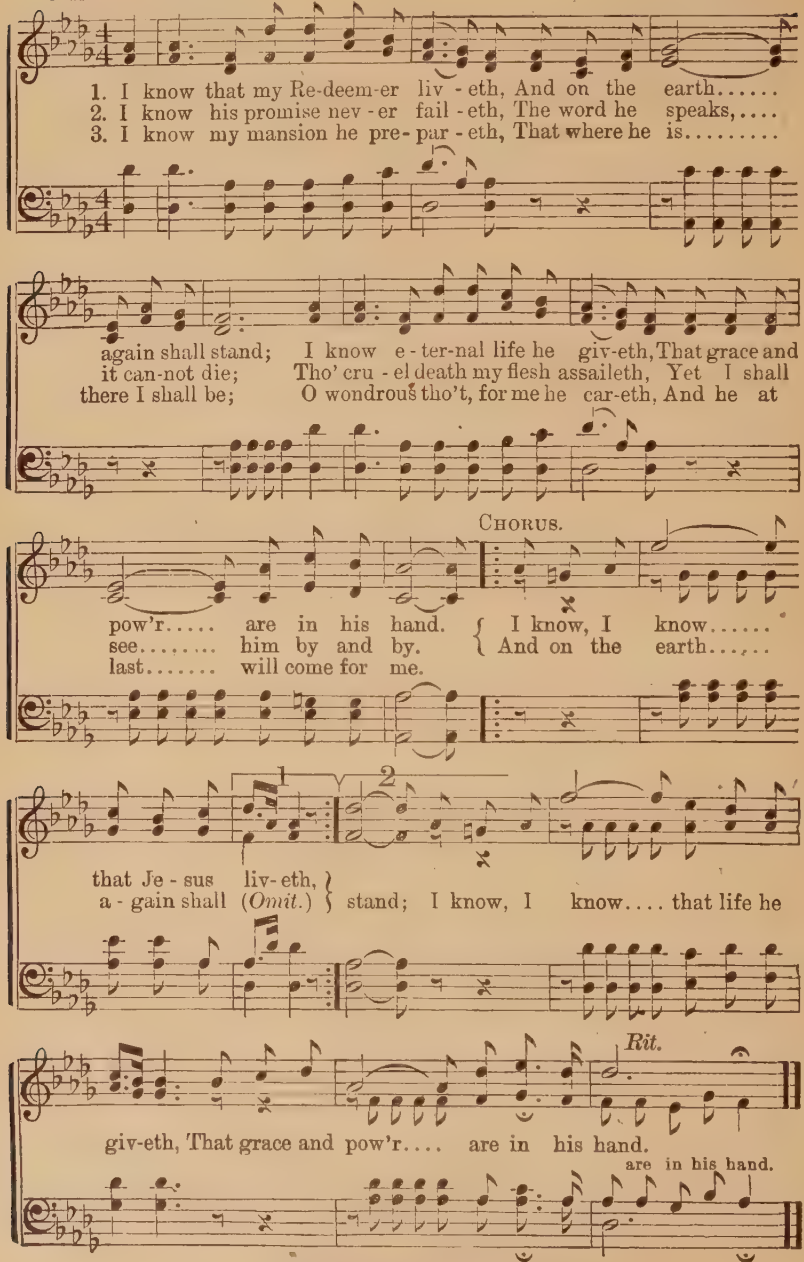
62 I Know that My Redeemer.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er liv - eth, And on the earth.....
2. I know his promise nev - er fail - eth, The word he speaks,....
3. I know my mansion he pre - par - eth, That where he is.....
again shall stand; I know e - ter-nal life he giv-eth, That grace and
it can-not die; Tho' cru - el death my flesh assaileth, Yet I shall
there I shall be; O wondrous tho't, for me he car-eth, And he at
CHORUS.
pow'r..... are in his hand. { I know, I know.....
see..... him by and by. { And on the earth.....
last..... will come for me.
1 2
that Je - sus liv-eth, }
a - gain shall (Omit.) } stand; I know, I know.... that life he
Rit.
giv-eth, That grace and pow'r.... are in his hand.
are in his hand.

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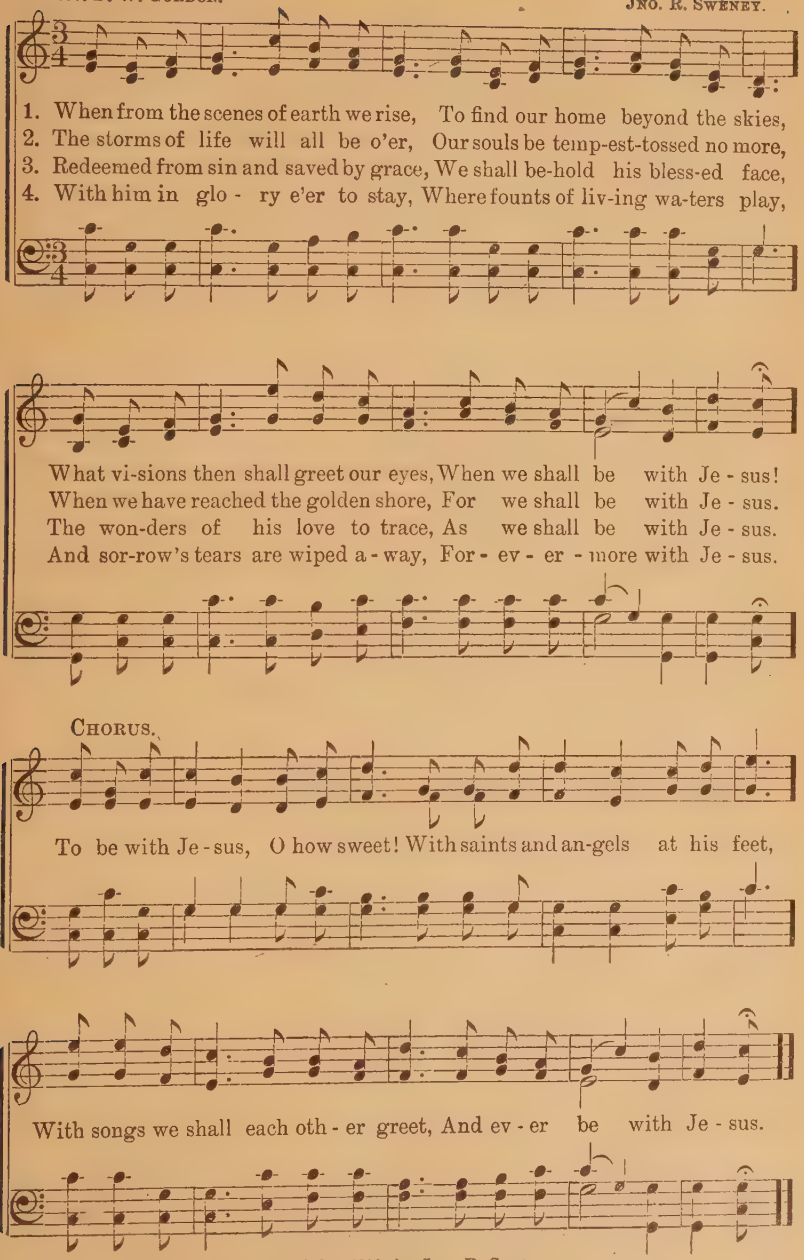
With Jesus.

Rev. D. W. Gordon. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. When from the scenes of earth we rise, To find our home beyond the skies,
2. The storms of life will all be o'er, Our souls be temp-est-tossed no more,
3. Redeemed from sin and saved by grace, We shall be-hold his bless-ed face,
4. With him in glo - ry e'er to stay, Where founts of liv-ing wa-ters play,
What vi-sions then shall greet our eyes, When we shall be with Je - sus!
When we have reached the golden shore, For we shall be with Je - sus.
The won-ders of his love to trace, As we shall be with Je - sus.
And sor-row's tears are wiped a - way, For - ev - er - more with Je - sus.
Chorus.
To be with Je - sus, O how sweet! With saints and an-gels at his feet,
With songs we shall each oth - er greet, And ev - er be with Je - sus.

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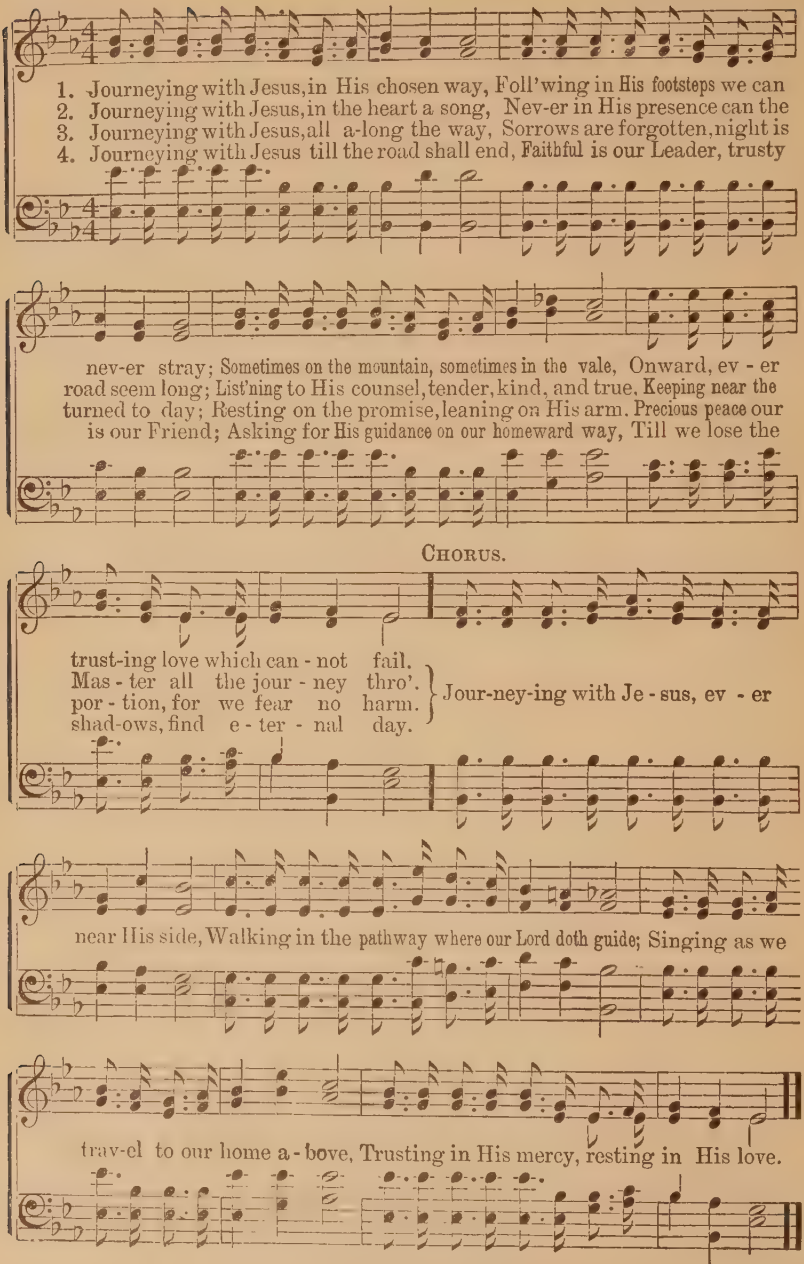
64 Journeying with Jesus.

BIRDIE BELL. JNO. R. BRYANT.


1. Journeying with Jesus, in His chosen way, Foll'wing in His footsteps we can
2. Journeying with Jesus, in the heart a song, Nev-er in His presence can the
3. Journeying with Jesus, all a-long the way, Sorrows are forgotten, night is
4. Journeying with Jesus till the road shall end, Faithful is our Leader, trusty
nev-er stray; Sometimes on the mountain, sometimes in the vale, Onward, ev - er
road seem long; List'ning to His counsel, tender, kind, and true. Keeping near the
turned to day; Resting on the promise, leaning on His arm. Precious peace our
is our Friend; Asking for His guidance on our homeward way, Till we lose the
CHORUS.
trust-ing love which can - not fail.
Mas - ter all the jour - ney thro'.
por - tion, for we fear no harm.
shad-ows, find e - ter - nal day.
Jour-ney-ing with Je - sus, ev - er
near His side, Walking in the pathway where our Lord doth guide; Singing as we
trav-el to our home a - bove, Trusting in His mercy, resting in His love.

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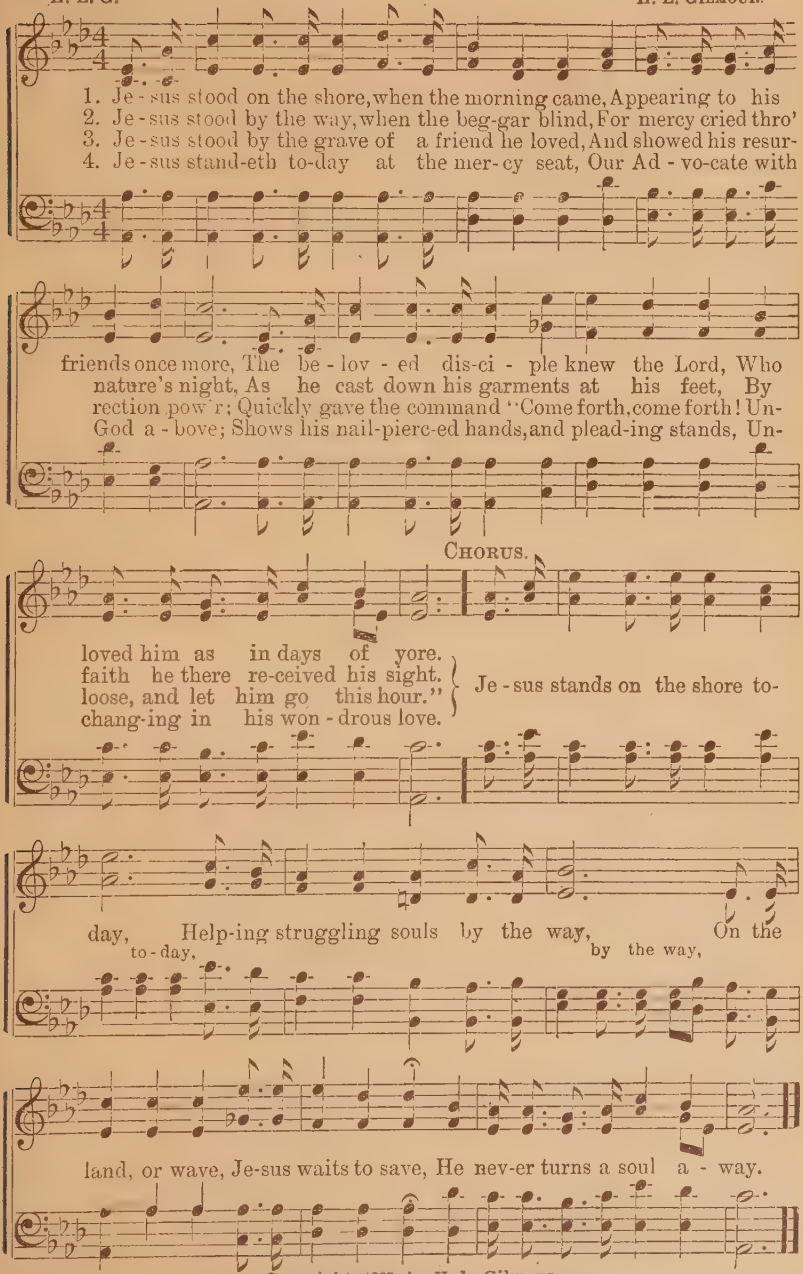
65 Jesus Stood on the Shore.

H. L. G. H. L. Gilmour.


1. Je - sus stood on the shore, when the morning came, Appearing to his
2. Je - sus stood by the way, when the beg-gar blind, For mercy cried thro'
3. Je - sus stood by the grave of a friend he loved, And showed his resur-
4. Je - sus stand-eth to-day at the mer-cy seat, Our Ad - vo-cate with
friends once more, The be - lov - ed dis-ci - ple knew the Lord, Who
nature's night, As he cast down his garments at his feet, By
rection pow'r; Quickly gave the command "Come forth, come forth! Un-
God a - bove; Shows his nail-pierc-ed hands, and plead-ing stands, Un-
Chorus.
loved him as in days of yore.
faith he there re-ceived his sight.
loose, and let him go this hour."
chang-ing in his won - drous love.
Je - sus stands on the shore to-
day, Help-ing struggling souls by the way, On the
to - day, by the way,
land, or wave, Je-sus waits to save, He nev-er turns a soul a - way.

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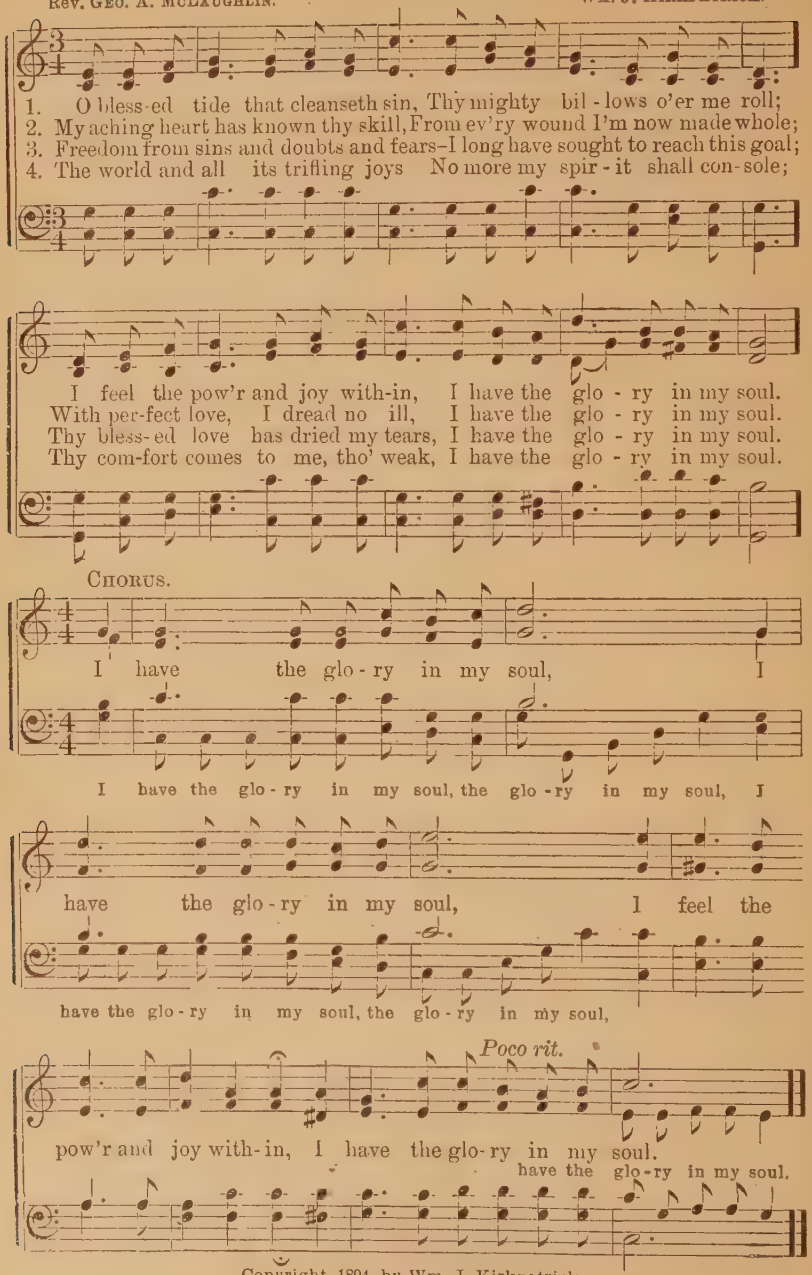
66 I Have the Glory in My Soul.

Rev. Geo. A. McLaughlin. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O bless-ed tide that cleanseth sin, Thy mighty bil - lows o'er me roll;
2. My aching heart has known thy skill, From ev'ry wound I'm now made whole;
3. Freedom from sins and doubts and fears–I long have sought to reach this goal;
4. The world and all its trifling joys No more my spir - it shall con-sole;
I feel the pow'r and joy with-in, I have the glo - ry in my soul.
With per-fect love, I dread no ill, I have the glo - ry in my soul.
Thy bless-ed love has dried my tears, I have the glo - ry in my soul.
Thy com-fort comes to me, tho' weak, I have the glo - ry in my soul.
Chorus.
I have the glo - ry in my soul, I
I have the glo - ry in my soul, the glo - ry in my soul, I
have the glo - ry in my soul, I feel the
have the glo - ry in my soul, the glo - ry in my soul,
Poco rit.
pow'r and joy with-in, I have the glo-ry in my soul.
have the glo-ry in my soul.

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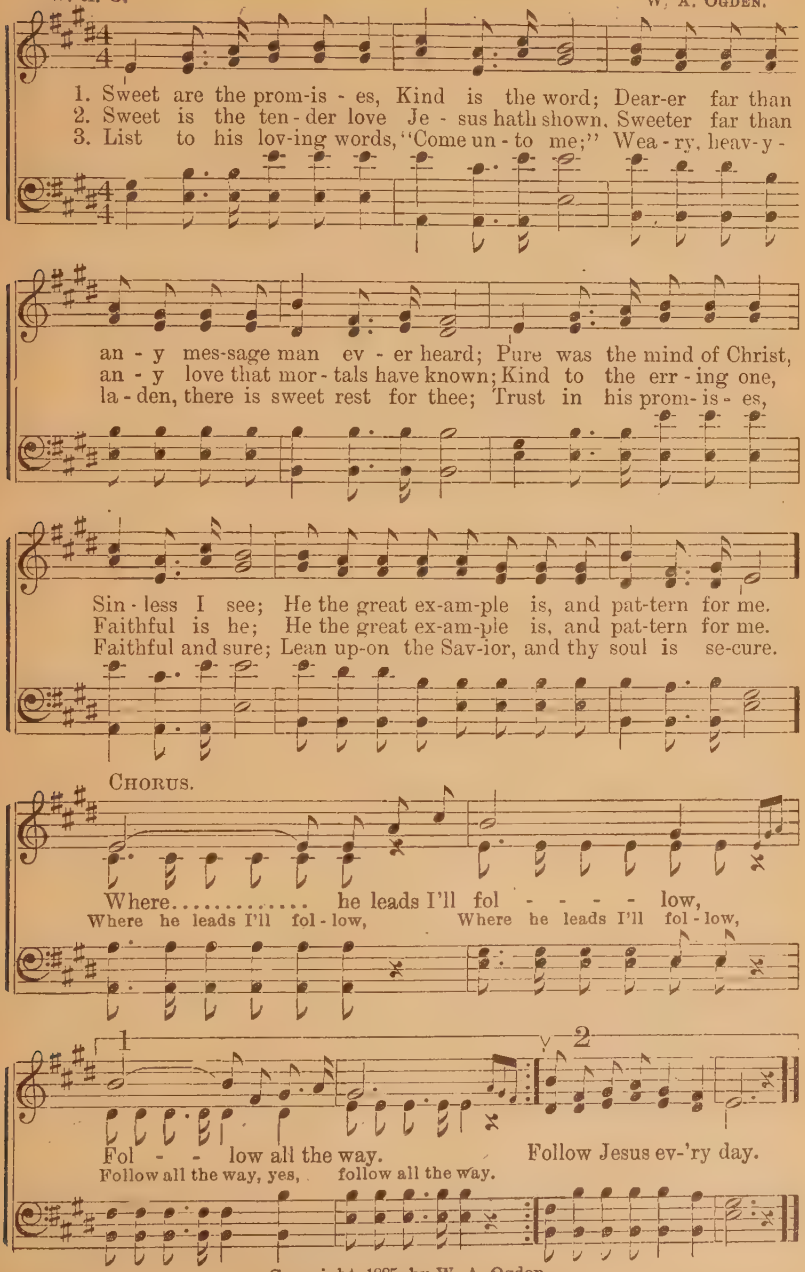
67 Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Sweet are the prom-is - es, Kind is the word; Dear-er far than
2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown, Sweeter far than
3. List to his lov-ing words, "Come un - to me;" Wea - ry, heav-y -
an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
an - y love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,
la - den, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in his prom-is - es,
Sin - less I see; He the great ex-am-ple is, and pat-tern for me.
Faithful is he; He the great ex-am-ple is, and pat-tern for me.
Faithful and sure; Lean up-on the Sav-ior, and thy soul is se-cure.
Chorus.
Where..... he leads I'll fol - - - - low,
Where he leads I'll fol - low, Where he leads I'll fol - low,
1
Fol - - low all the way.
Follow all the way, yes, follow all the way.
2
Follow Jesus ev-'ry day.

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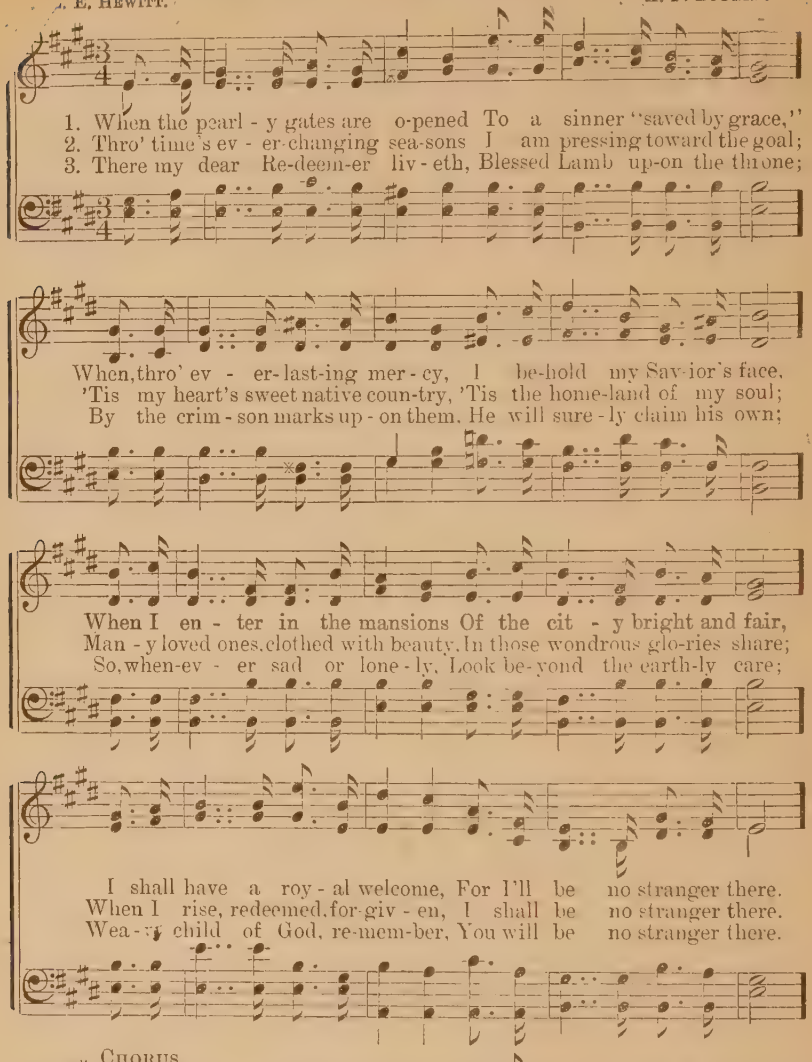
I Shall Be No Stranger There.

E. E. Hewitt. A. F. Bourne.

1. When the pearl - y gates are o-pened To a sinner "saved by grace,"
2. Thro' time's ev - er-changing sea-sons I am pressing toward the goal;
3. There my dear Re-deem-er liv - eth, Blessed Lamb up-on the throne;
When, thro' ev - er-last-ing mer - cy, I be-hold my Sav-ior's face,
'Tis my heart's sweet native coun-try, 'Tis the home-land of my soul;
By the crim - son marks up - on them, He will sure - ly claim his own;
When I en - ter in the mansions Of the cit - y bright and fair,
Man - y loved ones, clothed with beauty, In those wondrous glo-ries share;
So, when-ev - er sad or lone - ly, Look be-yond the earth-ly care;
I shall have a roy - al welcome, For I'll be no stranger there.
When I rise, redeemed, for-giv - en, I shall be no stranger there.
Wea - ry child of God, re-mem-ber, You will be no stranger there.
Chorus.
I shall be no stranger there, Je - sus will my place prepare;
I shall be no stranger there, Je-sus will my place prepare;

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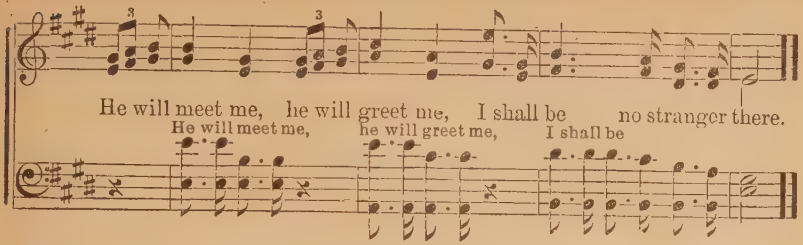
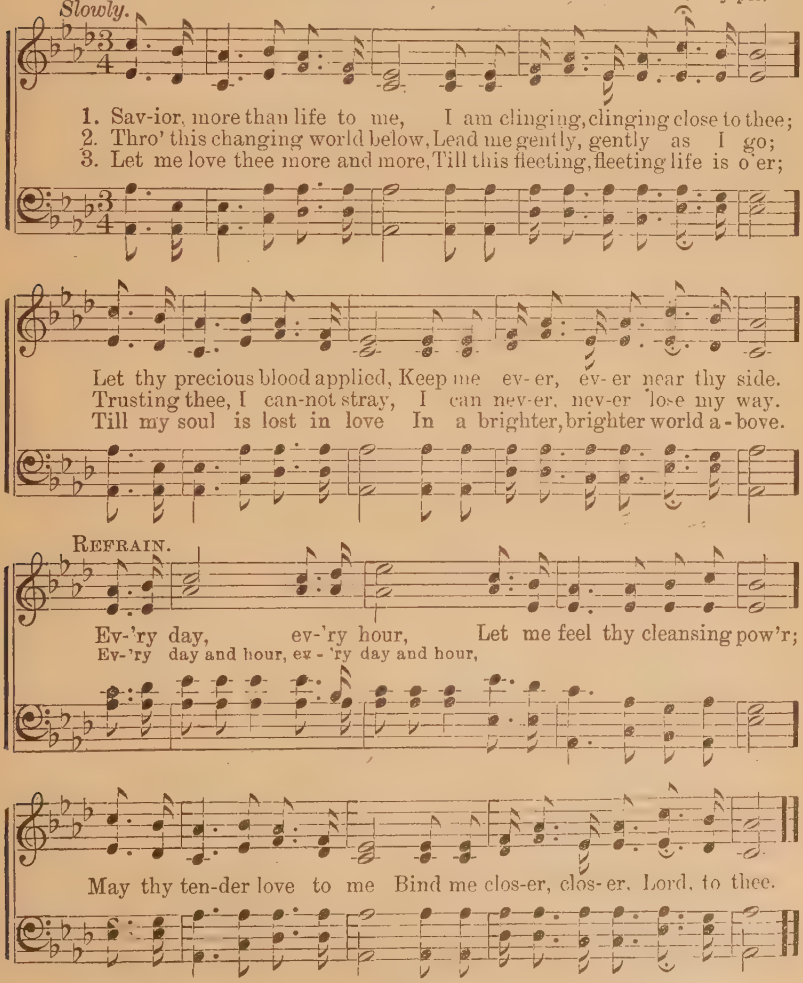


69 Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

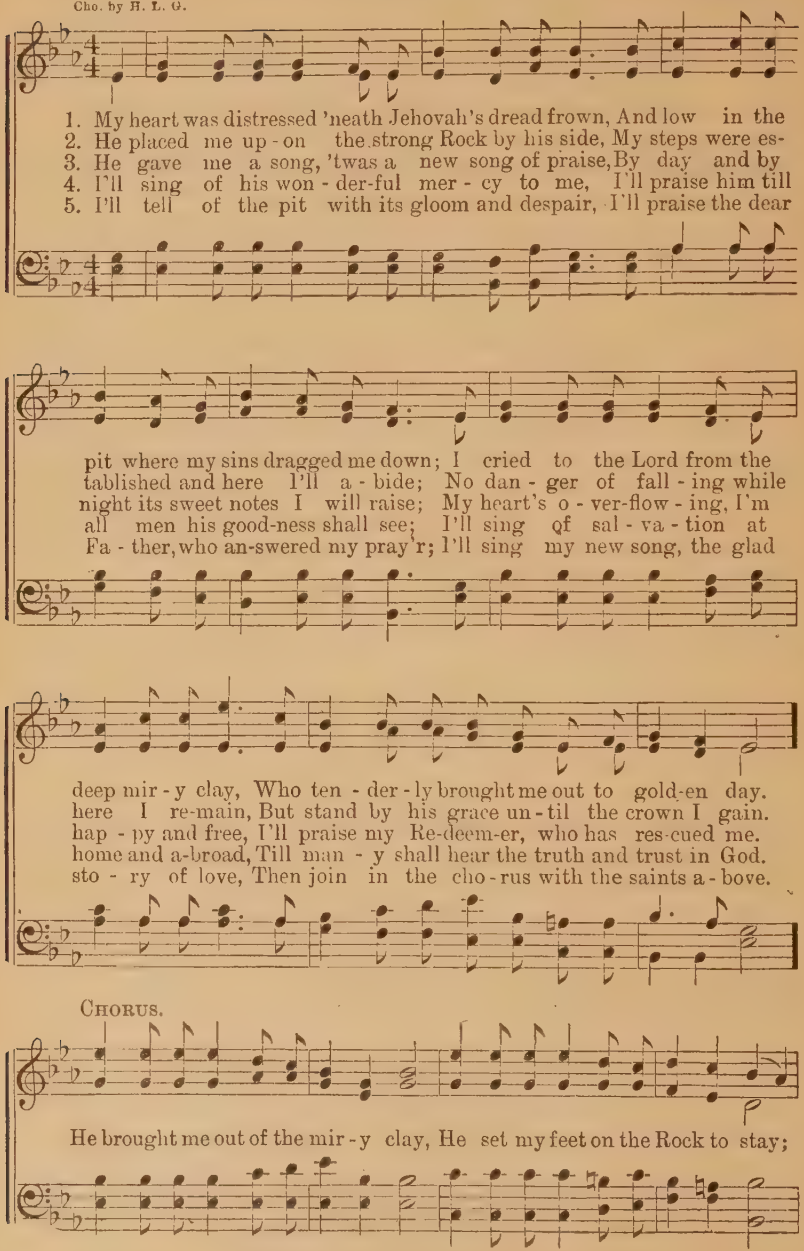
Slowly.


1. Sav-ior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently, gently as I go;
3. Let me love thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Let thy precious blood applied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near thy side.
Trusting thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.
REFRAIN.
Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,
May thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to thee.

He Brought Me Out.

Rev. H. J. Zelley.
Chc. by H. L. G.

H. L. Gilmour.


1. My heart was distressed 'neath Jehovah's dread frown, And low in the pit where my sins dragged me down; I cried to the Lord from the
2. He placed me up - on the strong Rock by his side, My steps were es- tablished and here I'll a - bide; No dan - ger of fall - ing while
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's o - ver-flow - ing, I'm
4. I'll sing of his won - der-ful mer - cy to me, I'll praise him till all men his good-ness shall see; I'll sing of sal - va - tion at
5. I'll tell of the pit with its gloom and despair, I'll praise the dear Fa - ther, who an-swered my pray'r; I'll sing my new song, the glad
deep mir - y clay, Who ten - der - ly brought me out to gold-en day.
here I re-main, But stand by his grace un - til the crown I gain.
hap - py and free, I'll praise my Re-deem-er, who has res-cued me.
home and a-broad, Till man - y shall hear the truth and trust in God.
sto - ry of love, Then join in the cho - rus with the saints a - bove.
Chorus.
He brought me out of the mir - y clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay;

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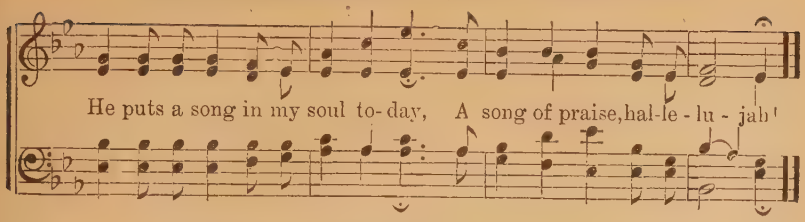
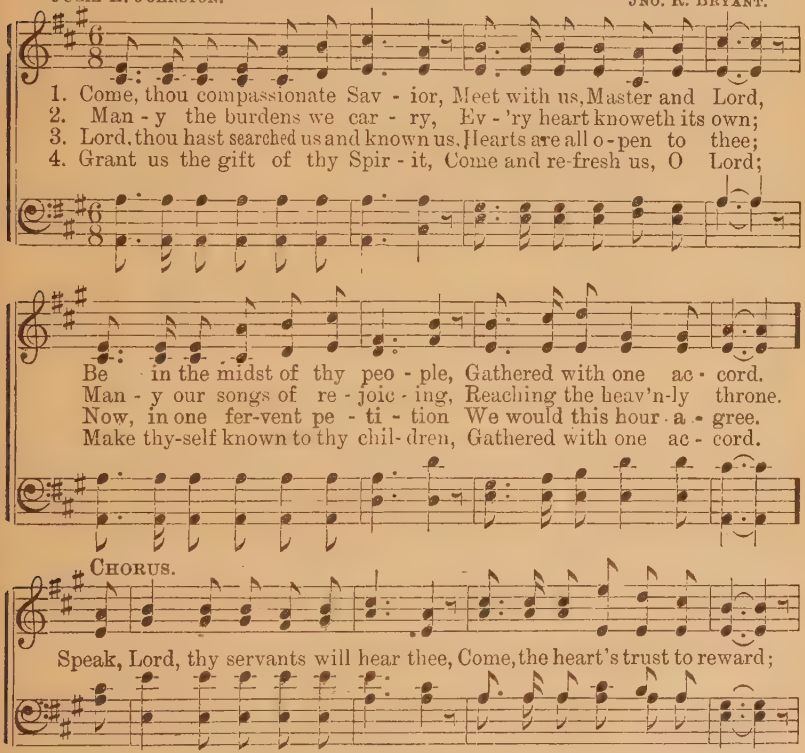
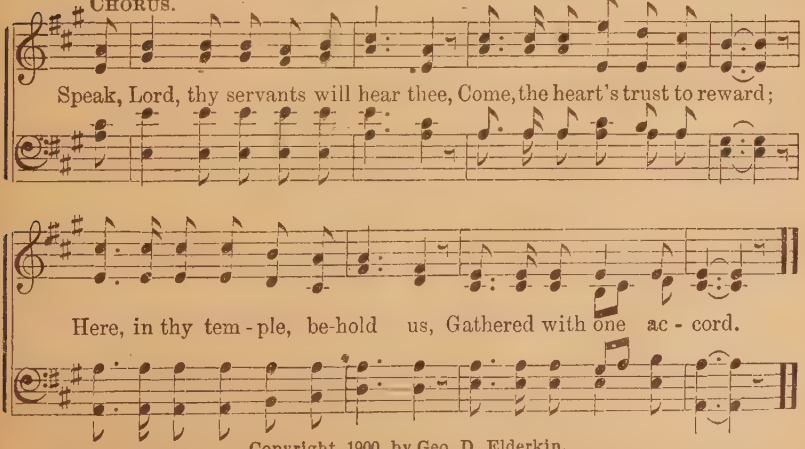


71 Gathered With One Accord.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. JNO. R. BRYANT.


1. Come, thou compassionate Sav-ior, Meet with us, Master and Lord,
2. Man-y the burdens we car-ry, Ev-'ry heart knoweth its own;
3. Lord, thou hast searched us and known us, Hearts are all o-pen to thee;
4. Grant us the gift of thy Spir-it, Come and re-fresh us, O Lord;
Be in the midst of thy peo-ple, Gathered with one ac-cord.
Man-y our songs of re-joic-ing, Reaching the heav'n-ly throne.
Now, in one fer-vent pe-ti-tion We would this hour a-gree.
Make thy-self known to thy chil-dren, Gathered with one ac-cord.

CHORUS.


Speak, Lord, thy servants will hear thee, Come, the heart's trust to reward;
Here, in thy tem-ple, be-hold us, Gathered with one ac-cord.

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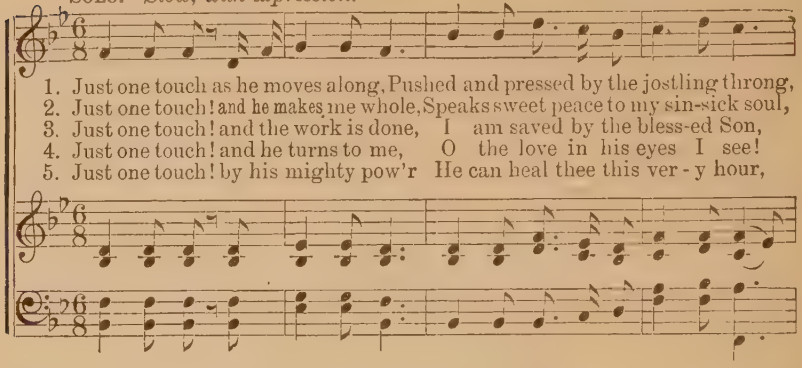
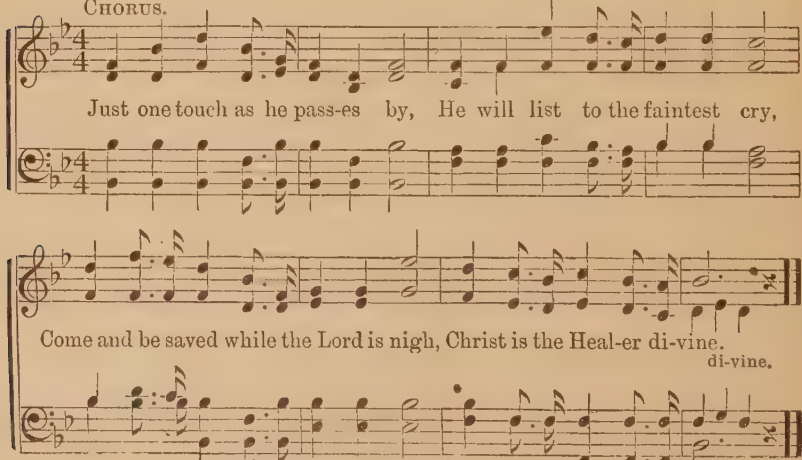
Just One Touch.

BIRDIE BELL. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*


1. Just one touch as he moves along, Pushed and pressed by the jostling throng,
2. Just one touch! and he makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the bless-ed Son,
4. Just one touch! and he turns to me, O the love in his eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by his mighty pow'r He can heal thee this ver - y hour,
Just one touch, and the weak was strong, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
At his feet all my bur-dens roll,— Cured by the Healer di - vine.
I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
I am his, for he hears my plea, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
Thou canst hear tho' the tempests low'r, Cured by the Healer di - vine.

CHORUS.


Just one touch as he pass-es by, He will list to the faintest cry,
Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Heal-er di-vine.
di-vine.

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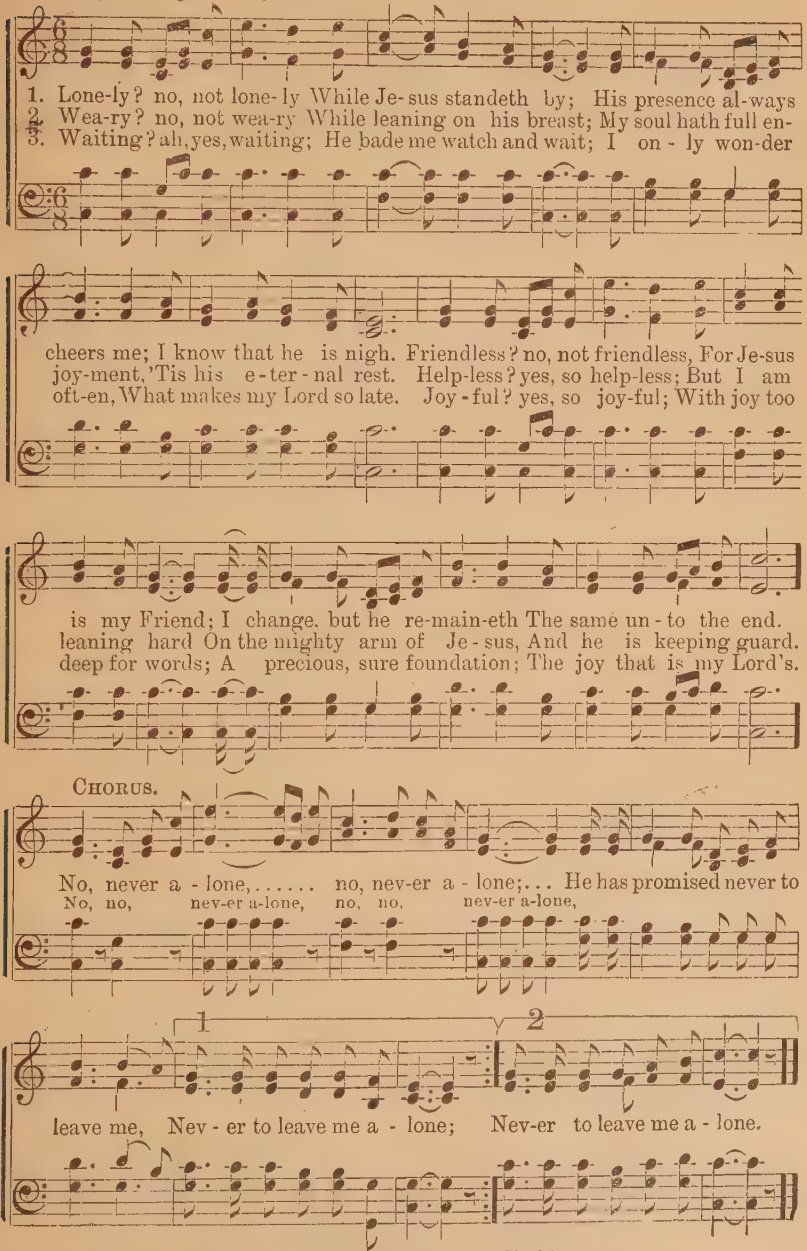
Never Alone.

V. A. W.

J. C. H. and V. A. White.

May be sung as a Duet and Chorus.


1. Lone-ly? no, not lone-ly While Je-sus standeth by; His presence al-ways
2. Wea-ry? no, not wea-ry While leaning on his breast; My soul hath full en-
3. Waiting? ah, yes, waiting; He bade me watch and wait; I on - ly won-der
cheers me; I know that he is nigh. Friendless? no, not friendless, For Je-sus
joy-ment, 'Tis his e-ter-nal rest. Help-less? yes, so help-less; But I am
oft-en, What makes my Lord so late. Joy-ful? yes, so joy-ful; With joy too
is my Friend; I change. but he re-main-eth The same un-to the end.
leaning hard On the mighty arm of Je-sus, And he is keeping guard.
deep for words; A precious, sure foundation; The joy that is my Lord's.
Chorus.
No, never a - lone, ... no, nev-er a - lone; . . . He has promised never to
No, no, nev-er a-lone, no, no, nev-er a-lone,
1
2
leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone; Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

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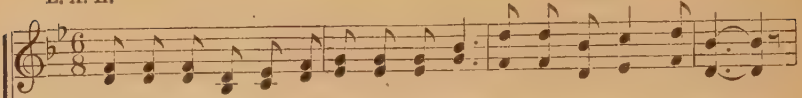
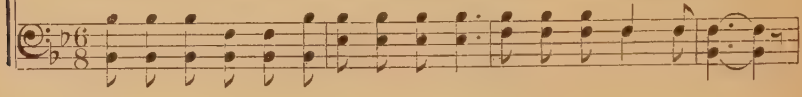
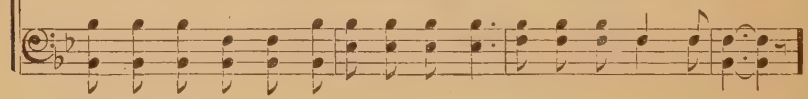
74 Is Thy Heart Right With God?

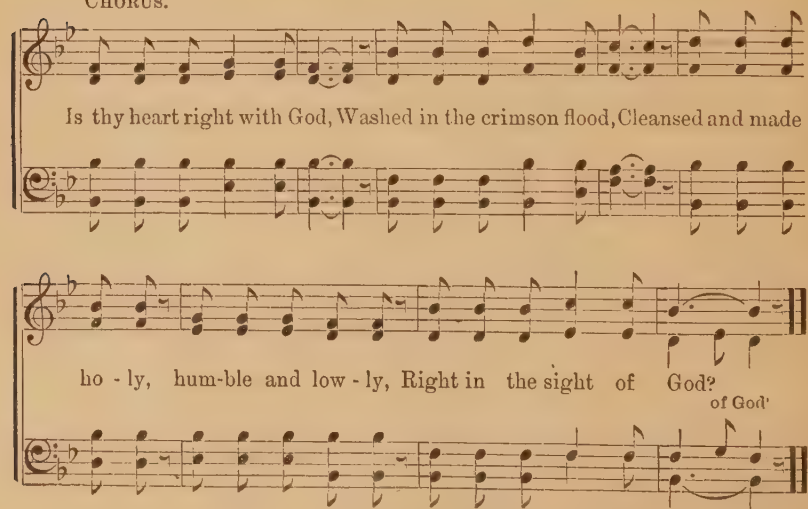
E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Have thy af-fections been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more condemna-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?

Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil without and within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does he each moment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wear-ing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?



CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crimson flood, Cleansed and made
ho - ly, hum-ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God?
of God

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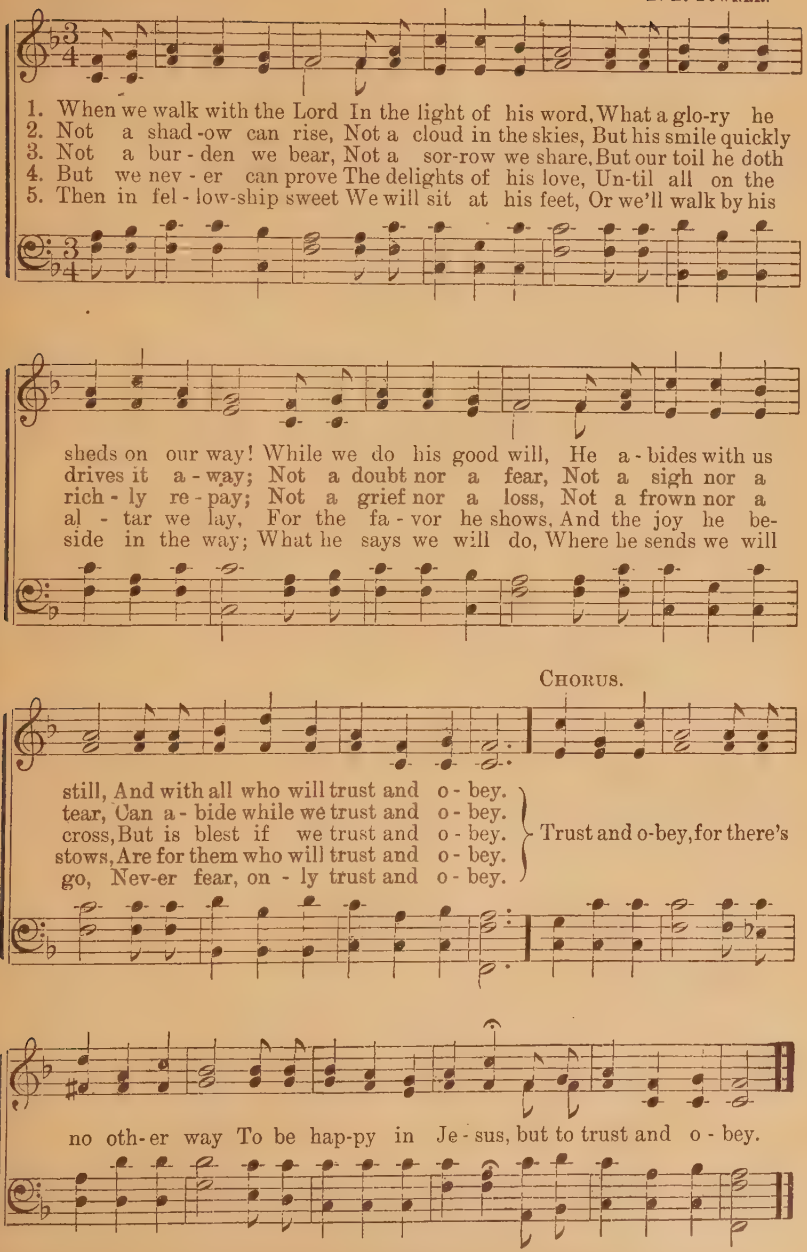
75 Trust and Obey.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.


1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glo-ry he
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil he doth
4. But we nev-er can prove The delights of his love, Un-til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at his feet, Or we'll walk by his
sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He a-bides with us
drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
al-tar we lay, For the fa-vor he shows, And the joy he be-
side in the way; What he says we will do, Where he sends we will
Chorus.
still, And with all who will trust and o-bey.
tear, Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey.
stows, Are for them who will trust and o-bey.
go, Nev-er fear, on-ly trust and o-bey.
Trust and o-bey, for there's
no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus, but to trust and o-bey.

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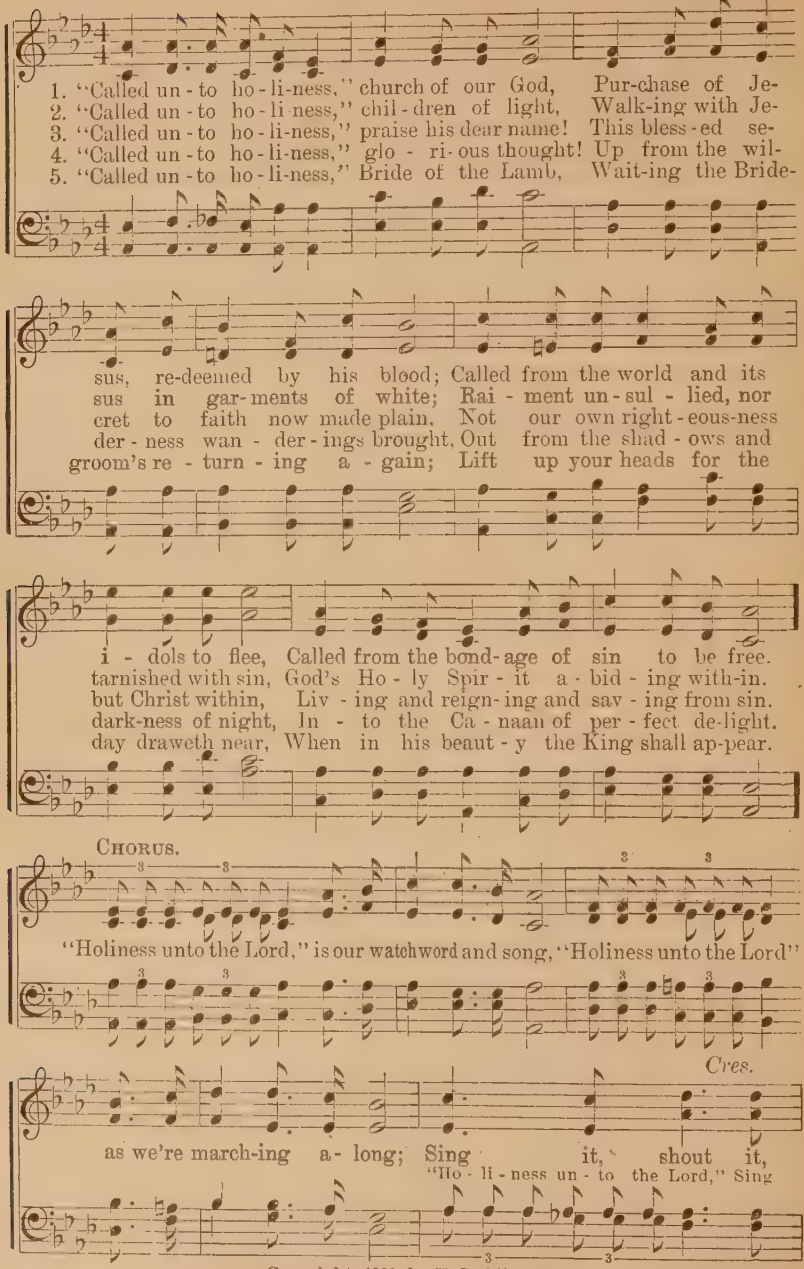
"Holiness Unto the Lord."

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," church of our God, Pur-chase of Je-
2. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," chil - dren of light, Walk-ing with Je-
3. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," praise his dear name! This bless - ed se-
4. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," glo - ri - ous thought! Up from the wil-
5. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," Bride of the Lamb, Wait-ing the Bride-
sus, re-deemed by his blood; Called from the world and its
sus in gar - ments of white; Rai - ment un - sul - lied, nor
cret to faith now made plain. Not our own right - eous-ness
der - ness wan - der - ings brought, Out from the shad - ows and
groom's re - turn - ing a - gain; Lift up your heads for the
i - dols to flee, Called from the bond - age of sin to be free.
tarnished with sin, God's Ho - ly Spir - it a - bid - ing with - in.
but Christ within, Liv - ing and reign - ing and sav - ing from sin.
dark-ness of night, In - to the Ca - naan of per - fect de - light.
day draweth near, When in his beaut - y the King shall ap - pear.
Chorus.
"Holiness unto the Lord," is our watchword and song, "Holiness unto the Lord"
Cres.
as we're march-ing a - long; Sing it, shout it,
"Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord," Sing

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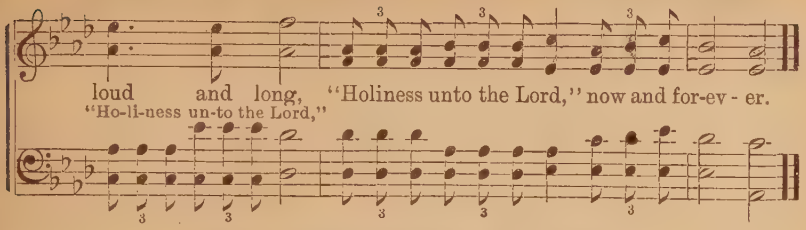
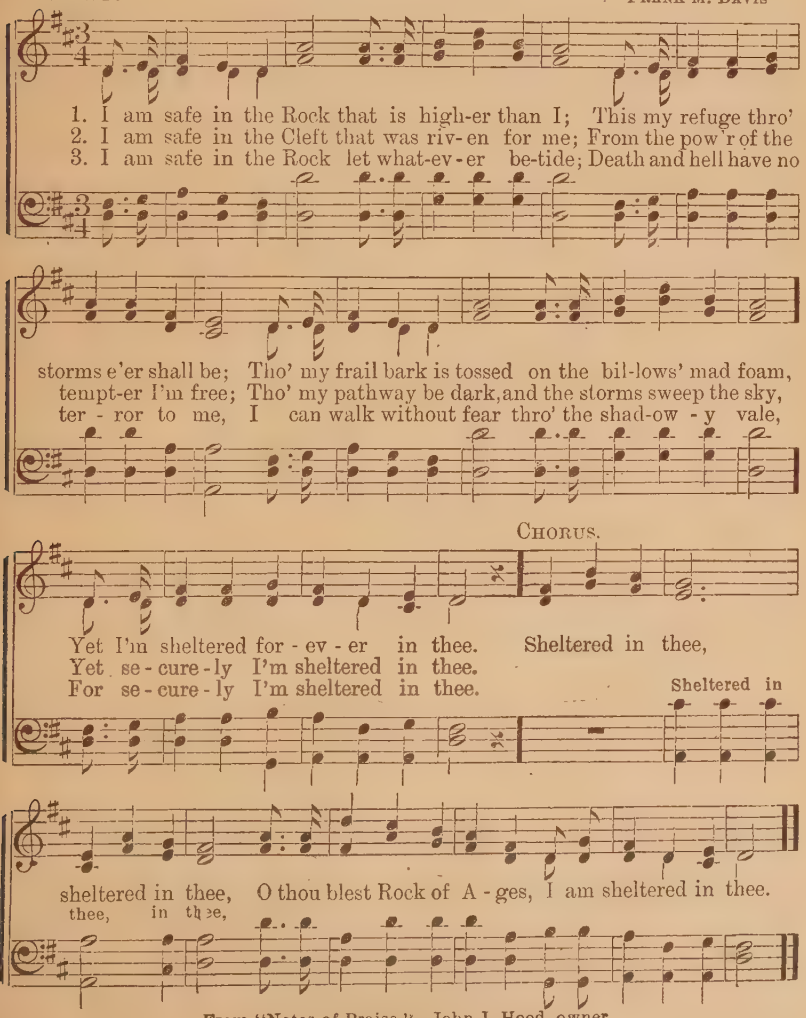
"Holiness Unto the Lord"—Concluded.



77 I am Sheltered in Thee.

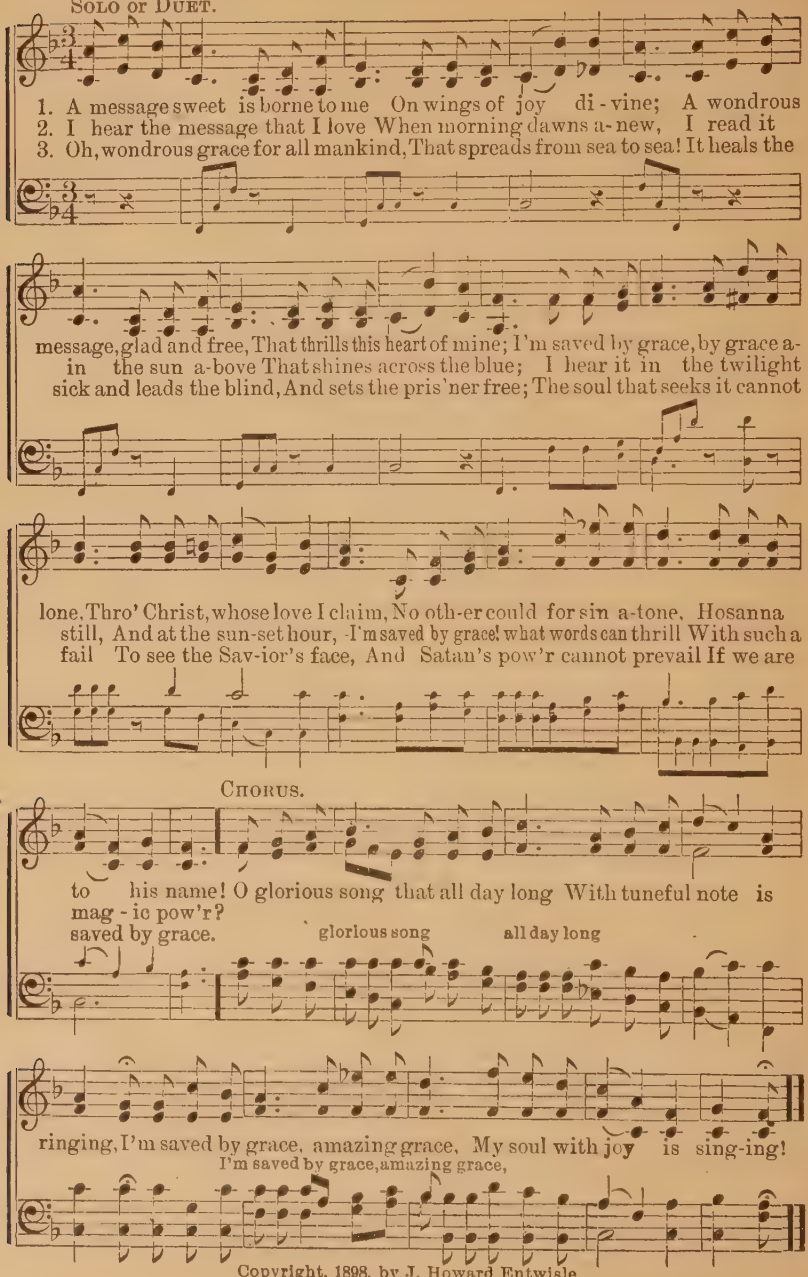
F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS


1. I am safe in the Rock that is high-er than I; This my refuge thro'
2. I am safe in the Cleft that was riv-en for me; From the pow'r of the
3. I am safe in the Rock let what-ev-er be-tide; Death and hell have no
storms e'er shall be; Tho' my frail bark is tossed on the bil-lows' mad foam,
tempt-er I'm free; Tho' my pathway be dark, and the storms sweep the sky,
ter - ror to me, I can walk without fear thro' the shad-ow - y vale,
CHORUS.
Yet I'm sheltered for - ev - er in thee. Sheltered in thee,
Yet se - cure - ly I'm sheltered in thee.
For se - cure - ly I'm sheltered in thee.
Sheltered in
sheltered in thee, O thou blest Rock of A - ges, I am sheltered in thee.
thee, in thee,

By Grace Alone.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO OR DUET.


1. A message sweet is borne to me On wings of joy di - vine; A wondrous
2. I hear the message that I love When morning dawns a - new, I read it
3. Oh, wondrous grace for all mankind, That spreads from sea to sea! It heals the
message, glad and free, That thrills this heart of mine; I'm saved by grace, by grace a-
in the sun a-bove That shines across the blue; I hear it in the twilight
sick and leads the blind, And sets the pris'ner free; The soul that seeks it cannot
lone. Thro' Christ, whose love I claim, No oth-er could for sin a-tone. Hosanna
still, And at the sun-set hour, I'm saved by grace! what words can thrill With such a
fail To see the Sav-ior's face, And Satan's pow'r cannot prevail If we are
CHORUS.
to his name! O glorious song that all day long With tuneful note is
mag - ic pow'r?
saved by grace.
glorious song
all day long
ringing, I'm saved by grace, amazing grace, My soul with joy is sing-ing!
I'm saved by grace, amazing grace,

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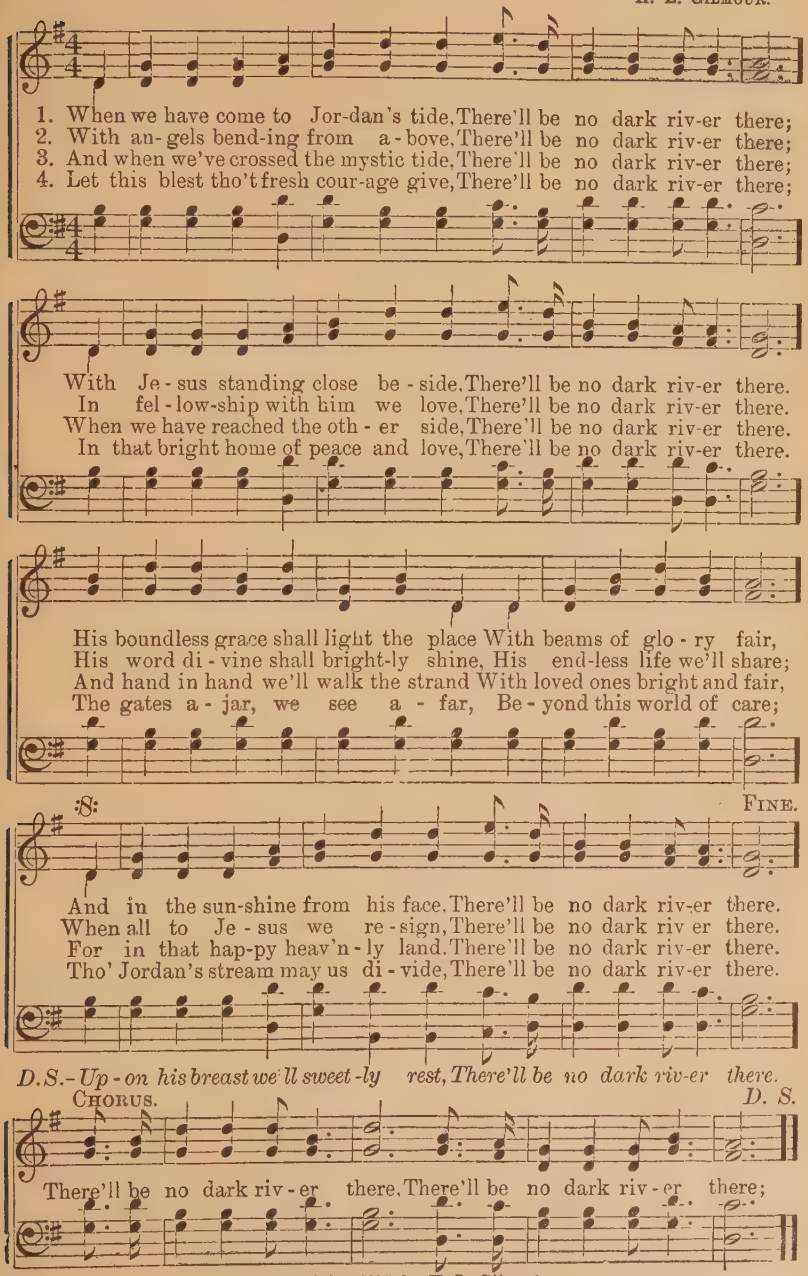
79 There'll be No Dark River There.

E. C. MACARTNEY. H. L. GILMOUR.


1. When we have come to Jor-dan's tide, There'll be no dark riv-er there;
2. With an-gels bend-ing from a-bove, There'll be no dark riv-er there;
3. And when we've crossed the mystic tide, There'll be no dark riv-er there;
4. Let this blest tho't fresh cour-age give, There'll be no dark riv-er there;
With Je-sus standing close be-side, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
In fel-low-ship with him we love, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
When we have reached the oth-er side, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
In that bright home of peace and love, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
His boundless grace shall light the place With beams of glo-ry fair,
His word di-vine shall bright-ly shine, His end-less life we'll share;
And hand in hand we'll walk the strand With loved ones bright and fair,
The gates a-jar, we see a-far, Be-yond this world of care;
:S:
FINE.
And in the sun-shine from his face, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
When all to Je-sus we re-sign, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
For in that hap-py heav'n-ly land, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
Tho' Jordan's stream may us di-vide, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
D.S.-Up-on his breast we'll sweet-ly rest, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
CHORUS.
D. S.
There'll be no dark riv-er there, There'll be no dark riv-er there;

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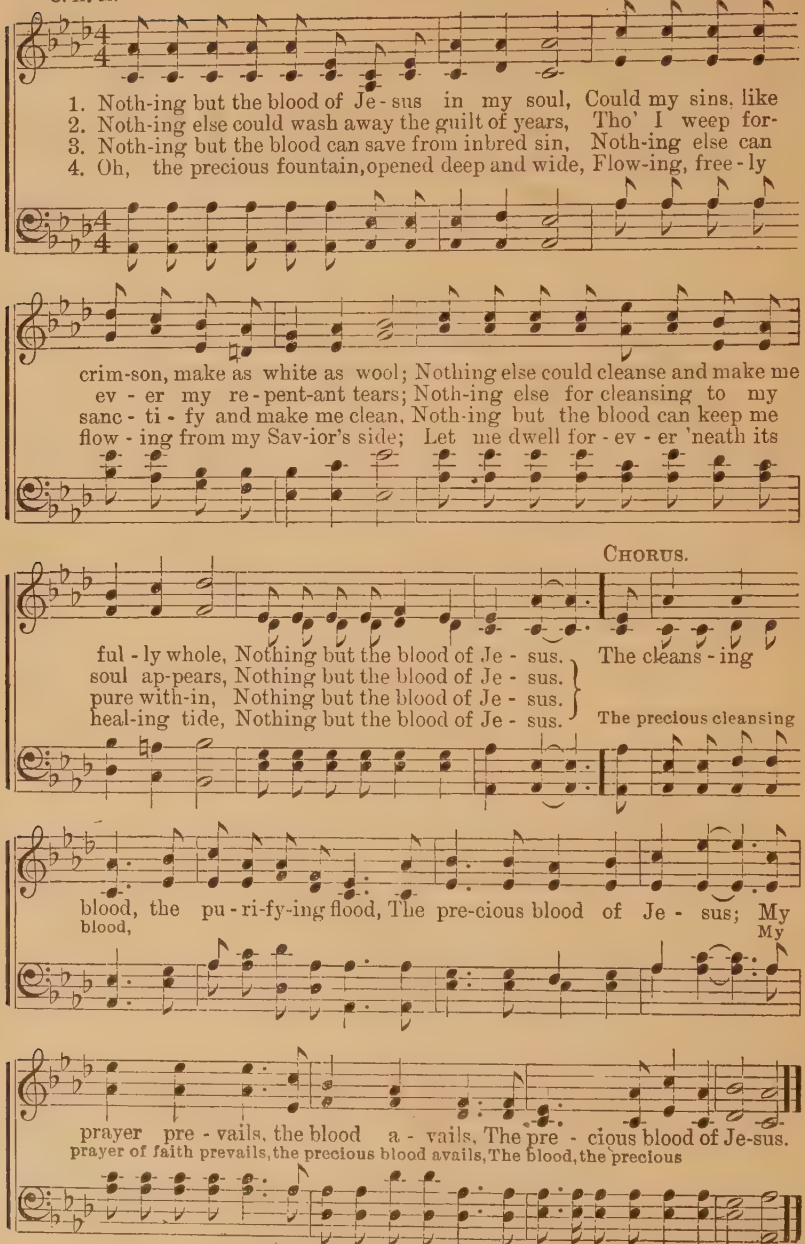
The Cleansing Blood

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus in my soul, Could my sins, like
2. Noth-ing else could wash away the guilt of years, Tho' I weep for-
3. Noth-ing but the blood can save from inbred sin, Noth-ing else can
4. Oh, the precious fountain, opened deep and wide, Flow-ing, free - ly
crim-son, make as white as wool; Nothing else could cleanse and make me
ev - er my re - pent-ant tears; Noth-ing else for cleansing to my
sanc - ti - fy and make me clean, Noth-ing but the blood can keep me
flow - ing from my Sav-ior's side; Let me dwell for - ev - er 'neath its
Chorus.
ful - ly whole, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. The cleans - ing
soul ap-pears, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
pure with-in, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
heal-ing tide, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
The precious cleansing
blood, the pu - ri-fy-ing flood, The pre-cious blood of Je - sus; My
blood,
My
prayer pre - vails, the blood a - vails, The pre - cious blood of Je-sus.
prayer of faith prevails, the precious blood avails, The blood, the precious

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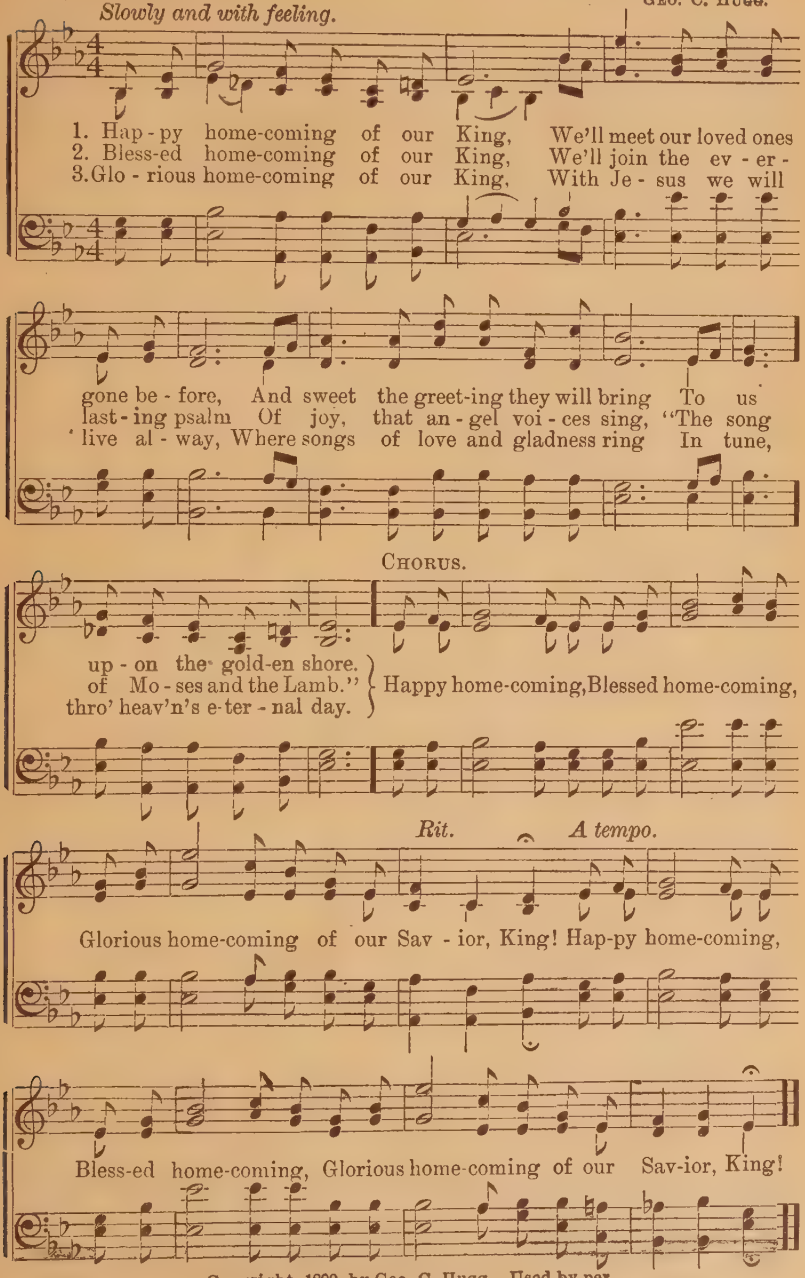
81 The Home-Coming of Our King.

G. C. H. Geo. C. Hugg.

Slowly and with feeling.

1. Hap - py home-coming of our King, We'll meet our loved ones
2. Bless-ed home-coming of our King, We'll join the ev - er -
3. Glo - rious home-coming of our King, With Je - sus we will
gone be - fore, And sweet the greet-ing they will bring To us
last - ing psalm Of joy, that an - gel voi - ces sing, "The song
live al - way, Where songs of love and gladness ring In tune,
Chorus.
up - on the gold-en shore.
of Mo - ses and the Lamb."
thro' heav'n's e-ter - nal day.
Happy home-coming, Blessed home-coming,
Rit.
A tempo.
Glorious home-coming of our Sav - ior, King! Hap-py home-coming,
Bless-ed home-coming, Glorious home-coming of our Sav-ior, King!

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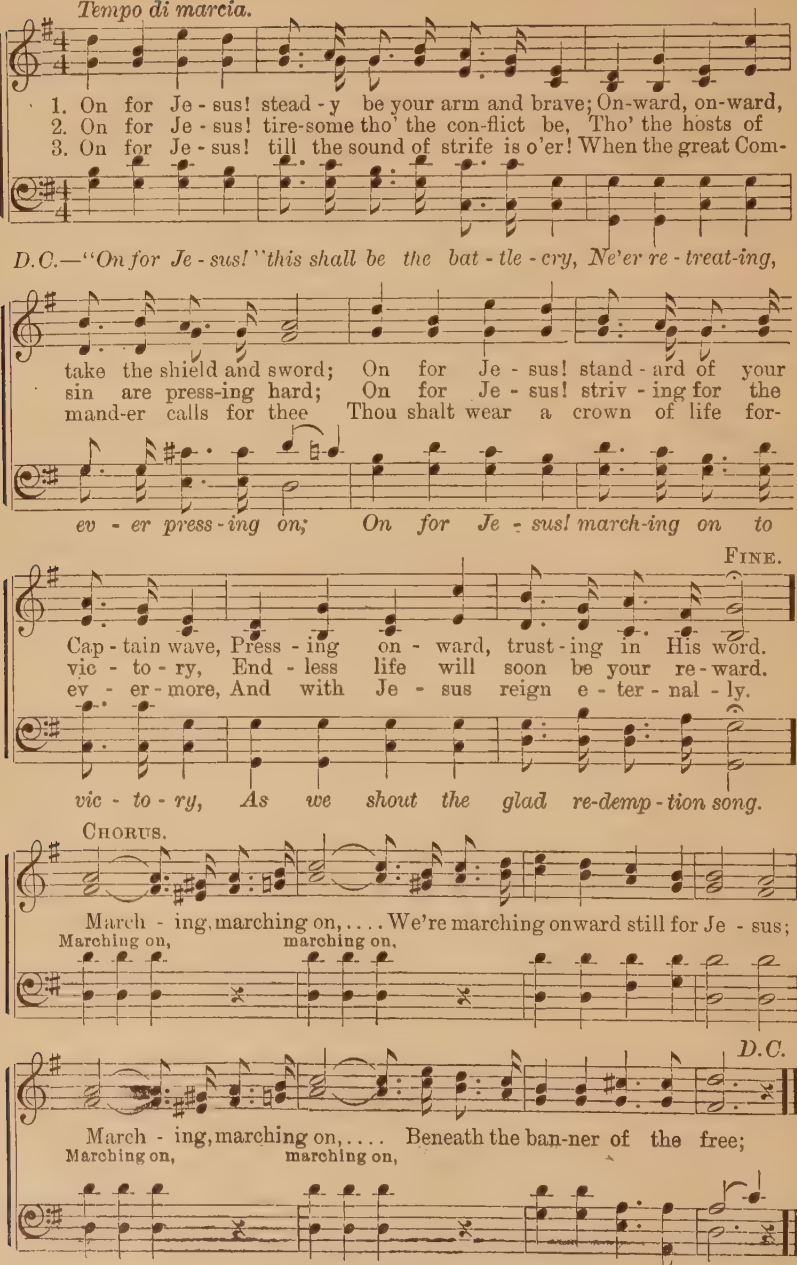
On for Jesus!

J. H. E.

J. Howard Entwisle.

Tempo di marcia.

1. On for Je - sus! stead - y be your arm and brave; On-ward, on-ward,
2. On for Je - sus! tire-some tho' the con-flict be, Tho' the hosts of
3. On for Je - sus! till the sound of strife is o'er! When the great Com-
D.C.—"On for Je - sus!" this shall be the bat - tle - cry, Ne'er re - treat-ing,
take the shield and sword; On for Je - sus! stand - ard of your
sin are press-ing hard; On for Je - sus! striv - ing for the
mand-er calls for thee Thou shalt wear a crown of life for-
ev - er press-ing on; On for Je - sus! march-ing on to
Fine.
Cap - tain wave, Press - ing on - ward, trust - ing in His word.
vic - to - ry, End - less life will soon be your re - ward.
ev - er - more, And with Je - sus reign e - ter - nal - ly.
vic - to - ry, As we shout the glad re-demp - tion song.
Chorus.
March - ing, marching on, ... We're marching onward still for Je - sus;
Marching on, marching on,
D.C.
March - ing, marching on, ... Beneath the ban-ner of the free;
Marching on, marching on,

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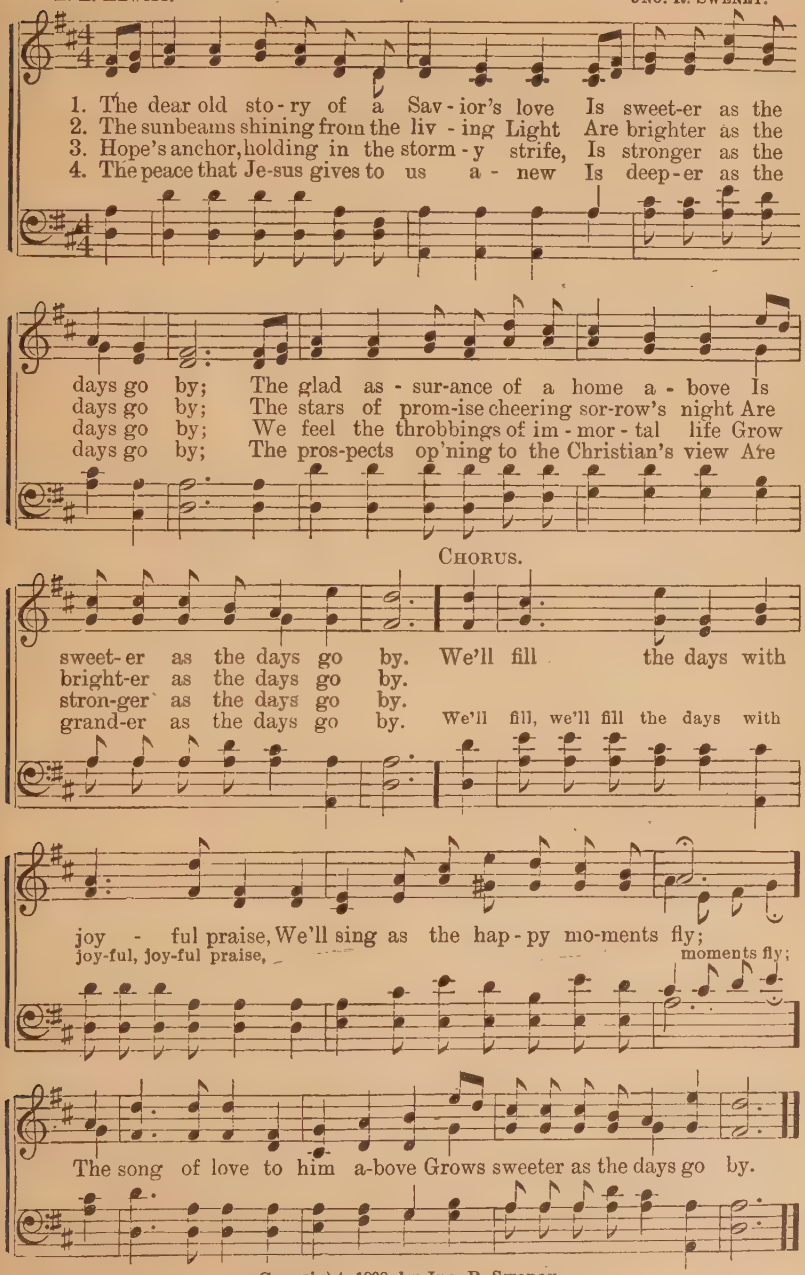
83 Sweeter as the Days Go By.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. The dear old sto-ry of a Sav-ior's love Is sweet-er as the
2. The sunbeams shining from the liv-ing Light Are brighter as the
3. Hope's anchor, holding in the storm-y strife, Is stronger as the
4. The peace that Je-sus gives to us a-new Is deep-er as the
days go by; The glad as-sur-ance of a home a-bove Is
days go by; The stars of prom-ise cheering sor-row's night Are
days go by; We feel the throbbings of im-mor-tal life Grow
days go by; The pros-pects op'ning to the Christian's view Are
Chorus.
sweet-er as the days go by. We'll fill the days with
bright-er as the days go by.
stron-ger as the days go by.
grand-er as the days go by. We'll fill, we'll fill the days with
joy-ful praise, We'll sing as the hap-py mo-ments fly;
joy-ful, joy-ful praise, moments fly;
The song of love to him a-bove Grows sweeter as the days go by.

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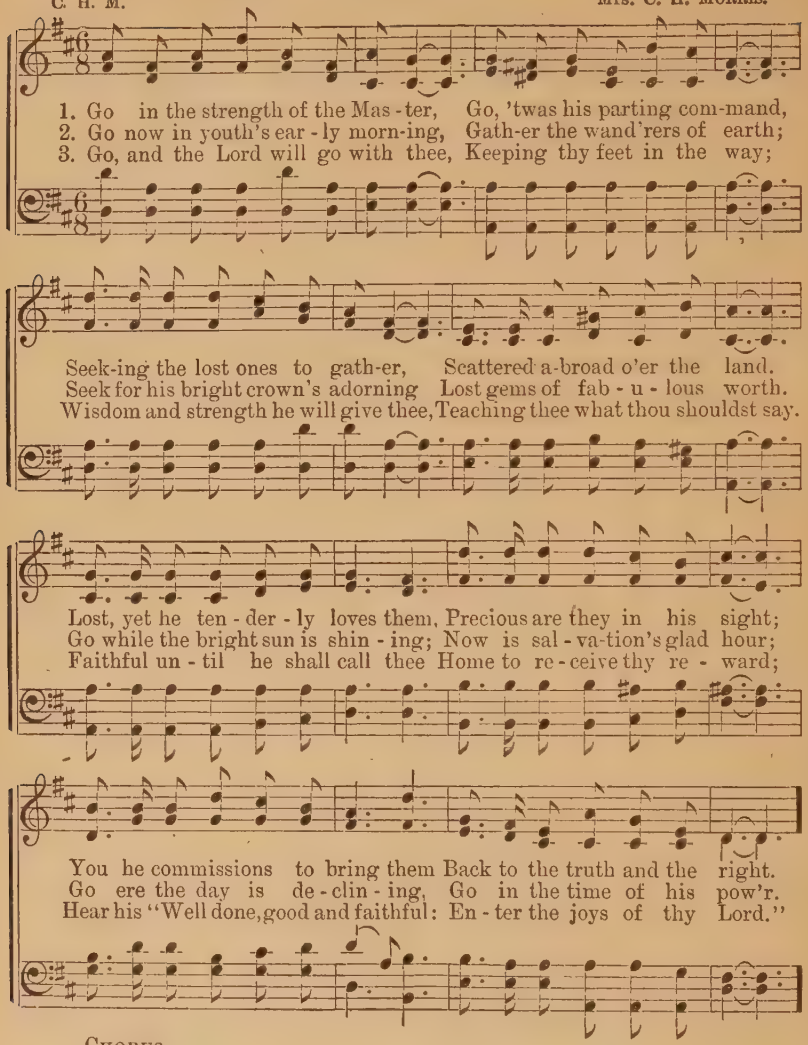
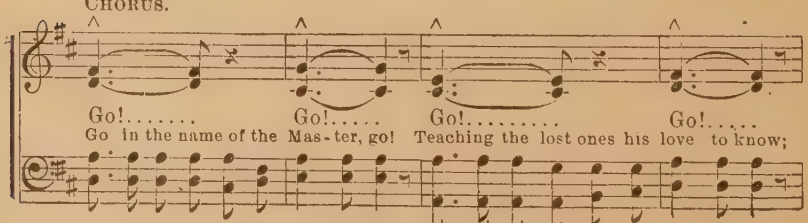
84 Go in the Name of the Master.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Go in the strength of the Mas - ter, Go, 'twas his parting com-mand,
2. Go now in youth's ear - ly morn-ing, Gath-er the wand'rers of earth;
3. Go, and the Lord will go with thee, Keeping thy feet in the way;
Seek-ing the lost ones to gath-er, Scattered a-broad o'er the land.
Seek for his bright crown's adorning Lost gems of fab - u - lous worth.
Wisdom and strength he will give thee, Teaching thee what thou shouldst say.
Lost, yet he ten - der - ly loves them, Precious are they in his sight;
Go while the bright sun is shin - ing; Now is sal - va-tion's glad hour;
Faithful un - til he shall call thee Home to re - ceive thy re - ward;
You he commissions to bring them Back to the truth and the right.
Go ere the day is de - clin - ing, Go in the time of his pow'r.
Hear his "Well done, good and faithful: En - ter the joys of thy Lord."

Chorus.



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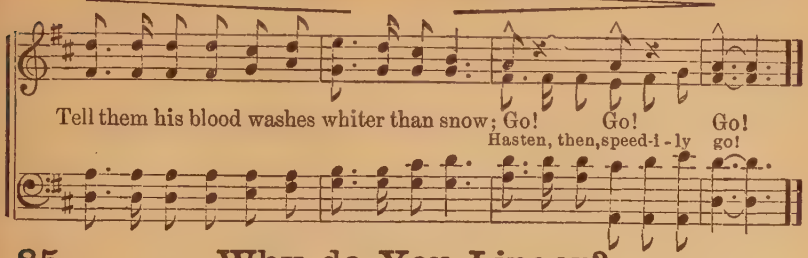
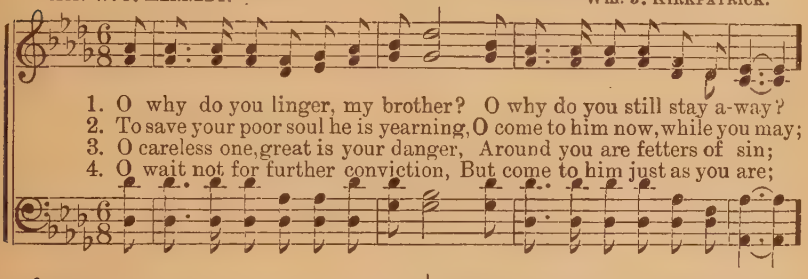
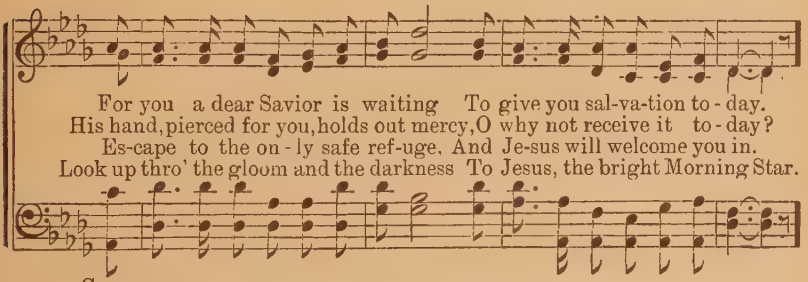


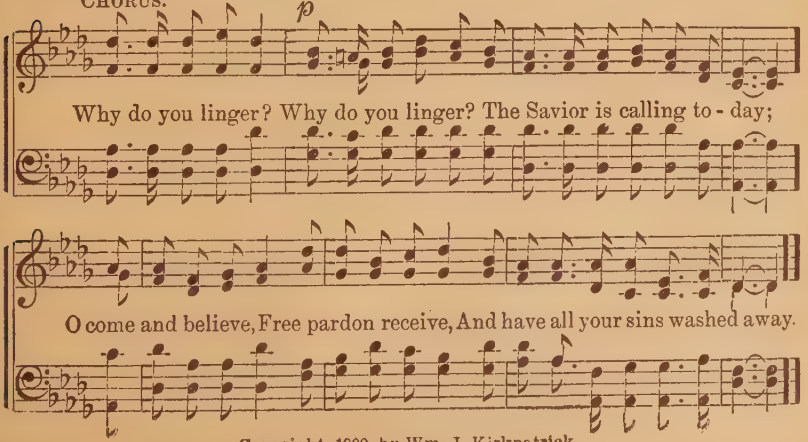
85 Why do You Linger?

Mrs. W. J. Kennedy. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. O why do you linger, my brother? O why do you still stay a-way?
2. To save your poor soul he is yearning, O come to him now, while you may;
3. O careless one, great is your danger, Around you are fetters of sin;
4. O wait not for further conviction, But come to him just as you are;


For you a dear Savior is waiting To give you sal-va-tion to-day.
His hand, pierced for you, holds out mercy, O why not receive it to-day?
Es-cape to the on-ly safe ref-uge, And Je-sus will welcome you in.
Look up thro' the gloom and the darkness To Jesus, the bright Morning Star.

Chorus.


p
Why do you linger? Why do you linger? The Savior is calling to-day;
O come and believe, Free pardon receive, And have all your sins washed away.

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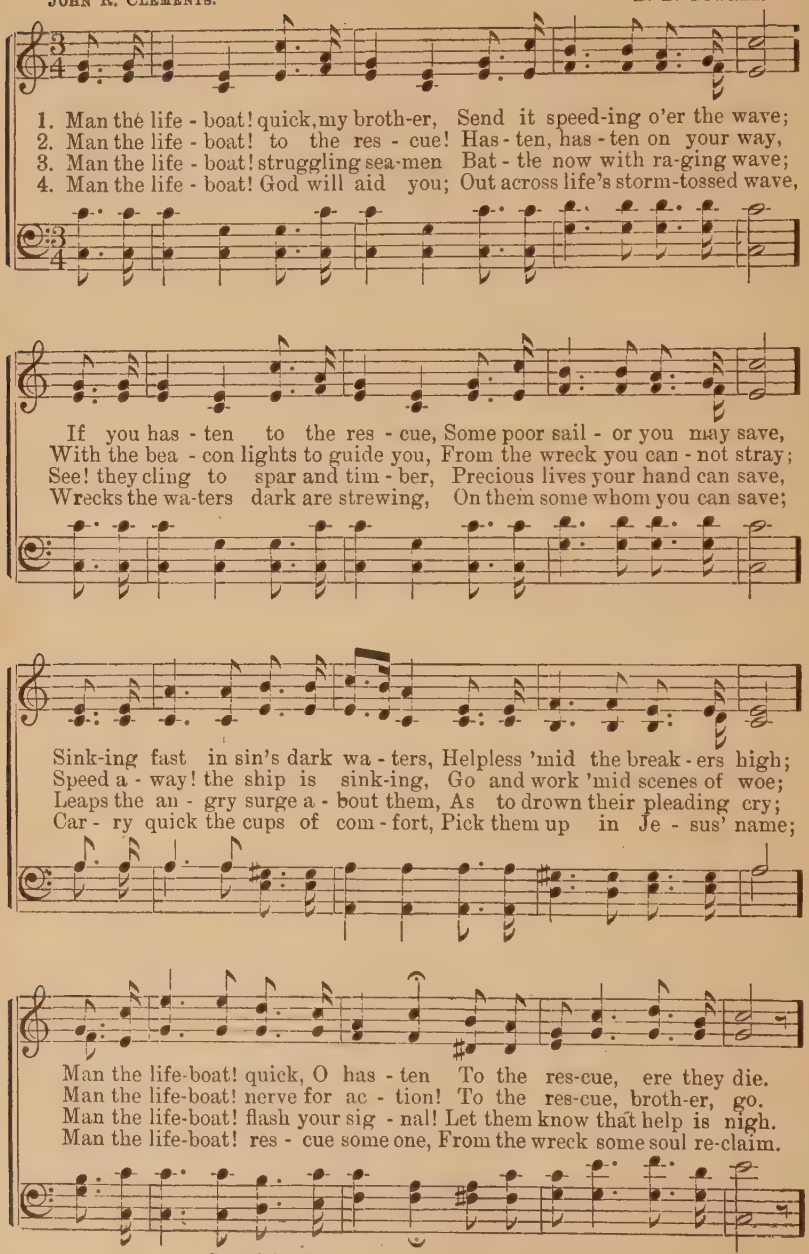
Man the Life-Boat.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Man the life - boat! quick, my broth-er, Send it speed-ing o'er the wave;
2. Man the life - boat! to the res - cue! Has - ten, has - ten on your way,
3. Man the life - boat! struggling sea-men Bat - tle now with ra-ging wave;
4. Man the life - boat! God will aid you; Out across life's storm-tossed wave,
If you has - ten to the res - cue, Some poor sail - or you may save,
With the bea - con lights to guide you, From the wreck you can - not stray;
See! they cling to spar and tim - ber, Precious lives your hand can save,
Wrecks the wa-ters dark are strewing, On them some whom you can save;
Sink-ing fast in sin's dark wa - ters, Helpless 'mid the break - ers high;
Speed a - way! the ship is sink-ing, Go and work 'mid scenes of woe;
Leaps the an - gry surge a - bout them, As to drown their pleading cry;
Car - ry quick the cups of com - fort, Pick them up in Je - sus' name;
Man the life-boat! quick, O has - ten To the res-cue, ere they die.
Man the life-boat! nerve for ac - tion! To the res-cue, broth-er, go.
Man the life-boat! flash your sig - nal! Let them know that help is nigh.
Man the life-boat! res - cue some one, From the wreck some soul re-claim.

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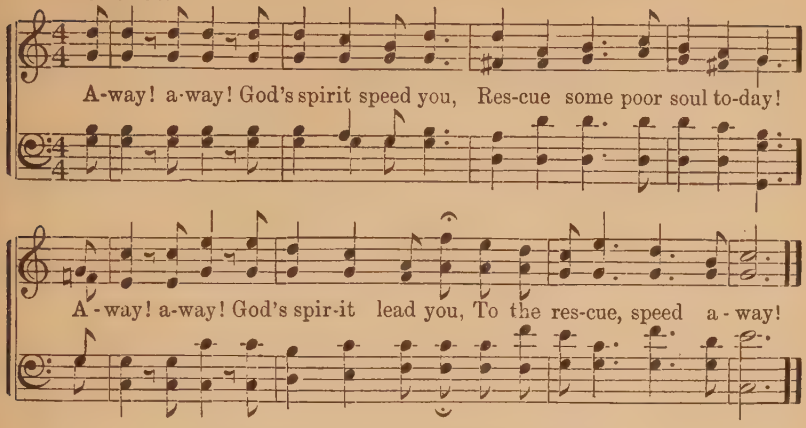
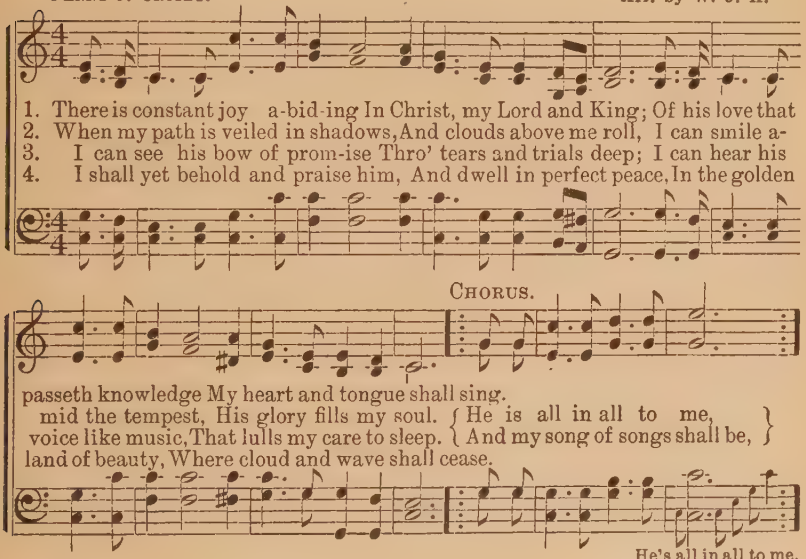
Man the Life-Boat—Concluded.

CHORUS.



87 He is All in All to Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Arr. by W. J. K.


1. There is constant joy a-bid-ing In Christ, my Lord and King; Of his love that
2. When my path is veiled in shadows, And clouds above me roll, I can smile a-
3. I can see his bow of prom-ise Thro' tears and trials deep; I can hear his
4. I shall yet behold and praise him, And dwell in perfect peace, In the golden
CHORUS.
passeth knowledge My heart and tongue shall sing.
mid the tempest, His glory fills my soul. He is all in all to me,
voice like music, That lulls my care to sleep. And my song of songs shall be,
land of beauty, Where cloud and wave shall cease.
He's all in all to me,
my song of songs shall be,
Hal-le-lu-jah! O my Sav-ior, I am trust-ing on-ly thee.

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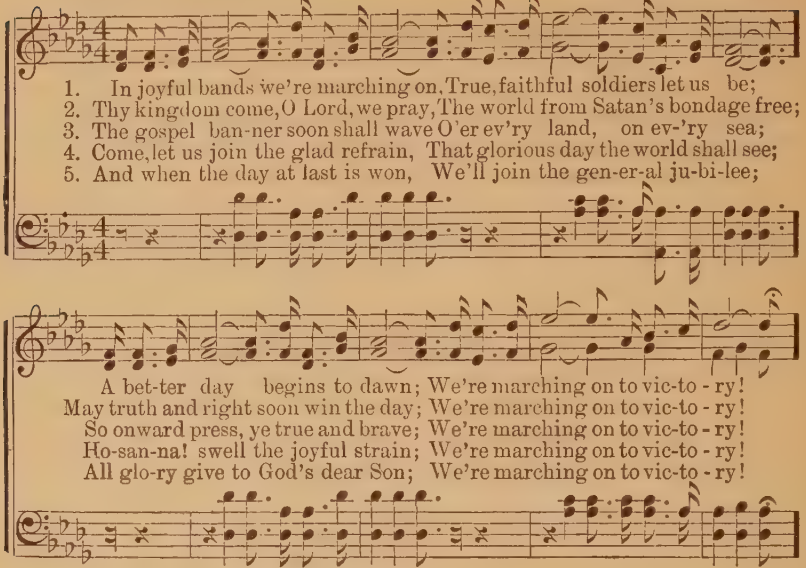
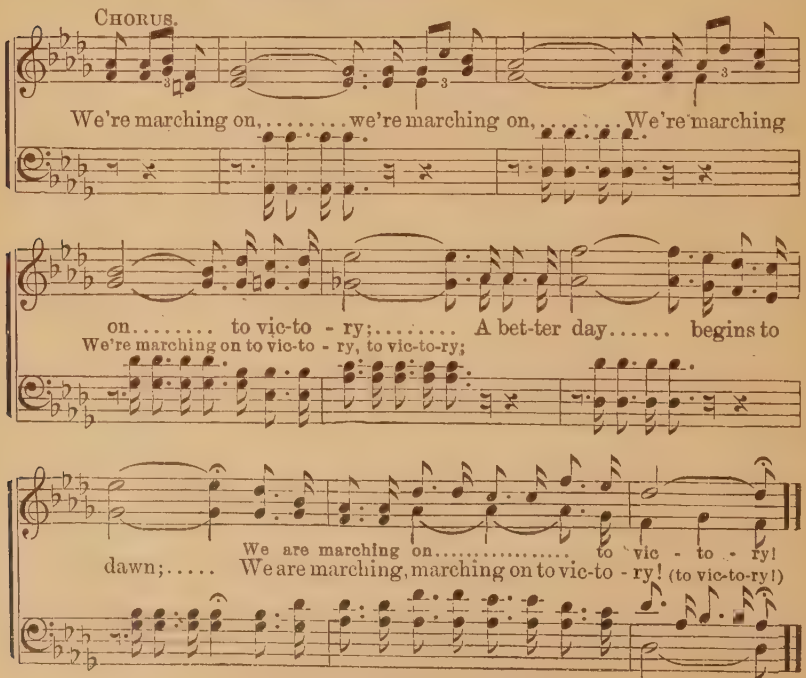
Marching On to Victory.

Rev. Jonathan Dungan. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. In joyful bands we're marching on, True, faithful soldiers let us be;
2. Thy kingdom come, O Lord, we pray, The world from Satan's bondage free;
3. The gospel ban-ner soon shall wave O'er ev'ry land, on ev-'ry sea;
4. Come, let us join the glad refrain, That glorious day the world shall see;
5. And when the day at last is won, We'll join the gen-er-al ju-bi-lee;
A bet-ter day begins to dawn; We're marching on to vic-to - ry!
May truth and right soon win the day; We're marching on to vic-to - ry!
So onward press, ye true and brave; We're marching on to vic-to - ry!
Ho-san-na! swell the joyful strain; We're marching on to vic-to - ry!
All glo-ry give to God's dear Son; We're marching on to vic-to - ry!


Chorus.
We're marching on, ... we're marching on, ... We're marching
on..... to vic-to - ry; ..... A bet-ter day..... begins to
We're marching on to vic-to - ry, to vic-to-ry;
We are marching on..... to vic - to - ry!
dawn; ..... We are marching, marching on to vic-to - ry! (to vic-to-ry!)

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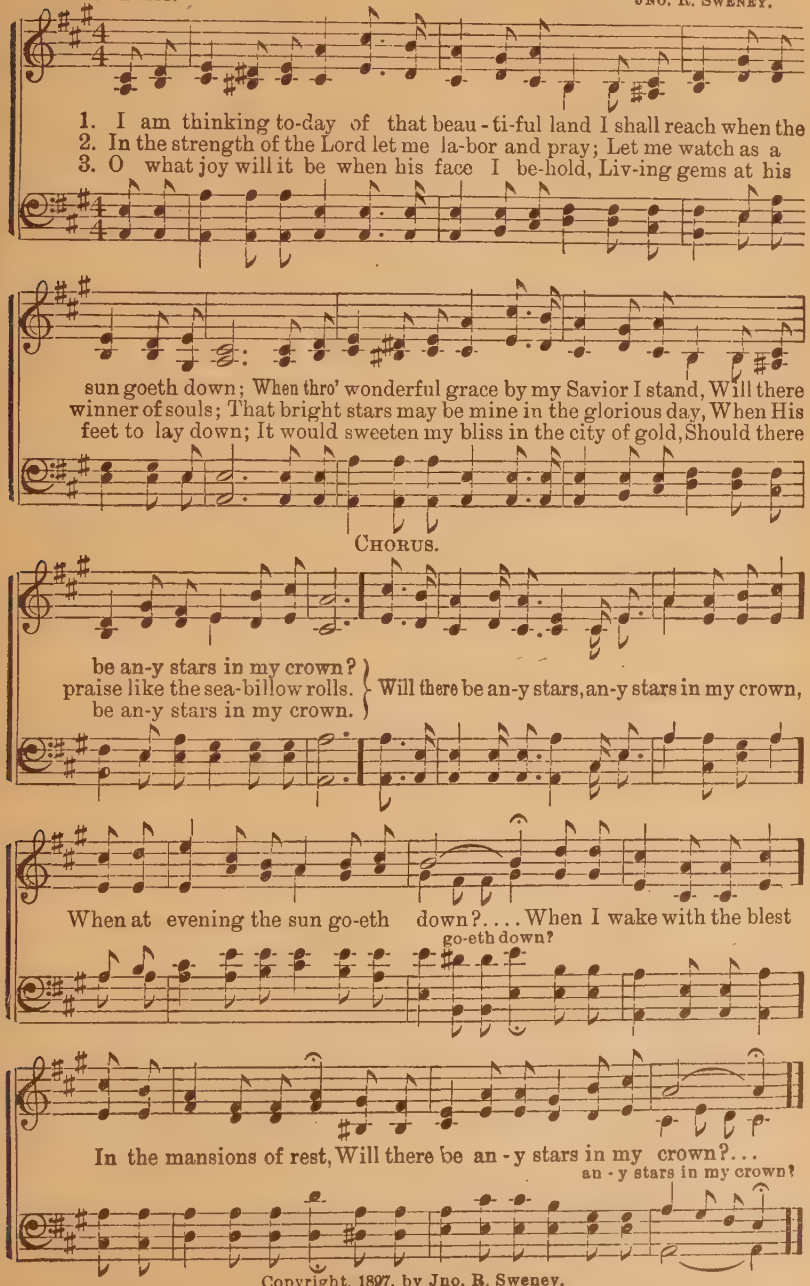
Will There be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I am thinking to-day of that beau - ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray; Let me watch as a
3. O what joy will it be when his face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at his
sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Savior I stand, Will there
winner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold, Should there
Chorus.
be an-y stars in my crown?
praise like the sea-billow rolls.
be an-y stars in my crown.
Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my crown,
When at evening the sun go-eth down?.... When I wake with the blest
go-eth down?
In the mansions of rest, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?...
an - y stars in my crown?

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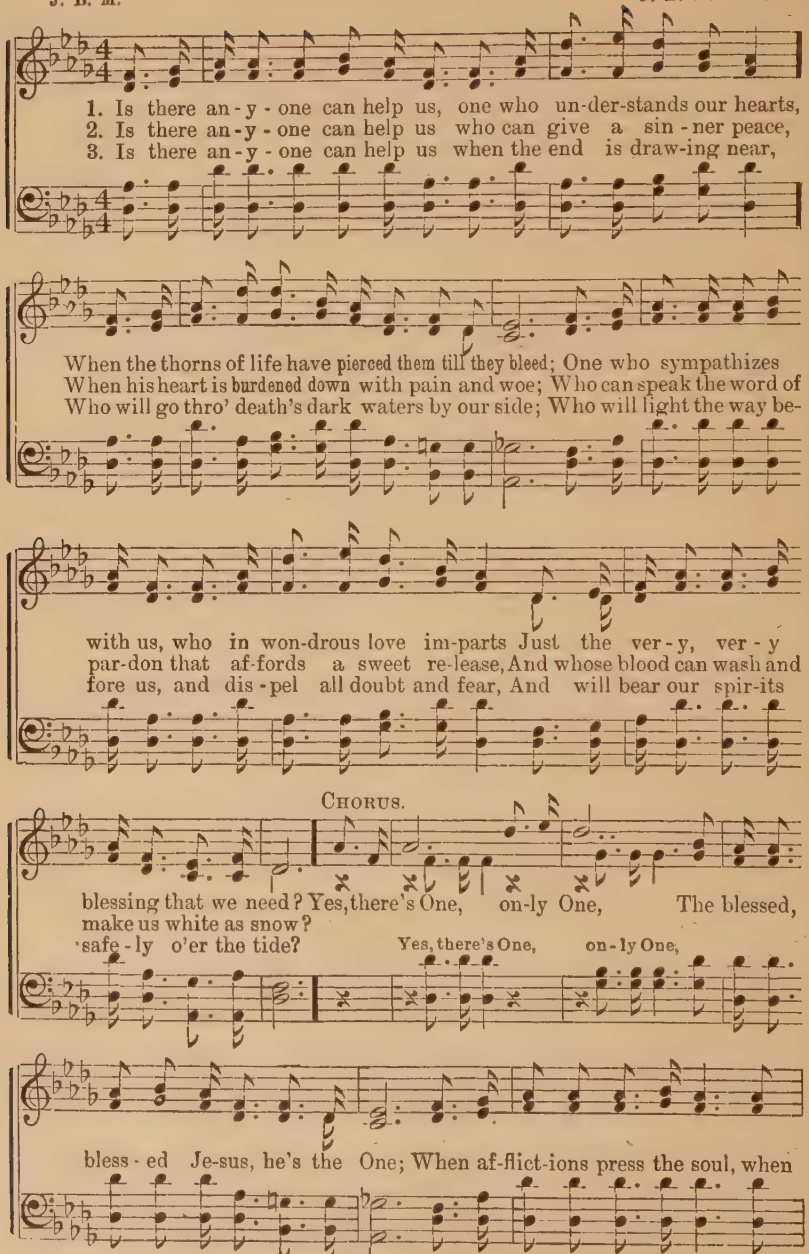
He's the One.

J. B. M. J. B. MACKAY.


1. Is there an-y-one can help us, one who un-der-stands our hearts,
2. Is there an-y-one can help us who can give a sin-ner peace,
3. Is there an-y-one can help us when the end is draw-ing near,
When the thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sympathizes
When his heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of
Who will go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way be-
with us, who in won-drous love im-parts Just the ver-y, ver-y
par-don that af-fords a sweet re-lease, And whose blood can wash and
fore us, and dis-pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir-its
CHORUS.
blessing that we need? Yes, there's One, on-ly One, The blessed,
make us white as snow?
safe-ly o'er the tide?
Yes, there's One, on-ly One,
bless-ed Je-sus, he's the One; When af-flict-ions press the soul, when

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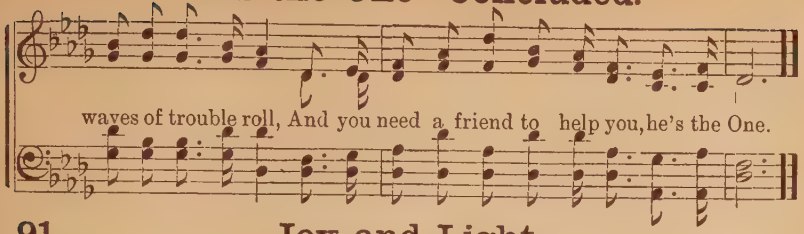
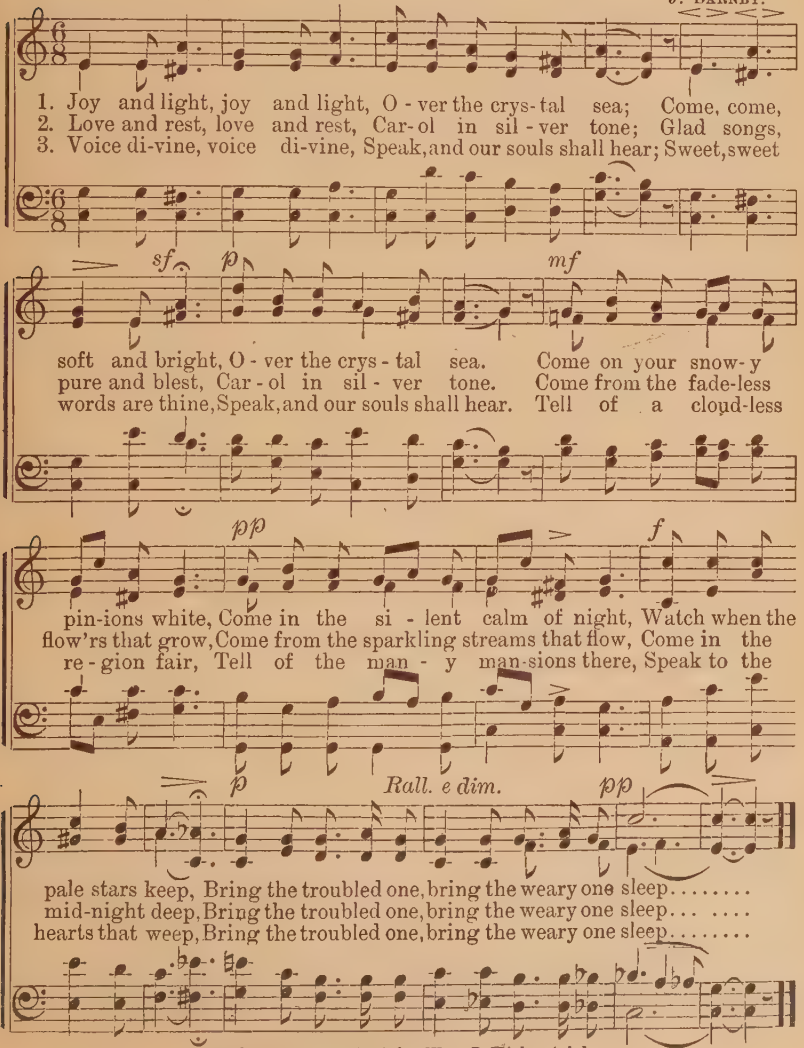


91 Joy and Light.

FANNY J. CROSBY. J. BARNBY.


1. Joy and light, joy and light, O - ver the crys - tal sea; Come, come,
2. Love and rest, love and rest, Car - ol in sil - ver tone; Glad songs,
3. Voice di-vine, voice di-vine, Speak, and our souls shall hear; Sweet, sweet
sf p mf
soft and bright, O - ver the crys - tal sea. Come on your snow - y
pure and blest, Car - ol in sil - ver tone. Come from the fade-less
words are thine, Speak, and our souls shall hear. Tell of a cloud-less
pp f
pin-ions white, Come in the si - lent calm of night, Watch when the
flow'rs that grow, Come from the sparkling streams that flow, Come in the
re - gion fair, Tell of the man - y man-sions there, Speak to the
p Rall. e dim. pp
pale stars keep, Bring the troubled one, bring the weary one sleep.....
mid-night deep, Bring the troubled one, bring the weary one sleep... ....
hearts that weep, Bring the troubled one, bring the weary one sleep.....

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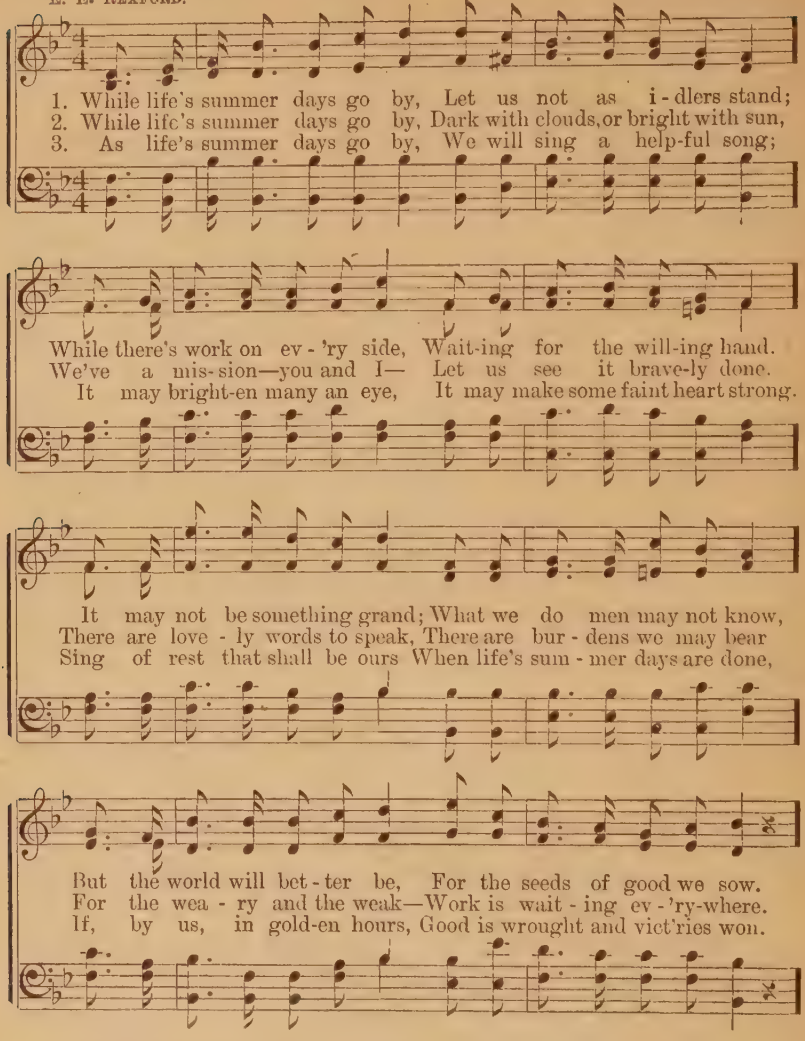
92 While Life's Summer Days Go By.

E. E. REXFORD. JNO. R. BRYANT.


1. While life's summer days go by, Let us not as i-dlers stand;
2. While life's summer days go by, Dark with clouds, or bright with sun,
3. As life's summer days go by, We will sing a help-ful song;
While there's work on ev-'ry side, Wait-ing for the will-ing hand.
We've a mis-sion—you and I— Let us see it brave-ly done.
It may bright-en many an eye, It may make some faint heart strong.
It may not be something grand; What we do men may not know,
There are love-ly words to speak, There are bur-dens we may bear
Sing of rest that shall be ours When life's sum-mer days are done,
But the world will bet-ter be, For the seeds of good we sow.
For the wea-ry and the weak—Work is wait-ing ev-'ry-where.
If, by us, in gold-en hours, Good is wrought and vict'ries won.
CHORUS.
Sow ye then by the way-side, Sow ye then in the field wide,
Sow ye, sow ye by the way-side, Sow ye, sow ye in the field wide,

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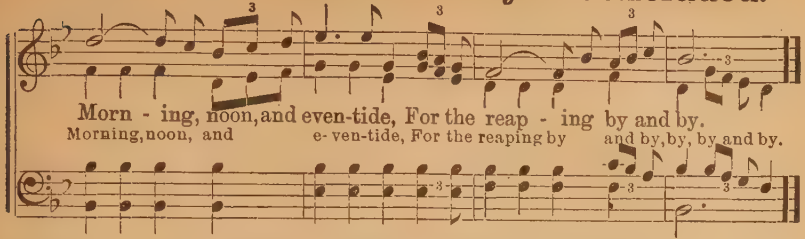
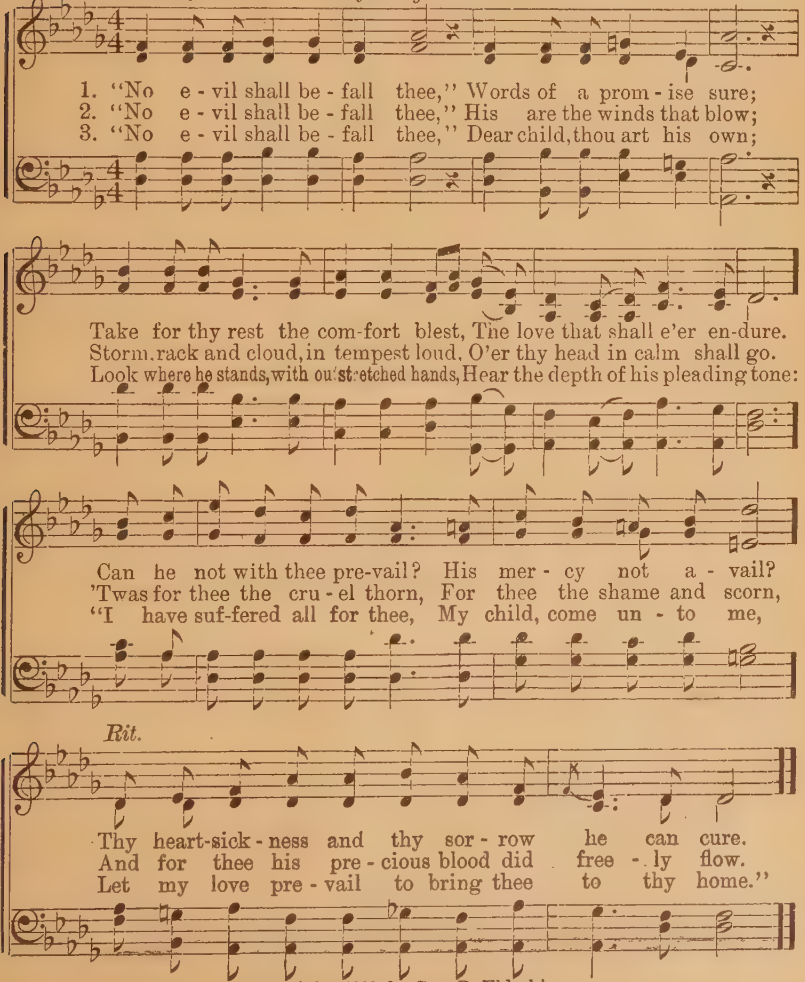


93 "No Evil Shall Befall Thee."

A. H. B. A. H. Bradon.

Solo or Quartet. *With feeling.*


1. "No e - vil shall be - fall thee," Words of a prom - ise sure;
2. "No e - vil shall be - fall thee," His are the winds that blow;
3. "No e - vil shall be - fall thee," Dear child, thou art his own;
Take for thy rest the com-fort blest, The love that shall e'er en-dure.
Storm, rack and cloud, in tempest loud, O'er thy head in calm shall go.
Look where he stands, with ou'st:etched hands, Hear the depth of his pleading tone:
Can he not with thee pre-vail? His mer - cy not a - vail?
'Twas for thee the cru - el thorn, For thee the shame and scorn,
"I have suf-fered all for thee, My child, come un - to me,
Rit.
Thy heart-sick - ness and thy sor - row he can cure.
And for thee his pre - cious blood did free - ly flow.
Let my love pre - vail to bring thee to thy home."

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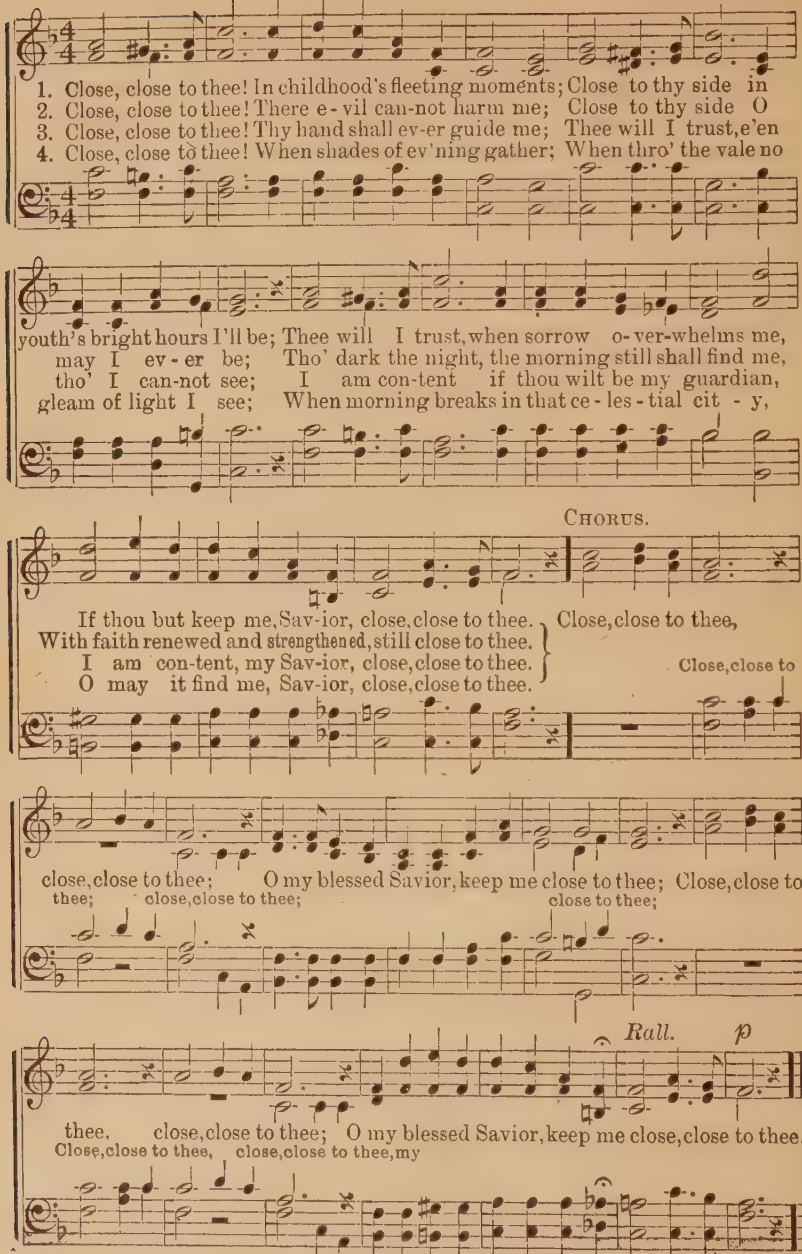
Close, Close to Thee!

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. Close, close to thee! In childhood's fleeting moments; Close to thy side in
2. Close, close to thee! There e - vil can-not harm me; Close to thy side O
3. Close, close to thee! Thy hand shall ev-er guide me; Thee will I trust, e'en
4. Close, close to thee! When shades of ev'ning gather; When thro' the vale no
youth's bright hours I'll be; Thee will I trust, when sorrow o-ver-whelms me,
may I ev - er be; Tho' dark the night, the morning still shall find me,
tho' I can-not see; I am con-tent if thou wilt be my guardian,
gleam of light I see; When morning breaks in that ce - les - tial cit - y,
Chorus.
If thou but keep me, Sav-ior, close, close to thee.
With faith renewed and strengthened, still close to thee.
I am con-tent, my Sav-ior, close, close to thee.
O may it find me, Sav-ior, close, close to thee.
Close, close to thee,
Close, close to
close, close to thee; O my blessed Savior, keep me close to thee; Close, close to
thee; close, close to thee; close to thee;
Rall. p
thee. close, close to thee; O my blessed Savior, keep me close, close to thee.
Close, close to thee, close, close to thee, my

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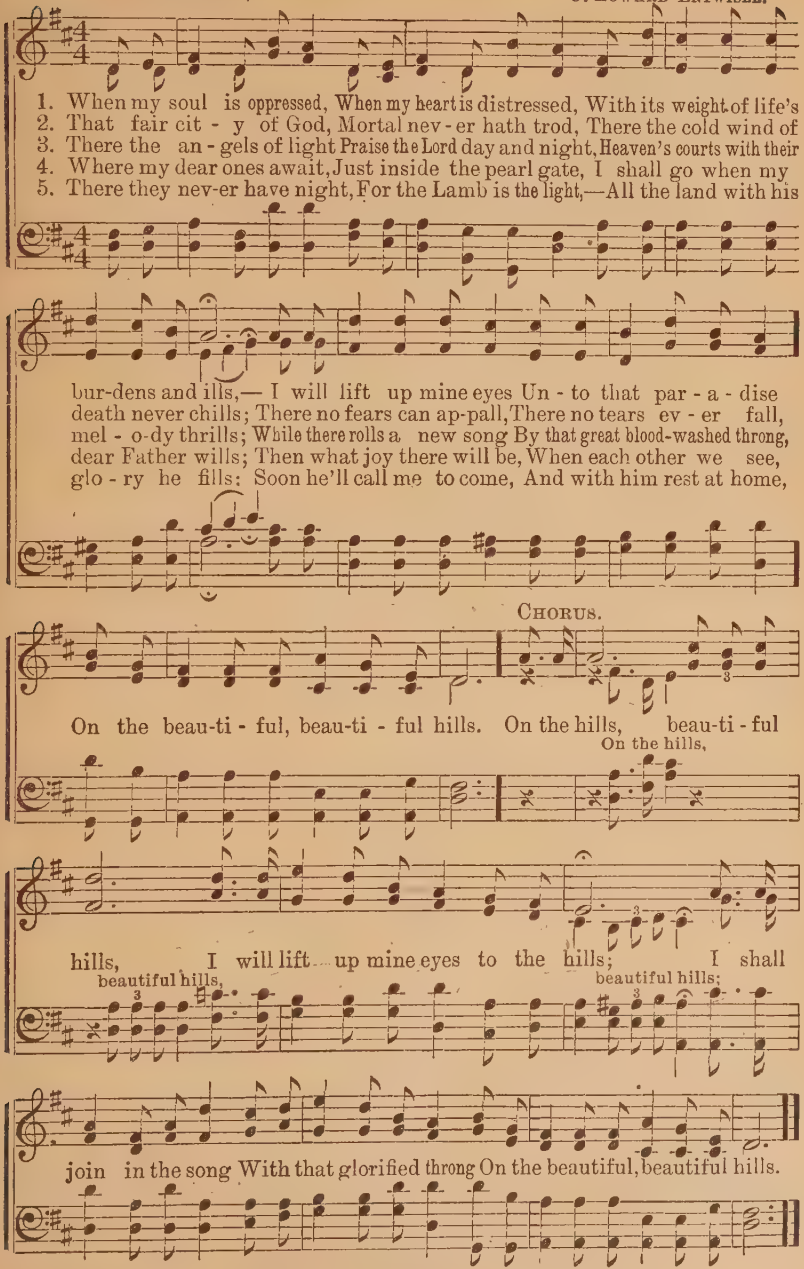
95 The Beautiful, Beautiful Hills.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.


1. When my soul is oppressed, When my heart is distressed, With its weight of life's
2. That fair cit - y of God, Mortal nev - er hath trod, There the cold wind of
3. There the an - gels of light Praise the Lord day and night, Heaven's courts with their
4. Where my dear ones await, Just inside the pearl gate, I shall go when my
5. There they nev-er have night, For the Lamb is the light,—All the land with his
bur-dens and ills,— I will lift up mine eyes Un - to that par - a - dise
death never chills; There no fears can ap-pall, There no tears ev - er fall,
mel - o-dy thrills; While there rolls a new song By that great blood-washed throng,
dear Father wills; Then what joy there will be, When each other we see,
glo - ry he fills; Soon he'll call me to come, And with him rest at home,
CHORUS.
On the beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful hills. On the hills, beau-ti - ful
On the hills,
hills, I will lift up mine eyes to the hills; I shall
beautiful hills,
beautiful hills;
join in the song With that glorified throng On the beautiful, beautiful hills.

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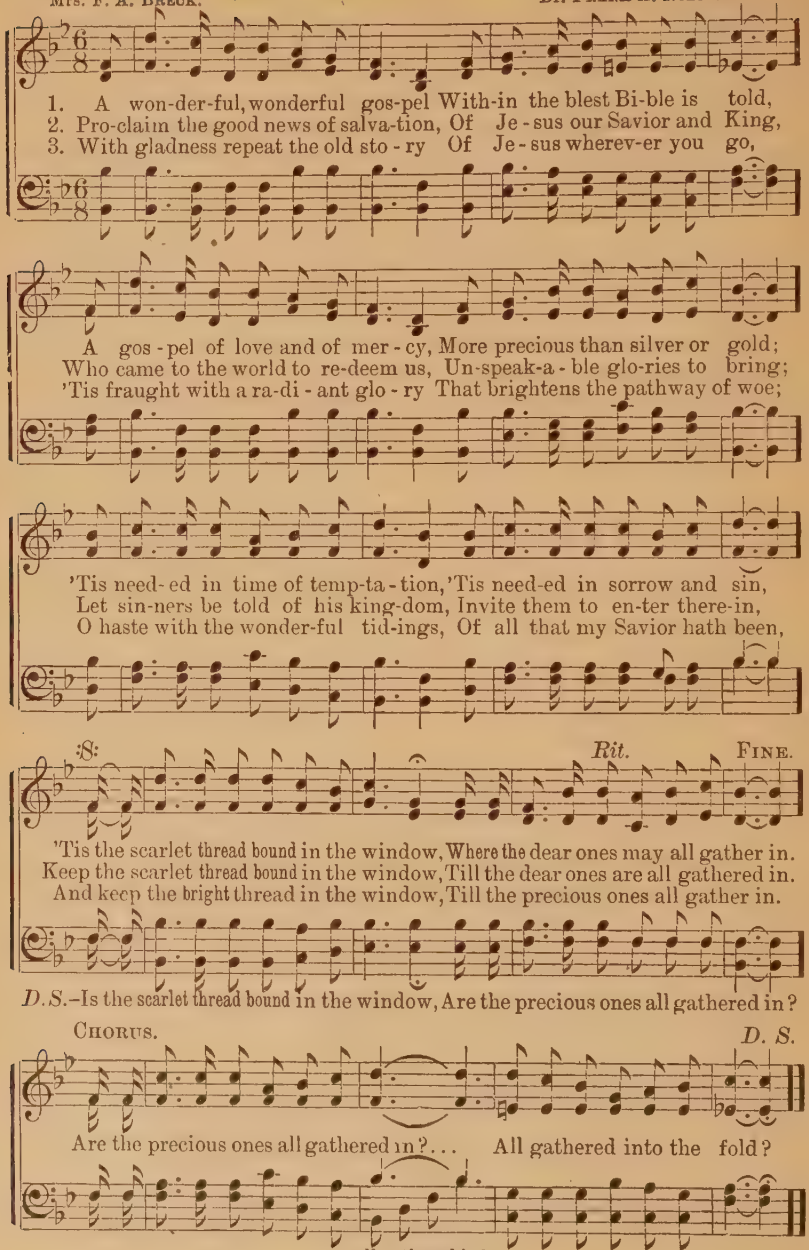
The Scarlet Thread.

Mrs. F. A. Breck. Dr. Frank A. Robertson.

1. A won-der-ful, wonderful gos-pel With-in the blest Bi-ble is told,
2. Pro-claim the good news of salva-tion, Of Je-sus our Savior and King,
3. With gladness repeat the old sto-ry Of Je-sus wherev-er you go,
A gos-pel of love and of mer-cy, More precious than silver or gold;
Who came to the world to re-deem us, Un-speak-a-ble glo-ries to bring;
'Tis fraught with a ra-di-ant glo-ry That brightens the pathway of woe;
'Tis need-ed in time of temp-ta-tion, 'Tis need-ed in sorrow and sin,
Let sin-ners be told of his king-dom, Invite them to en-ter there-in,
O haste with the wonder-ful tid-ings, Of all that my Savior hath been,
:S:
Rit.
Fine.
'Tis the scarlet thread bound in the window, Where the dear ones may all gather in.
Keep the scarlet thread bound in the window, Till the dear ones are all gathered in.
And keep the bright thread in the window, Till the precious ones all gather in.

D. S.—Is the scarlet thread bound in the window, Are the precious ones all gathered in?

Chorus. *D. S.*

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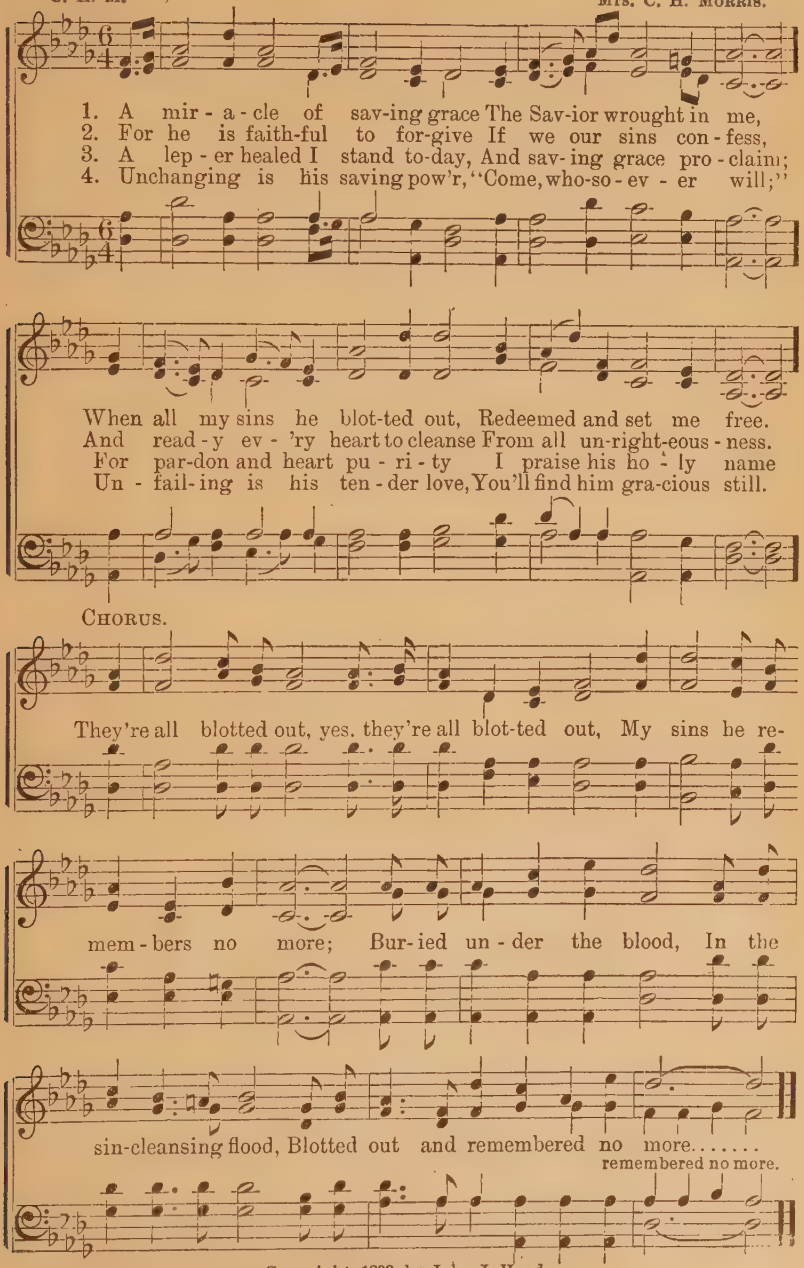
97 They're All Blotted Out.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. A mir - a - cle of sav-ing grace The Sav-ior wrought in me,
2. For he is faith-ful to for-give If we our sins con - fess,
3. A lep - er healed I stand to-day, And sav-ing grace pro - claim;
4. Unchanging is his saving pow'r, "Come, who-so - ev - er will;"
When all my sins he blot-ted out, Redeemed and set me free.
And read-y ev - 'ry heart to cleanse From all un-right-eous - ness.
For par-don and heart pu - ri - ty I praise his ho - ly name
Un - fail-ing is his ten - der love, You'll find him gra-cious still.
Chorus.
They're all blotted out, yes, they're all blot-ted out, My sins he re-
mem-bers no more; Bur-ied un - der the blood, In the
sin-cleansing flood, Blotted out and remembered no more.....
remembered no more.

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Jesus is King.

J. B. Mackay. Jno. R. Sweney.

Alto.

1. Rise in your might, ye ransomed ones, a-rise; Je- sus shall reign, the
2. Gird on your swords, his righteous cause defend; Vanquish the foes a -
3. Stand firm and true, his kingdom must increase, Soon o'er his realms the
4. When he shall come to gath-er up his own, Ye shall sit down with

Tenor.

King of earth and skies; Shout ye his praises, ex - alt him and sing:
gainst it who con-tend; He will up-hold you while heav - en shall stand,
King shall reign in peace; Then ev - 'ry na - tion be - fore him shall fall,
him up - on the throne; Then shall the ransomed tri - um-phant-ly sing,

Chorus.

Let all cre-a - tion proclaim him the King. Jesus is King,.... ....
By his e - ter-nal, om - nip-o-tent hand.
Glad to proclaim him the King over all.
Glo-ry and honor to Je-sus the King.

Je - sus is King,

Jesus is King;..... Sing and rejoice, ye ransomed sinners; Shout till

Je - sus is King;

earth in triumph shall ring, Je-sus is King,..... Jesus is King;.....

Je-sus is King, Je-sus is King;

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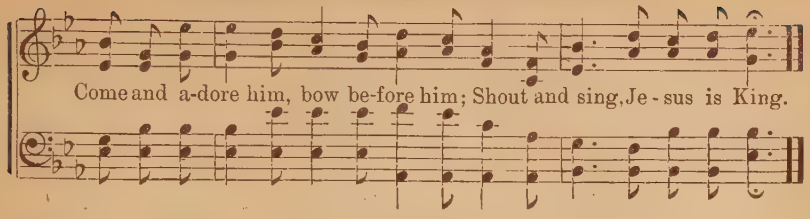
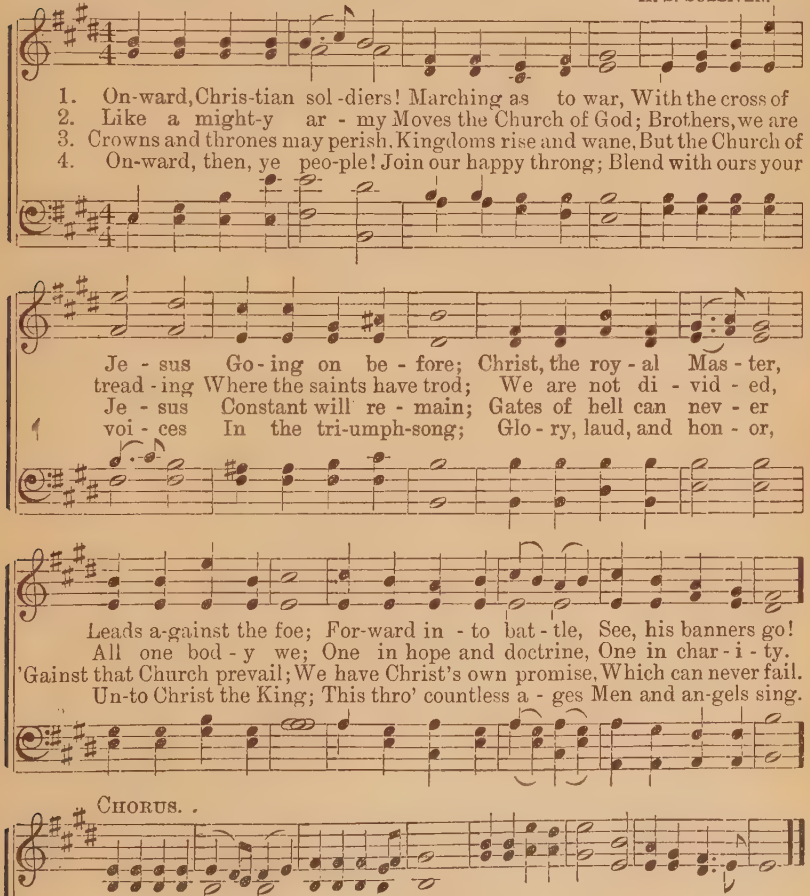


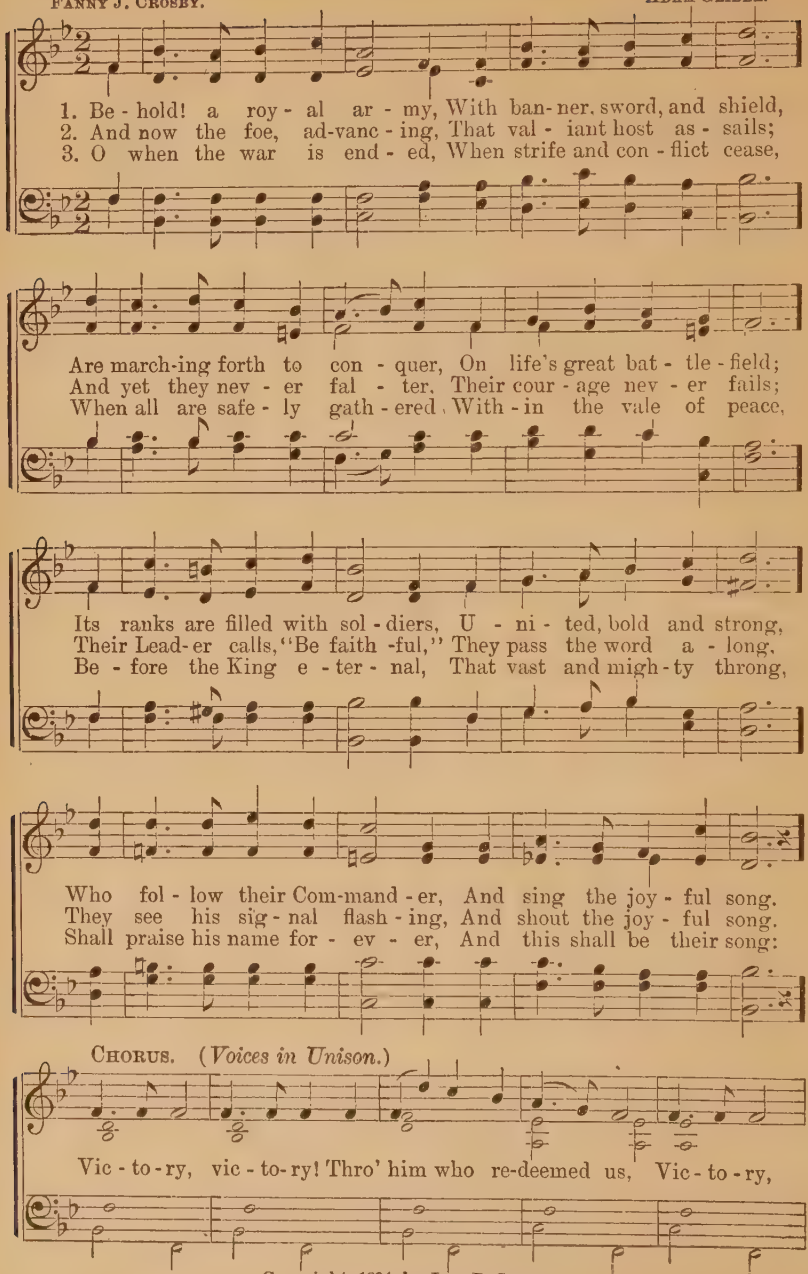
99 Onward, Christian Soldiers!

S. Baring-Gould. A. S. Sullivan.


1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple! Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Constant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voi - ces In the tri-umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,
Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his banners go!
All one bod - y we; One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, Which can never fail.
Un-to Christ the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.
Chorus.
Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on be-fore.

The Joyful Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ADAM GEIBEL.


1. Be - hold! a roy - al ar - my, With ban - ner, sword, and shield,
2. And now the foe, ad-vanc - ing, That val - iant host as - sails;
3. O when the war is end - ed, When strife and con - flict cease,
Are march-ing forth to con - quer, On life's great bat - tle - field;
And yet they nev - er fal - ter, Their cour - age nev - er fails;
When all are safe - ly gath - ered With - in the vale of peace,
Its ranks are filled with sol - diers, U - ni - ted, bold and strong,
Their Lead-er calls, "Be faith -ful," They pass the word a - long,
Be - fore the King e - ter - nal, That vast and migh - ty throng,
Who fol - low their Com-mand - er, And sing the joy - ful song.
They see his sig - nal flash - ing, And shout the joy - ful song.
Shall praise his name for - ev - er, And this shall be their song:
CHORUS. (*Voices in Unison.*)
Vic - to - ry, vic - to-ry! Thro' him who re-deemed us, Vic - to - ry,

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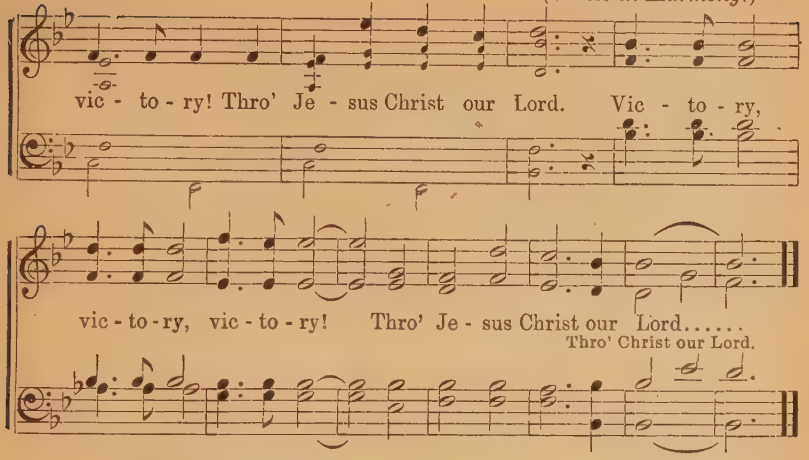
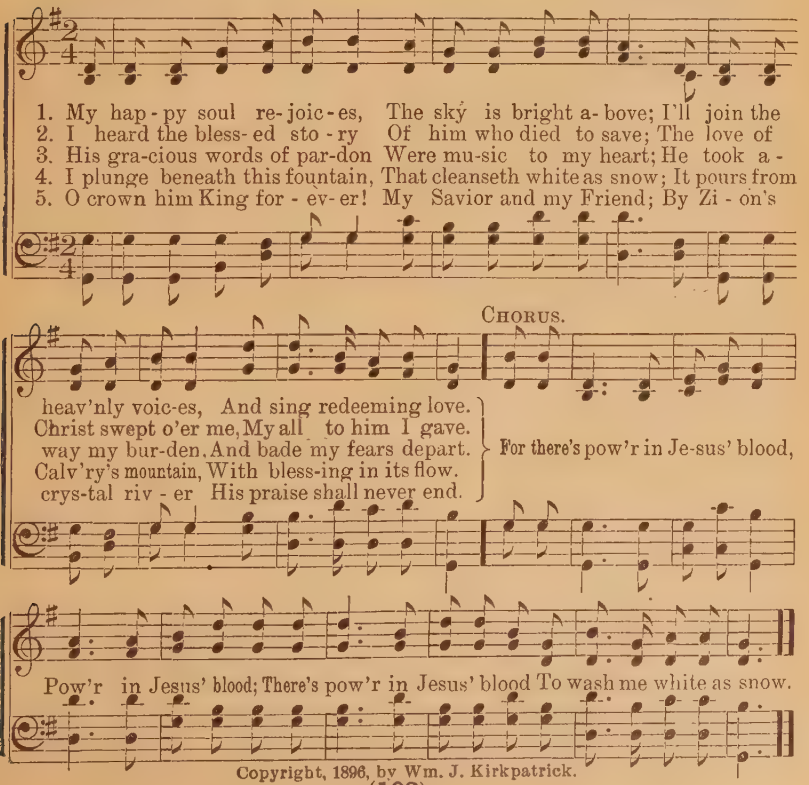
The Joyful Song—Concluded.

(Voices in Harmony.)



101 There's Power in Jesus' Blood.

HOPE TRYAWAY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My hap - py soul re - joic - es, The sky is bright a - bove; I'll join the
2. I heard the bless - ed sto - ry Of him who died to save; The love of
3. His gra - cious words of par - don Were mu - sic to my heart; He took a -
4. I plunge beneath this fountain, That cleanseth white as snow; It pours from
5. O crown him King for - ev - er! My Savior and my Friend; By Zi - on's
CHORUS.
heav'nly voic - es, And sing redeeming love.
Christ swept o'er me, My all to him I gave.
way my bur - den, And bade my fears depart.
Calv'ry's mountain, With bless - ing in its flow.
crys - tal riv - er His praise shall never end.
For there's pow'r in Je - sus' blood,
Pow'r in Jesus' blood; There's pow'r in Jesus' blood To wash me white as snow.

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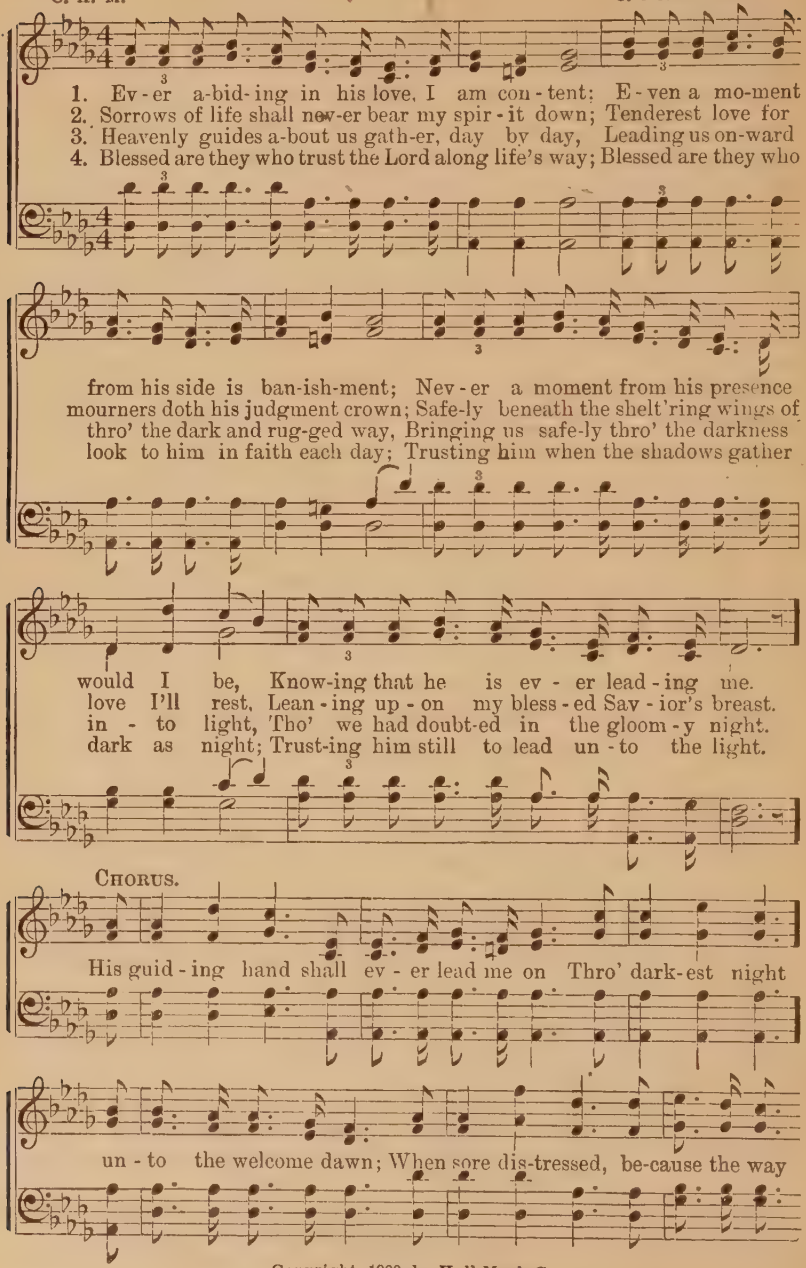
102 Just When it is Dark Enough.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. Ev-er a-bid-ing in his love, I am con-tent; E-ven a mo-ment
2. Sorrows of life shall nev-er bear my spir-it down; Tenderest love for
3. Heavenly guides a-bout us gath-er, day by day, Leading us on-ward
4. Blessed are they who trust the Lord along life's way; Blessed are they who
from his side is ban-ish-ment; Nev-er a moment from his presence
mourners doth his judgment crown; Safe-ly beneath the shelt'ring wings of
thro' the dark and rug-ged way, Bringing us safe-ly thro' the darkness
look to him in faith each day; Trusting him when the shadows gather
would I be, Know-ing that he is ev-er lead-ing me.
love I'll rest, Lean-ing up-on my bless-ed Sav-ior's breast.
in-to light, Tho' we had doubt-ed in the gloom-y night.
dark as night; Trust-ing him still to lead un-to the light.
Chorus.
His guid-ing hand shall ev-er lead me on Thro' dark-est night
un-to the welcome dawn; When sore dis-tressed, be-cause the way

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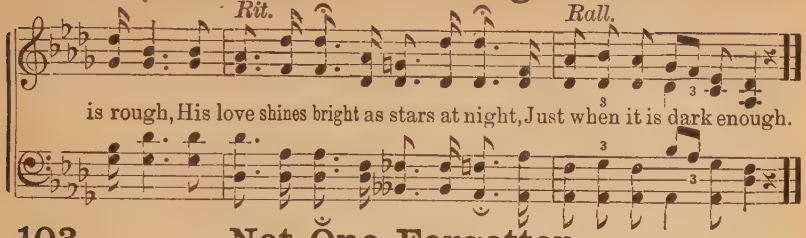
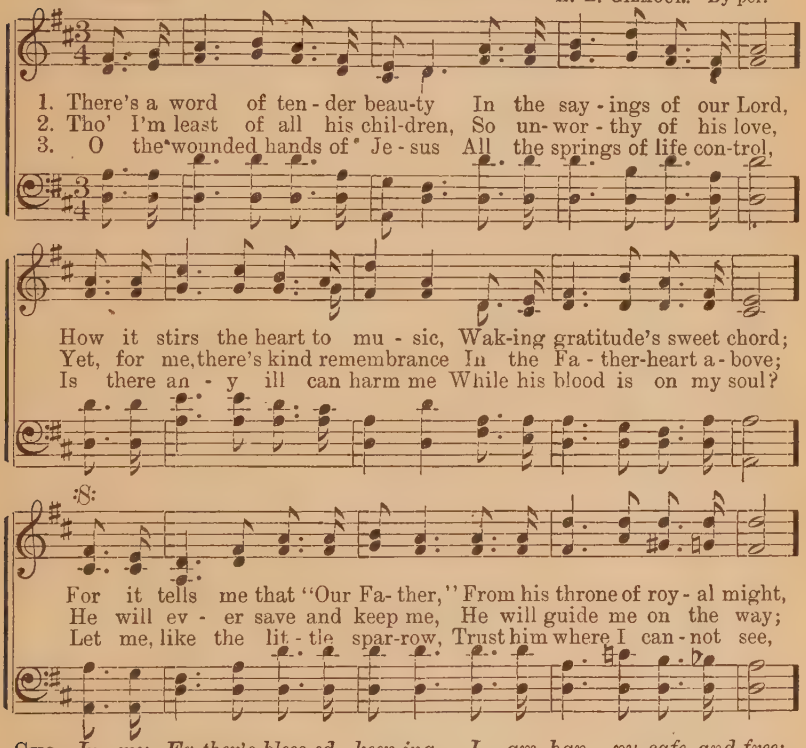
Just When it is Dark Enough—Concluded.



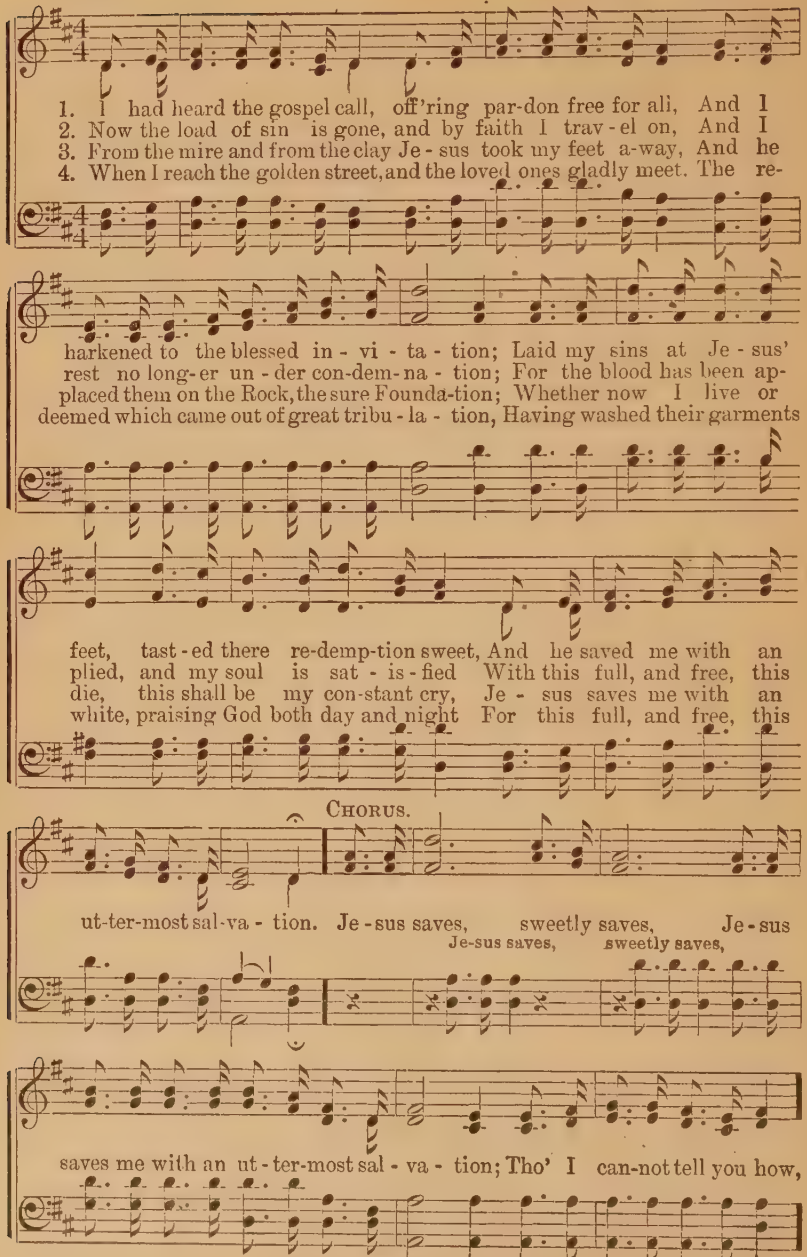
103 Not One Forgotten.

E. E. HEWITT. H. L. GILMOUR. By per.


1. There's a word of ten - der beau-ty In the say - ings of our Lord,
2. Tho' I'm least of all his chil-dren, So un- wor - thy of his love,
3. O the wounded hands of Je - sus All the springs of life con-trol,
How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Wak-ing gratitude's sweet chord;
Yet, for me, there's kind remembrance In the Fa - ther-heart a - bove;
Is there an - y ill can harm me While his blood is on my soul?
For it tells me that "Our Fa-ther," From his throne of roy - al might,
He will ev - er save and keep me, He will guide me on the way;
Let me, like the lit - tle spar-row, Trust him where I can - not see,
CHO.—In my Fa-ther's bless-ed keep-ing I am hap - py, safe, and free;
D. S. Chorus.
Bends to note a fall - ing spar-row, For 'tis pre-cious in his sight.
For my Sav - ior gen - tly whispers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
In the sun-shine and the shad - ow, Sing-ing "He will care for me."
While his eye is on the sparrow, I will not for-got - ten be.

104 Jesus Sweetly Saves.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. I had heard the gospel call, off'ring par-don free for all, And I
2. Now the load of sin is gone, and by faith I trav-el on, And I
3. From the mire and from the clay Je-sus took my feet a-way, And he
4. When I reach the golden street, and the loved ones gladly meet. The re-
harkened to the blessed in-vi-ta-tion; Laid my sins at Je-sus'
rest no long-er un-der con-dem-na-tion; For the blood has been ap-
placed them on the Rock, the sure Founda-tion; Whether now I live or
deemed which came out of great tribu-la-tion, Having washed their garments
feet, tast-ed there re-demp-tion sweet, And he saved me with an
plied, and my soul is sat-is-fied With this full, and free, this
die, this shall be my con-stant cry, Je-sus saves me with an
white, praising God both day and night For this full, and free, this
Chorus.
ut-ter-most sal-va-tion. Je-sus saves, sweetly saves, Je-sus
Je-sus saves, sweetly saves,
saves me with an ut-ter-most sal-va-tion; Tho' I can-not tell you how,

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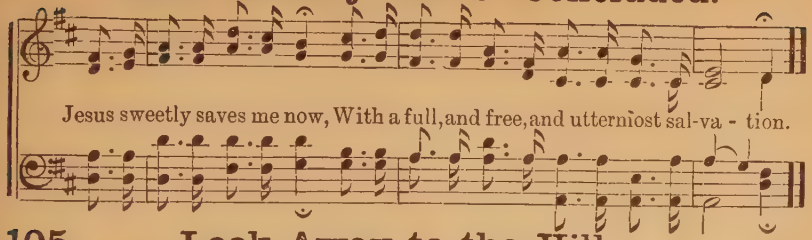
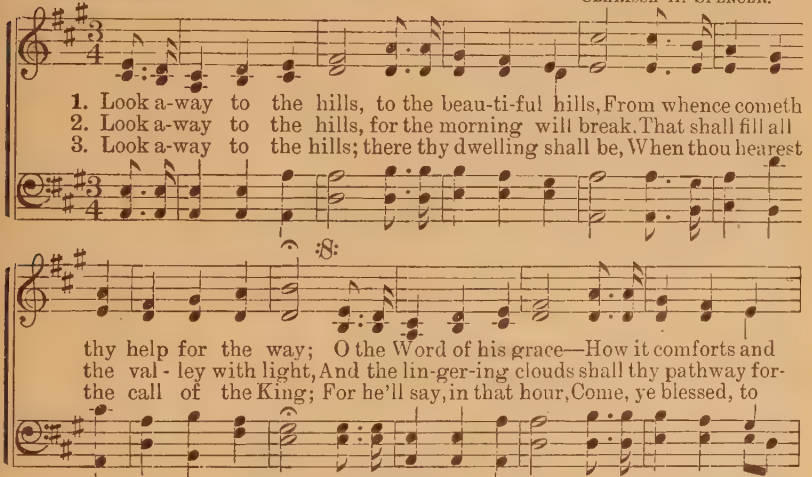
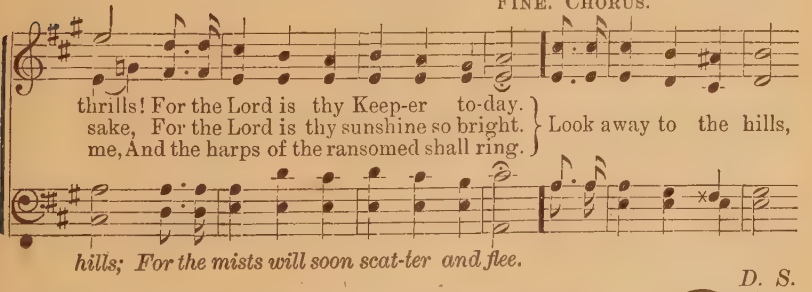


105 Look Away to the Hills.

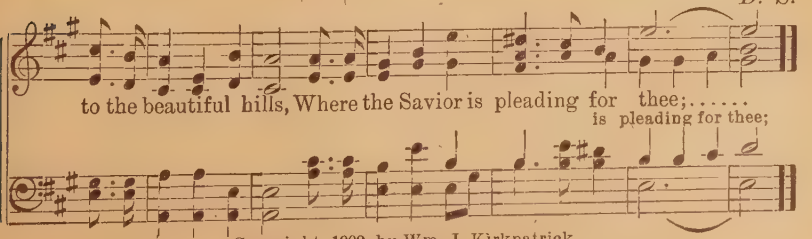
E. E. Hewitt. Clarissa H. Spencer.


1. Look a-way to the hills, to the beau-ti-ful hills, From whence cometh
2. Look a-way to the hills, for the morning will break, That shall fill all
3. Look a-way to the hills; there thy dwelling shall be, When thou hearest
:S:
thy help for the way; O the Word of his grace—How it comforts and
the val - ley with light, And the lin-ger-ing clouds shall thy pathway for-
the call of the King; For he'll say, in that hour, Come, ye blessed, to
D. S.—Look a-way to the hills, to the beau-ti - ful

Fine. Chorus.


thrills! For the Lord is thy Keep-er to-day.
sake, For the Lord is thy sunshine so bright.
me, And the harps of the ransomed shall ring.
Look away to the hills,
hills; For the mists will soon scat-ter and flee.

D. S.



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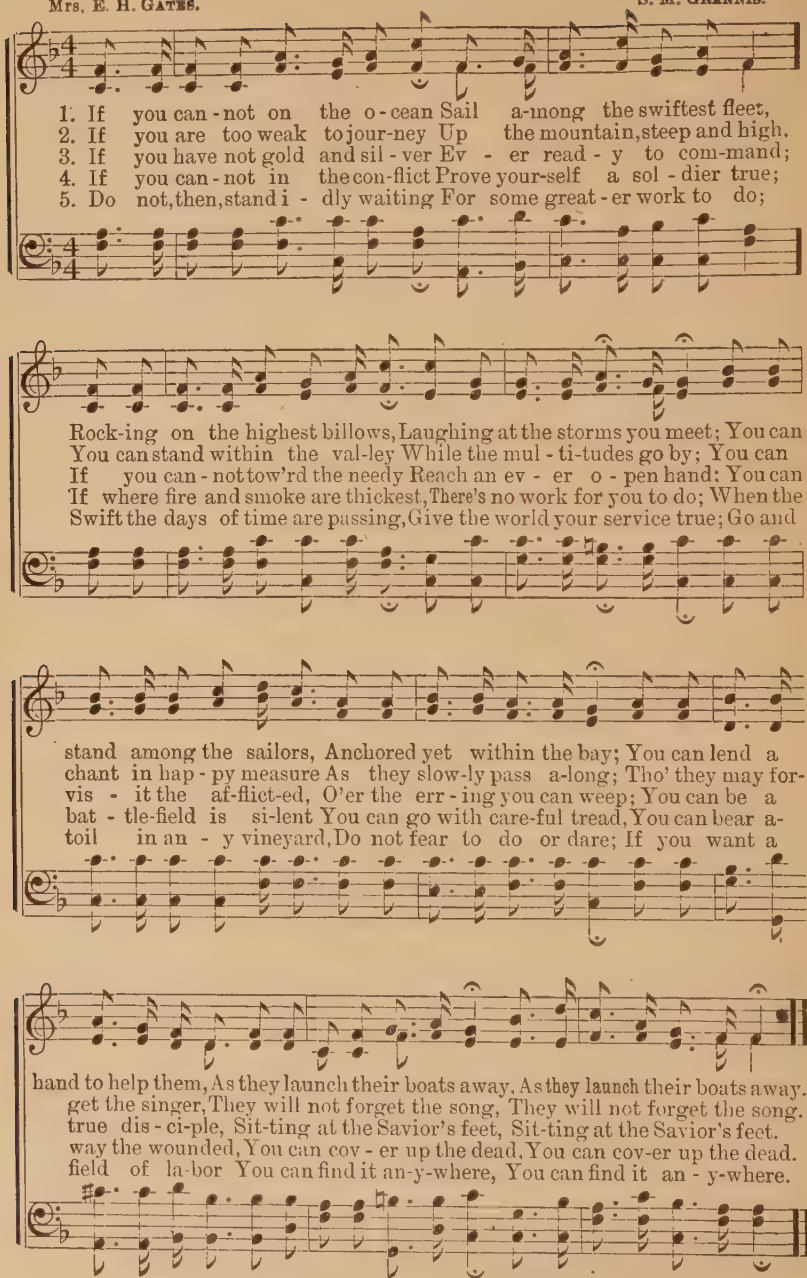
106 Your Mission.

Mrs. E. H. Gates. S. M. Grannis.


1. If you can - not on the o - cean Sail a-mong the swiftest fleet,
2. If you are too weak to jour-ney Up the mountain, steep and high.
3. If you have not gold and sil - ver Ev - er read - y to com-mand;
4. If you can - not in the con-flict Prove your-self a sol - dier true;
5. Do not, then, stand i - dly waiting For some great - er work to do;
Rock-ing on the highest billows, Laughing at the storms you meet; You can
You can stand within the val-ley While the mul - ti-tudes go by; You can
If you can - not tow'rd the needy Reach an ev - er o - pen hand: You can
If where fire and smoke are thickest, There's no work for you to do; When the
Swift the days of time are passing, Give the world your service true; Go and
stand among the sailors, Anchored yet within the bay; You can lend a
chant in hap - py measure As they slow-ly pass a-long; Tho' they may for-
vis - it the af-flict-ed, O'er the err - ing you can weep; You can be a
bat - tle-field is si-lent You can go with care-ful tread, You can bear a-
toil in an - y vineyard, Do not fear to do or dare; If you want a
hand to help them, As they launch their boats away, As they launch their boats away.
get the singer, They will not forget the song, They will not forget the song.
true dis - ci-ple, Sit-ting at the Savior's feet, Sit-ting at the Savior's feet.
way the wounded, You can cov - er up the dead, You can cov-er up the dead.
field of la-bor You can find it an-y-where, You can find it an - y-where.

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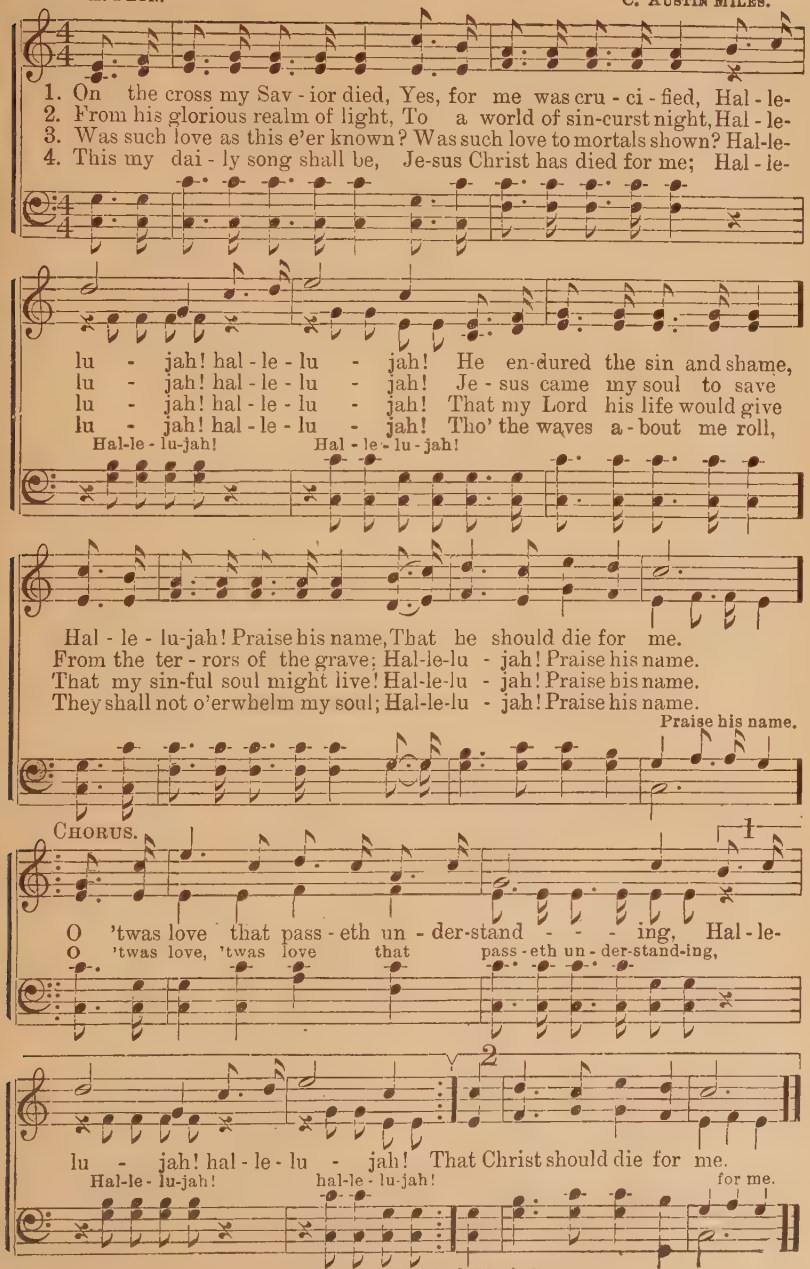
107 O 'Twas Love.

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. On the cross my Sav - ior died, Yes, for me was cru - ci - fied, Hal - le-
2. From his glorious realm of light, To a world of sin-curst night, Hal - le-
3. Was such love as this e'er known? Was such love to mortals shown? Hal-le-
4. This my dai - ly song shall be, Je-sus Christ has died for me; Hal - le-
lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! He en-dured the sin and shame,
lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus came my soul to save
lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! That my Lord his life would give
lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Tho' the waves a - bout me roll,
Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal - le - lu-jah! Praise his name, That he should die for me.
From the ter - rors of the grave; Hal-le-lu - jah! Praise his name.
That my sin-ful soul might live! Hal-le-lu - jah! Praise his name.
They shall not o'erwhelm my soul; Hal-le-lu - jah! Praise his name.
Praise his name.
CHORUS.
1
O 'twas love that pass - eth un - der-stand - - - ing, Hal - le-
O 'twas love, 'twas love that pass - eth un - der-stand-ing,
2
lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! That Christ should die for me.
Hal-le - lu-jah! hal-le - lu-jah! for me.

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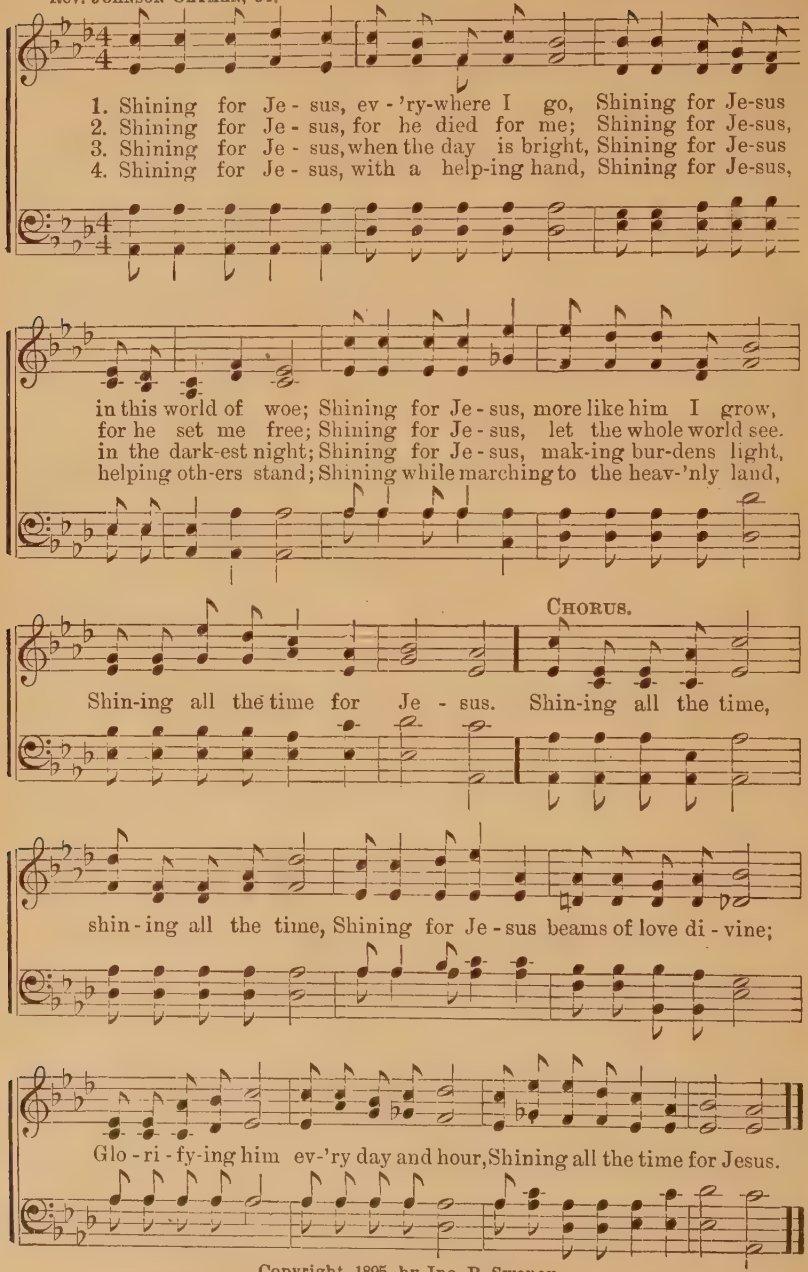
Shining for Jesus.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Shining for Je - sus, ev - 'ry-where I go, Shining for Je-sus
2. Shining for Je - sus, for he died for me; Shining for Je-sus,
3. Shining for Je - sus, when the day is bright, Shining for Je-sus
4. Shining for Je - sus, with a help-ing hand, Shining for Je-sus,
in this world of woe; Shining for Je - sus, more like him I grow,
for he set me free; Shining for Je - sus, let the whole world see.
in the dark-est night; Shining for Je - sus, mak-ing bur-dens light,
helping oth-ers stand; Shining while marching to the heav-'nly land,
CHORUS.
Shin-ing all the time for Je - sus. Shin-ing all the time,
shin - ing all the time, Shining for Je - sus beams of love di - vine;
Glo - ri - fy-ing him ev-'ry day and hour, Shining all the time for Jesus.

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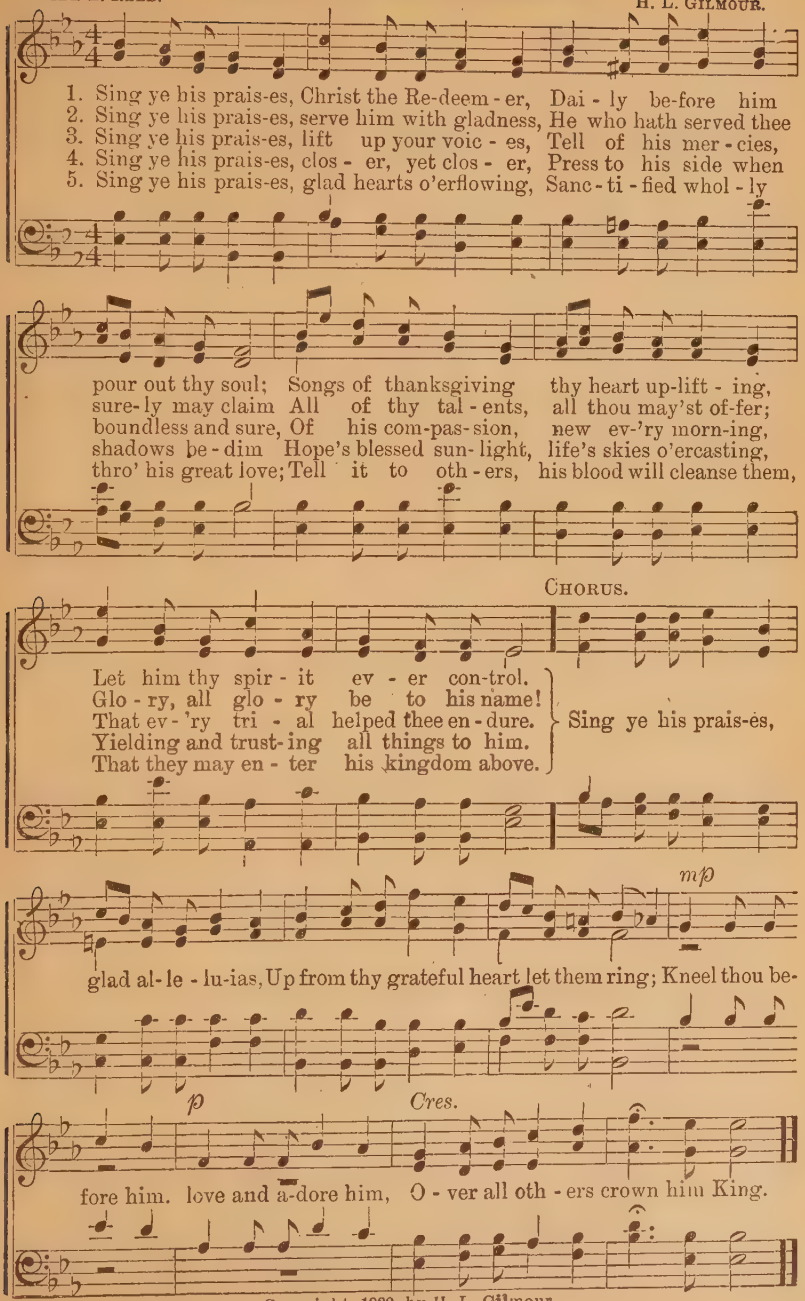
109 Sing Ye His Praises.

IDA L. REED. H. L. GILMOUR.


1. Sing ye his prais-es, Christ the Re-deem - er, Dai - ly be-fore him
2. Sing ye his prais-es, serve him with gladness, He who hath served thee
3. Sing ye his prais-es, lift up your voic - es, Tell of his mer - cies,
4. Sing ye his prais-es, clos - er, yet clos - er, Press to his side when
5. Sing ye his prais-es, glad hearts o'erflowing, Sanc - ti - fied whol - ly
pour out thy soul; Songs of thanksgiving thy heart up-lift - ing,
sure-ly may claim All of thy tal - ents, all thou may'st of-fer;
boundless and sure, Of his com-pas-sion, new ev-'ry morn-ing,
shadows be - dim Hope's blessed sun- light, life's skies o'ercasting,
thro' his great love; Tell it to oth - ers, his blood will cleanse them,
CHORUS.
Let him thy spir - it ev - er con-trol.
Glo - ry, all glo - ry be to his name!
That ev - 'ry tri - al helped thee en - dure.
Yielding and trust-ing all things to him.
That they may en - ter his kingdom above.
Sing ye his prais-es,
mp
glad al-le - lu-ias, Up from thy grateful heart let them ring; Kneel thou be-
p
Cres.
fore him. love and a-dore him, O - ver all oth - ers crown him King.

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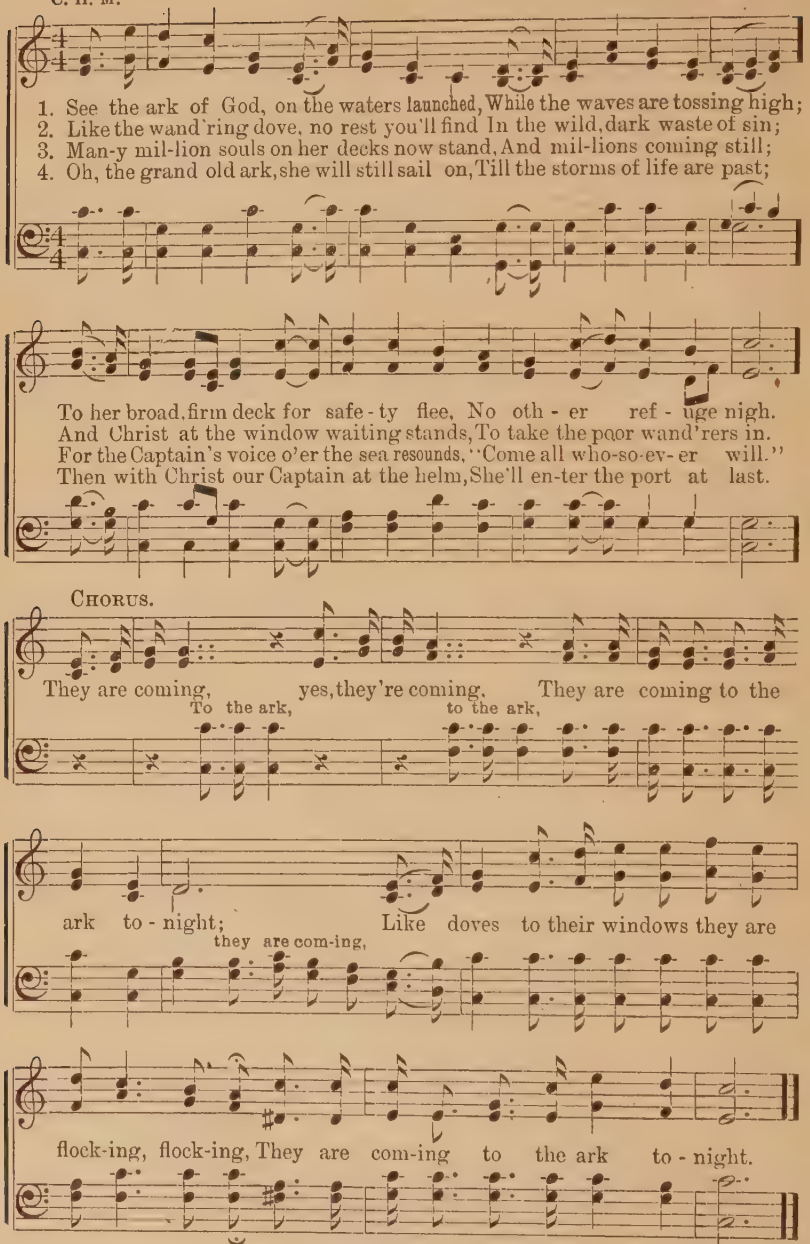
The Grand Old Ark.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. See the ark of God, on the waters launched, While the waves are tossing high;
2. Like the wand'ring dove, no rest you'll find In the wild, dark waste of sin;
3. Man-y mil-lion souls on her decks now stand, And mil-lions coming still;
4. Oh, the grand old ark, she will still sail on, Till the storms of life are past;
To her broad, firm deck for safe-ty flee, No oth-er ref-uge nigh.
And Christ at the window waiting stands, To take the poor wand'rers in.
For the Captain's voice o'er the sea resounds, "Come all who-so-ev-er will."
Then with Christ our Captain at the helm, She'll en-ter the port at last.
Chorus.
They are coming, yes, they're coming. They are coming to the
To the ark, to the ark,
ark to-night; Like doves to their windows they are
they are com-ing,
flock-ing, flock-ing, They are com-ing to the ark to-night.

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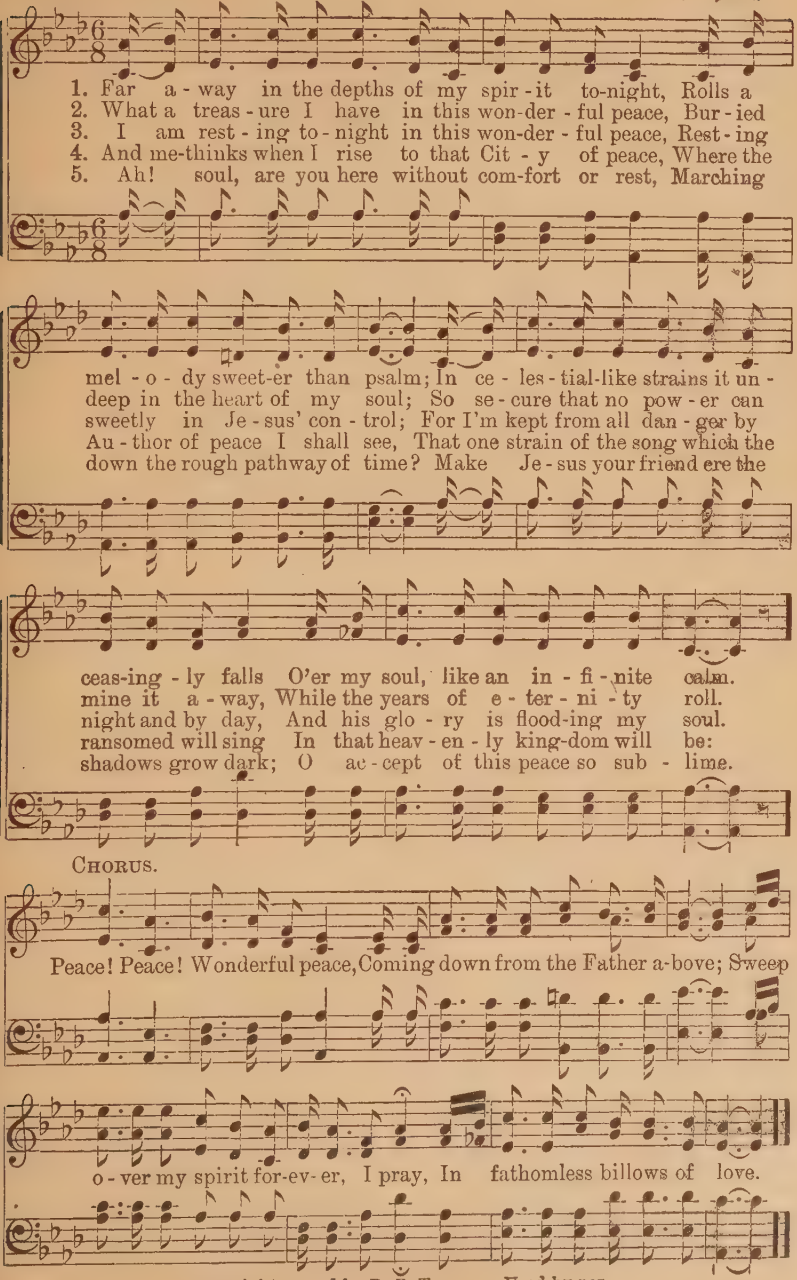
Wonderful Peace.

Rev. W. D. Cornell. Alt. Rev. W. G. Cooper.


1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to-night, Rolls a
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won-der - ful peace, Bur - ied
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won-der - ful peace, Rest - ing
4. And me-thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the
5. Ah! soul, are you here without com-fort or rest, Marching
mel - o - dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce - les - tial-like strains it un -
deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can
sweetly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
down the rough pathway of time? Make Je - sus your friend ere the
ceas-ing - ly falls O'er my soul, like an in - fi - nite calm.
mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
night and by day, And his glo - ry is flood-ing my soul.
ransomed will sing In that heav - en - ly king-dom will be:
shadows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime.
Chorus.
Peace! Peace! Wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father a-bove; Sweep
o - ver my spirit for-ev - er, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.

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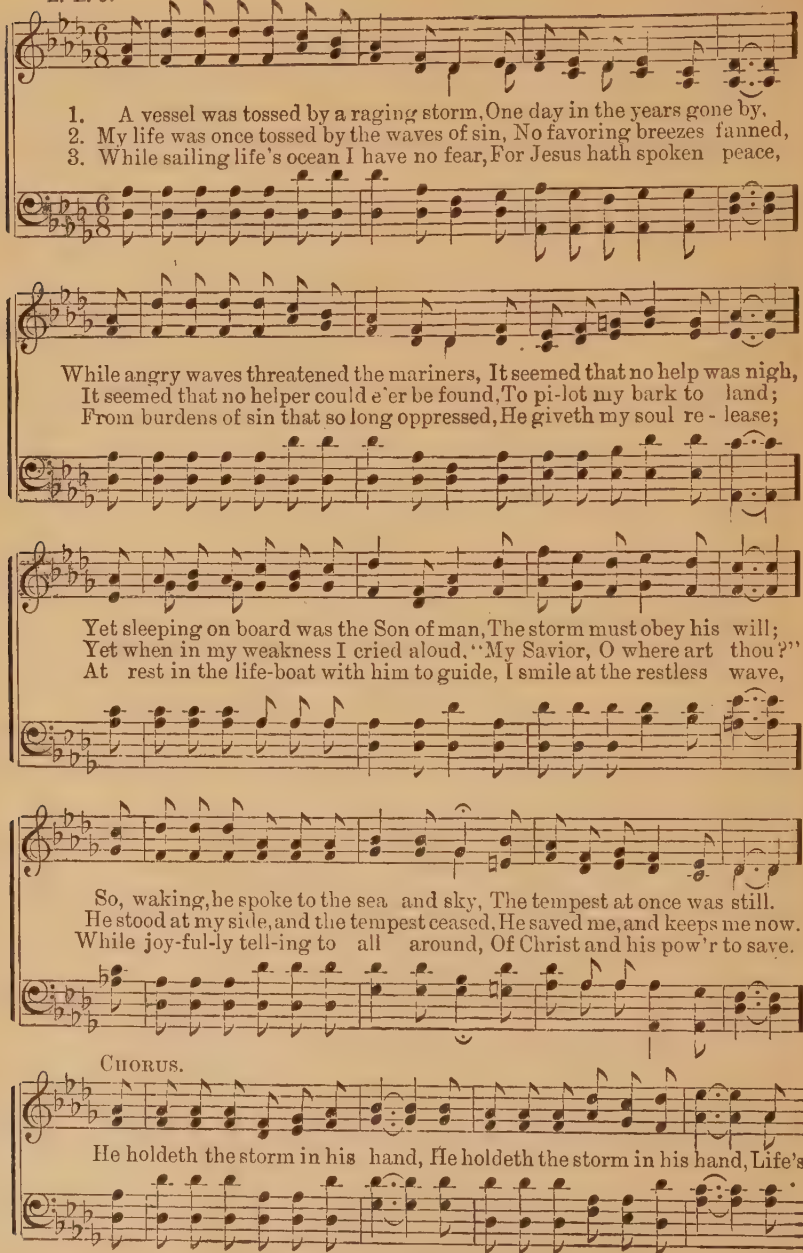
112 He Holdeth the Storm in His Hand.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.


1. A vessel was tossed by a raging storm, One day in the years gone by,
2. My life was once tossed by the waves of sin, No favoring breezes fanned,
3. While sailing life's ocean I have no fear, For Jesus hath spoken peace,
While angry waves threatened the mariners, It seemed that no help was nigh,
It seemed that no helper could e'er be found, To pi-lot my bark to land;
From burdens of sin that so long oppressed, He giveth my soul re - lease;
Yet sleeping on board was the Son of man, The storm must obey his will;
Yet when in my weakness I cried aloud, "My Savior, O where art thou?"
At rest in the life-boat with him to guide, I smile at the restless wave,
So, waking, he spoke to the sea and sky, The tempest at once was still.
He stood at my side, and the tempest ceased. He saved me, and keeps me now.
While joy-ful-ly tell-ing to all around, Of Christ and his pow'r to save.
Chorus.
He holdeth the storm in his hand, He holdeth the storm in his hand, Life's

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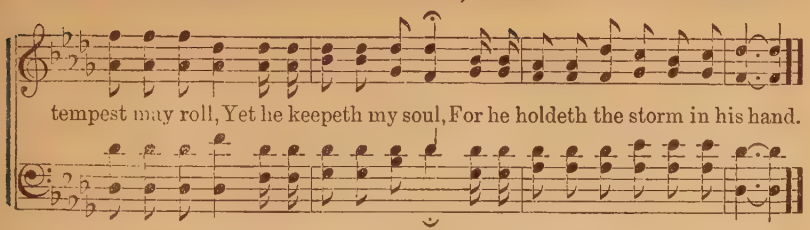
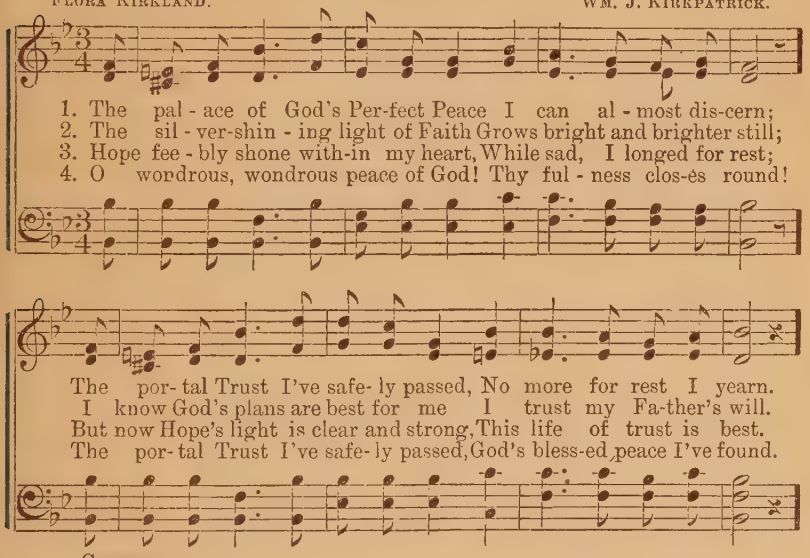
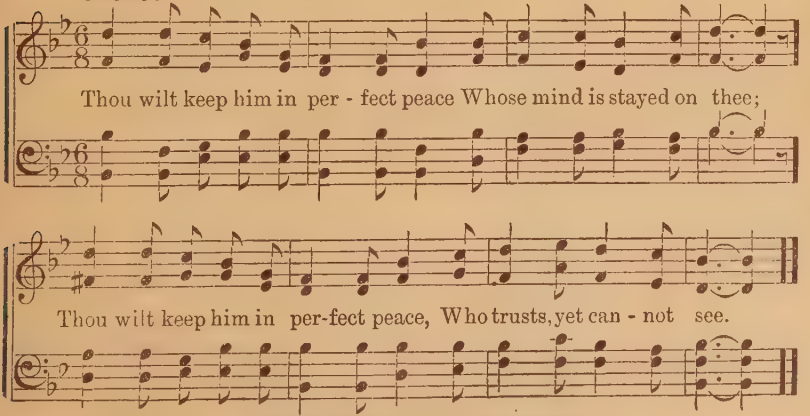


113 Thou Wilt Keep Him in Perfect Peace.

FLORA KIRKLAND. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. The pal - ace of God's Per-fect Peace I can al - most dis-cern;
2. The sil - ver-shin - ing light of Faith Grows bright and brighter still;
3. Hope fee - bly shone with-in my heart, While sad, I longed for rest;
4. O wondrous, wondrous peace of God! Thy ful - ness clos-es round!
The por- tal Trust I've safe- ly passed, No more for rest I yearn.
I know God's plans are best for me I trust my Fa-ther's will.
But now Hope's light is clear and strong, This life of trust is best.
The por- tal Trust I've safe- ly passed, God's bless-ed peace I've found.

CHORUS.


Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace Whose mind is stayed on thee;
Thou wilt keep him in per-fect peace, Who trusts, yet can - not see.

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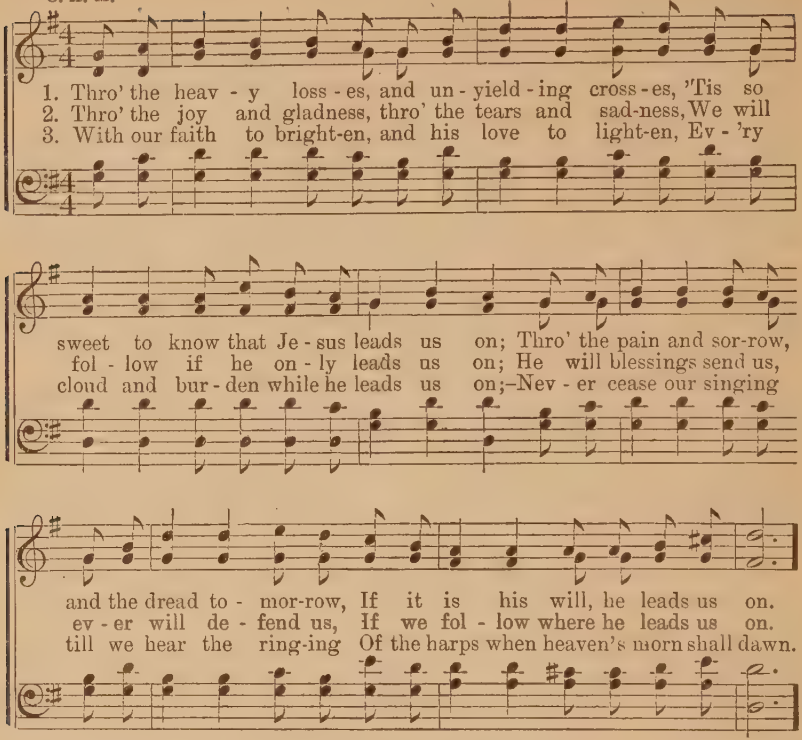
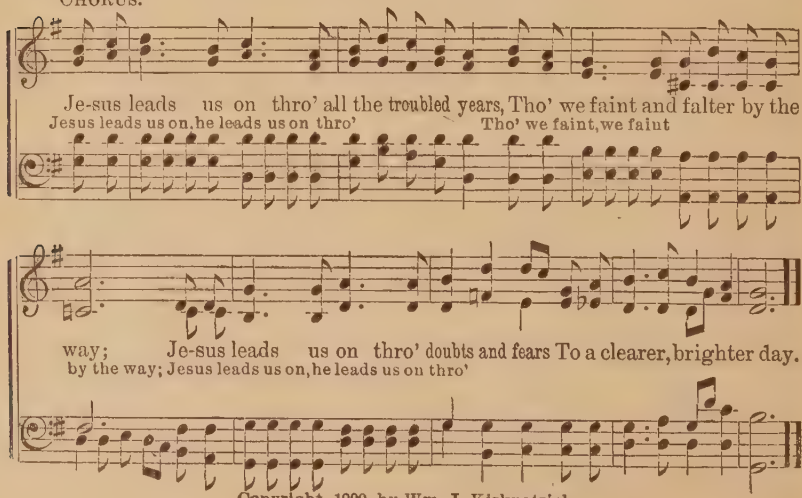
114 Jesus Leads Us On.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. Thro' the heav - y loss - es, and un - yield - ing cross - es, 'Tis so
2. Thro' the joy and gladness, thro' the tears and sad-ness, We will
3. With our faith to bright-en, and his love to light-en, Ev - 'ry
sweet to know that Je - sus leads us on; Thro' the pain and sor-row,
fol - low if he on - ly leads us on; He will blessings send us,
cloud and bur - den while he leads us on;–Nev - er cease our singing
and the dread to - mor-row, If it is his will, he leads us on.
ev - er will de - fend us, If we fol - low where he leads us on.
till we hear the ring-ing Of the harps when heaven's morn shall dawn.

Chorus.


Je-sus leads us on thro' all the troubled years, Tho' we faint and falter by the
Jesus leads us on, he leads us on thro'
Tho' we faint, we faint
way; Je-sus leads us on thro' doubts and fears To a clearer, brighter day.
by the way; Jesus leads us on, he leads us on thro'

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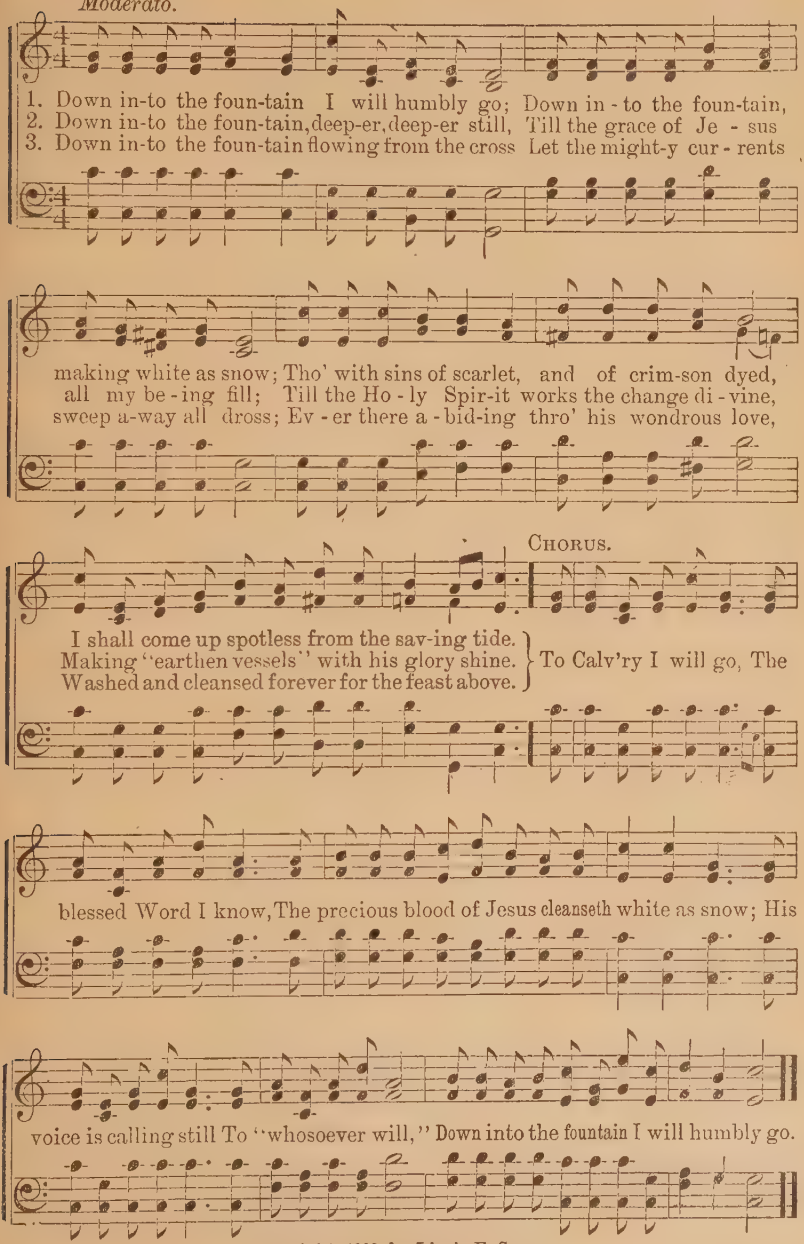
115 To Calvary I Will Go.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

Moderato.

1. Down in-to the foun-tain I will humbly go; Down in - to the foun-tain,
2. Down in-to the foun-tain, deep-er, deep-er still, Till the grace of Je - sus
3. Down in-to the foun-tain flowing from the cross Let the might-y cur - rents
making white as snow; Tho' with sins of scarlet, and of crim-son dyed,
all my be - ing fill; Till the Ho - ly Spir-it works the change di - vine,
sweep a-way all dross; Ev - er there a - bid-ing thro' his wondrous love,
Chorus.
I shall come up spotless from the sav-ing tide.
Making "earthen vessels" with his glory shine.
Washed and cleansed forever for the feast above.
To Calv'ry I will go, The
blessed Word I know, The precious blood of Jesus cleanseth white as snow; His
voice is calling still To "whosoever will," Down into the fountain I will humbly go.

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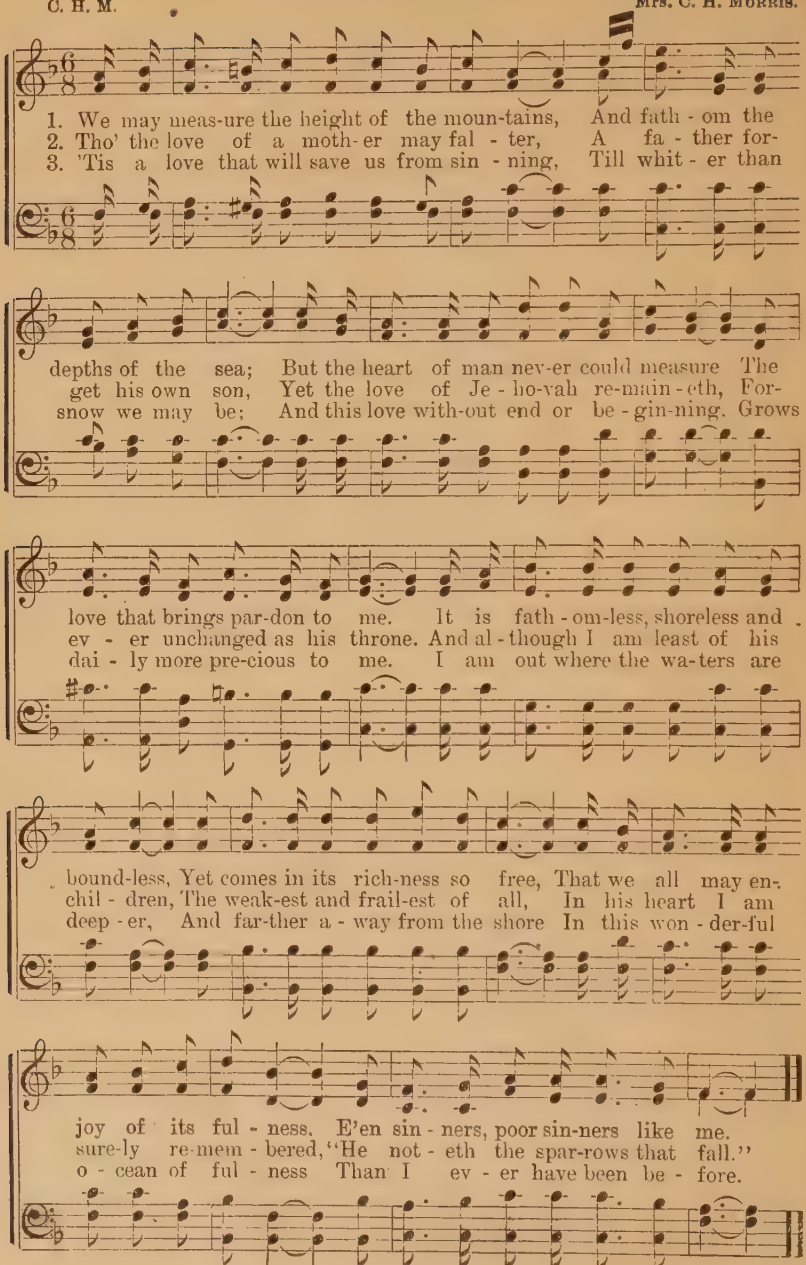
116 Unfathomable Love.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. We may meas-ure the height of the moun-tains, And fath - om the
depths of the sea; But the heart of man nev-er could measure The
love that brings par-don to me. It is fath - om-less, shoreless and
bound-less, Yet comes in its rich-ness so free, That we all may en-
joy of its ful - ness. E'en sin - ners, poor sin-ners like me.
2. Tho' the love of a moth-er may fal - ter, A fa - ther for-
get his own son, Yet the love of Je - ho-vah re-main - eth, For-
ev - er unchanged as his throne. And al - though I am least of his
chil - dren, The weak-est and frail-est of all, In his heart I am
sure-ly re-mem - bered, "He not - eth the spar-rows that fall."
3. 'Tis a love that will save us from sin - ning, Till whit - er than
snow we may be; And this love with-out end or be - gin-ning, Grows
dai - ly more pre-cious to me. I am out where the wa-ters are
deep - er, And far-ther a - way from the shore In this won - der-ful
o - cean of ful - ness Than I ev - er have been be - fore.

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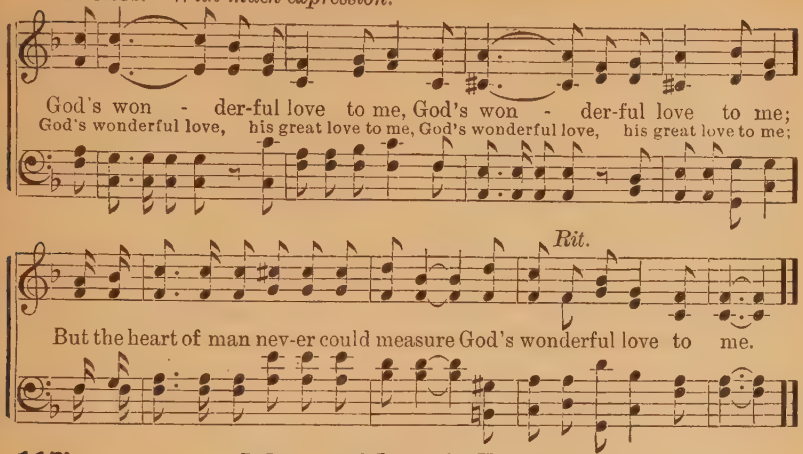
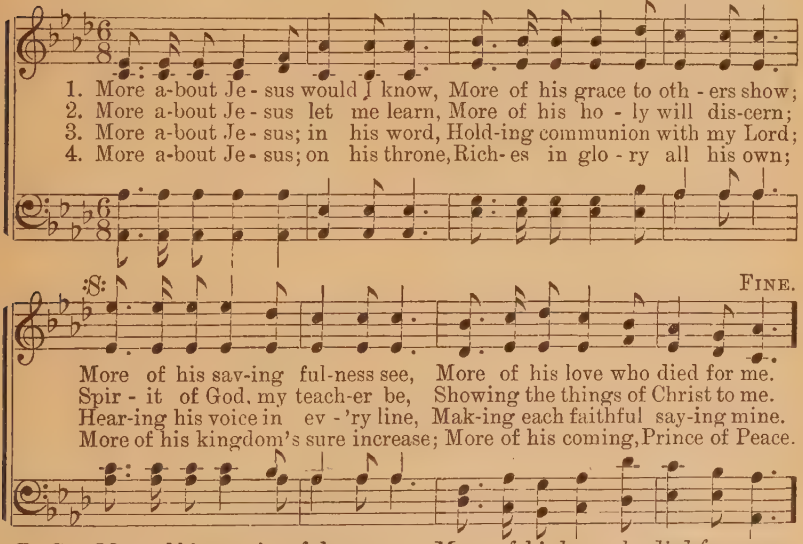
Unfathomable Love—Concluded.

CHORUS. *With much expression.*


God's won - der-ful love to me, God's won - der-ful love to me;
God's wonderful love, his great love to me, God's wonderful love, his great love to me;
Rit.
But the heart of man nev-er could measure God's wonderful love to me.

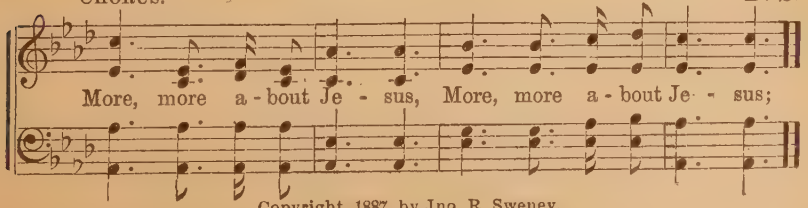
117 More About Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of his grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in his word, Hold-ing communion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je - sus; on his throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all his own;
:S:
FINE.
More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faithful say-ing mine.
More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.

D. S.—More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.

CHORUS. *D. S.*



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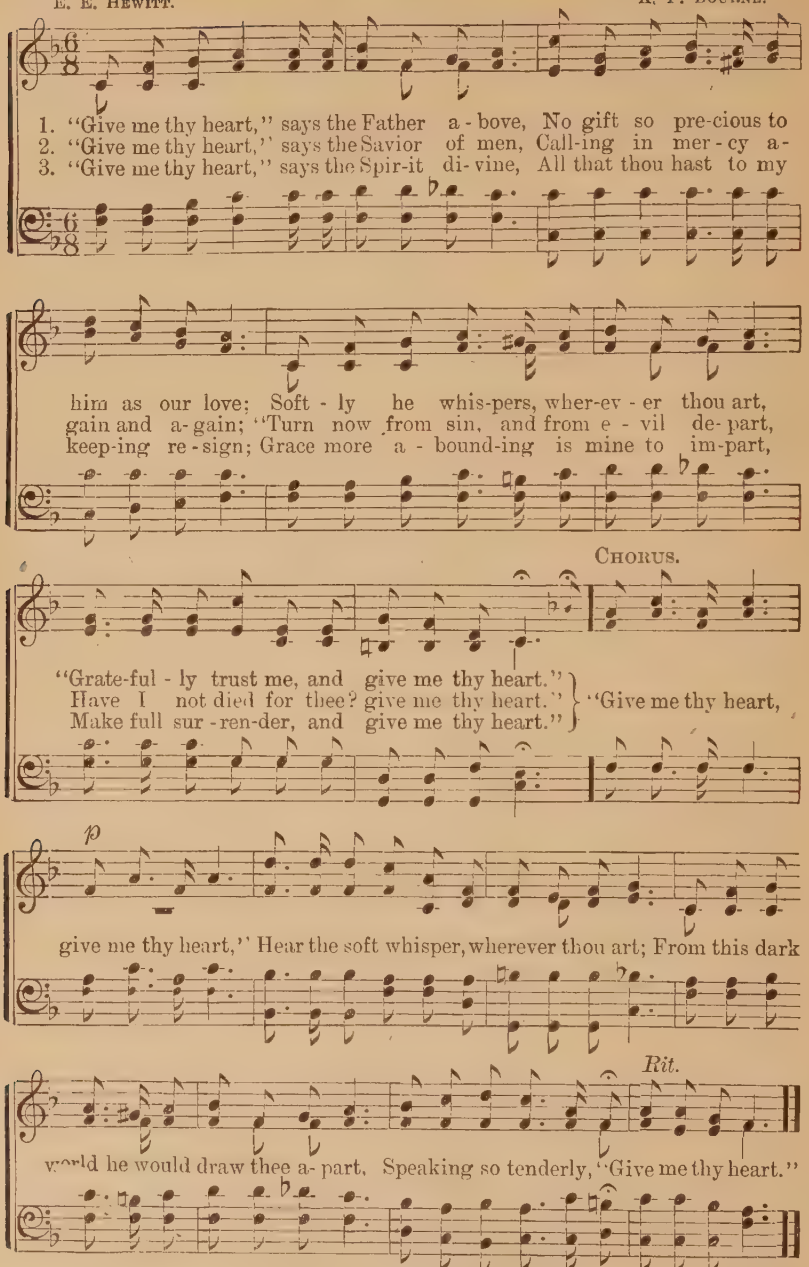
118 "Give Me Thy Heart."

E. E. Hewitt. A. F. Bourne.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a - bove, No gift so pre-cious to
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Savior of men, Call-ing in mer-cy a-
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spir-it di-vine, All that thou hast to my
him as our love; Soft - ly he whis-pers, wher-ev - er thou art,
gain and a-gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de-part,
keep-ing re-sign; Grace more a - bound-ing is mine to im-part,
Chorus.
"Grate-ful - ly trust me, and give me thy heart."
Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart."
Make full sur-ren-der, and give me thy heart."
"Give me thy heart,
p
give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wherever thou art; From this dark
Rit.
world he would draw thee a-part, Speaking so tenderly, "Give me thy heart."

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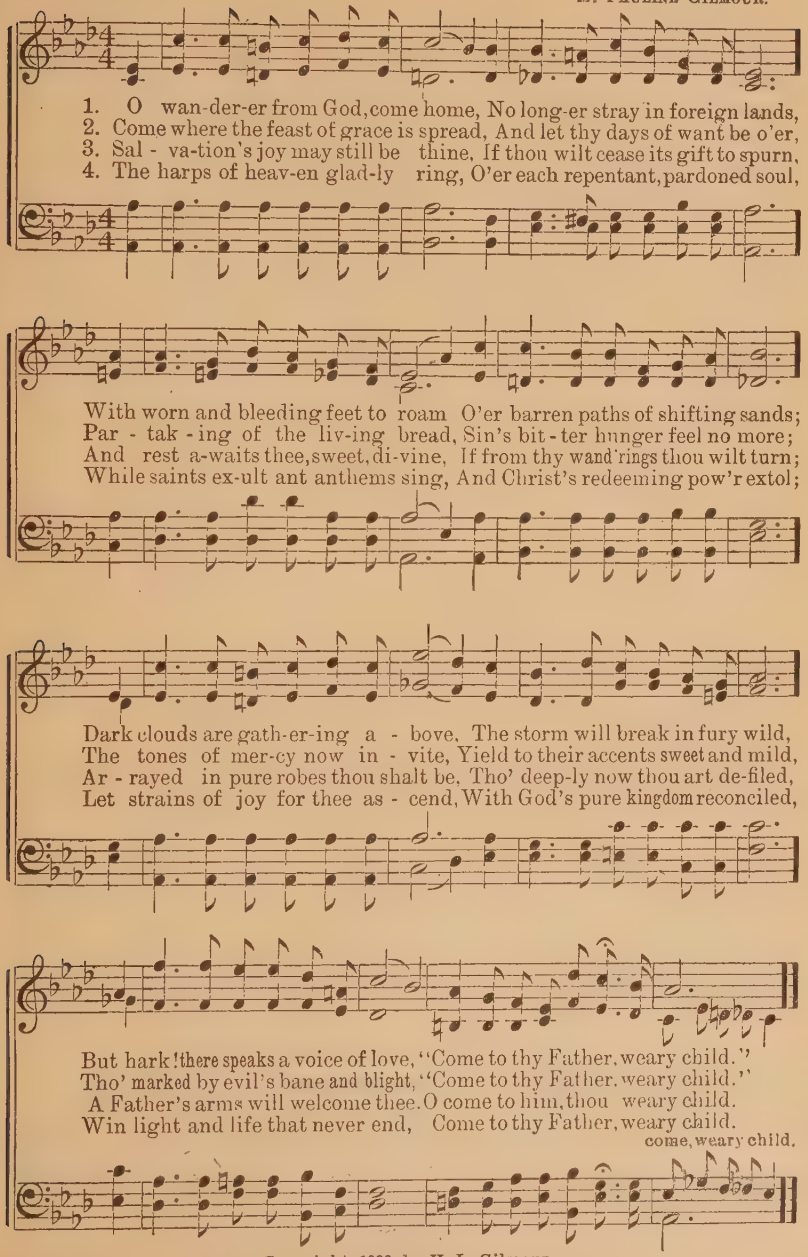
Come to Thy Father.

JENNIE WILSON. M. PAULINE GILMOUR.


1. O wan-der-er from God, come home, No long-er stray in foreign lands,
2. Come where the feast of grace is spread, And let thy days of want be o'er,
3. Sal - va-tion's joy may still be thine, If thou wilt cease its gift to spurn,
4. The harps of heav-en glad-ly ring, O'er each repentant, pardoned soul,
With worn and bleeding feet to roam O'er barren paths of shifting sands;
Par - tak - ing of the liv-ing bread, Sin's bit - ter hunger feel no more;
And rest a-waits thee, sweet, di-vine, If from thy wand'rings thou wilt turn;
While saints ex-ult ant anthems sing, And Christ's redeeming pow'r extol;
Dark clouds are gath-er-ing a - bove, The storm will break in fury wild,
The tones of mer-cy now in - vite, Yield to their accents sweet and mild,
Ar - rayed in pure robes thou shalt be, Tho' deep-ly now thou art de-filed,
Let strains of joy for thee as - cend, With God's pure kingdom reconciled,
But hark! there speaks a voice of love, "Come to thy Father, weary child."
Tho' marked by evil's bane and blight, "Come to thy Father, weary child."
A Father's arms will welcome thee. O come to him, thou weary child.
Win light and life that never end, Come to thy Father, weary child.
come, weary child.

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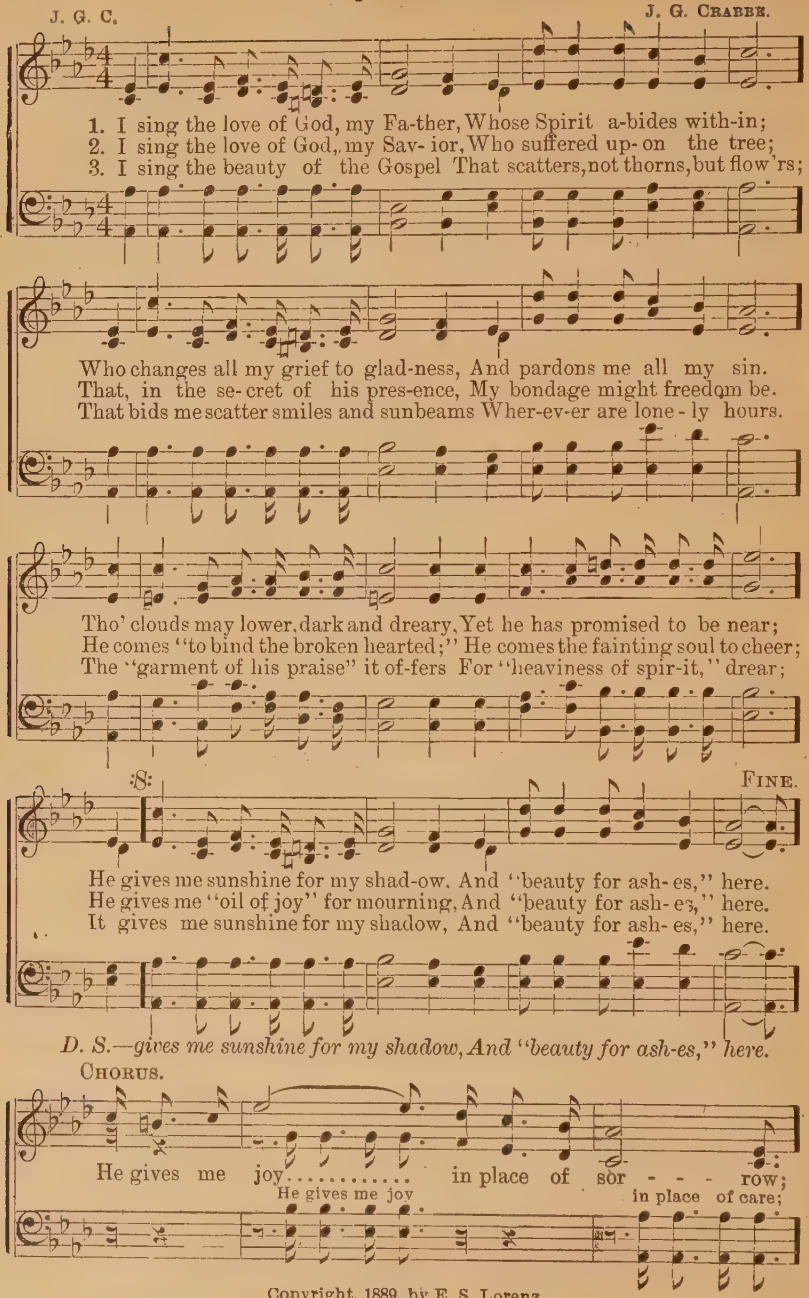
Beauty for Ashes.

J. G. C. J. G. CRABBE.


1. I sing the love of God, my Fa-ther, Whose Spirit a-bides with-in;
2. I sing the love of God, my Sav- ior, Who suffered up- on the tree;
3. I sing the beauty of the Gospel That scatters, not thorns, but flow'rs;
Who changes all my grief to glad-ness, And pardons me all my sin.
That, in the se-cret of his pres-ence, My bondage might freedom be.
That bids me scatter smiles and sunbeams Wher-ev-er are lone- ly hours.
Tho' clouds may lower, dark and dreary, Yet he has promised to be near;
He comes "to bind the broken hearted;" He comes the fainting soul to cheer;
The "garment of his praise" it of-fers For "heaviness of spir-it," drear;
:S:
FINE.
He gives me sunshine for my shad-ow, And "beauty for ash- es," here.
He gives me "oil of joy" for mourning, And "beauty for ash- es," here.
It gives me sunshine for my shadow, And "beauty for ash- es," here.

D. S.—gives me sunshine for my shadow, And "beauty for ash-es," here.

CHORUS.

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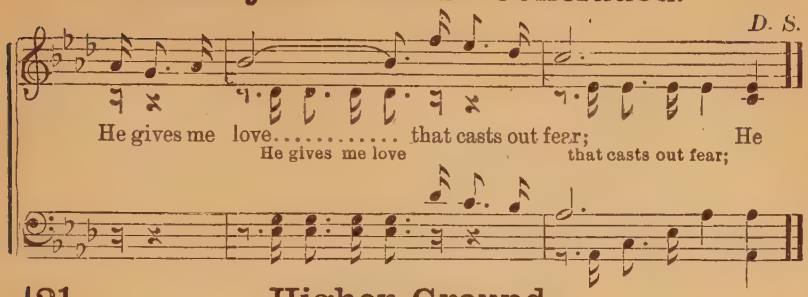
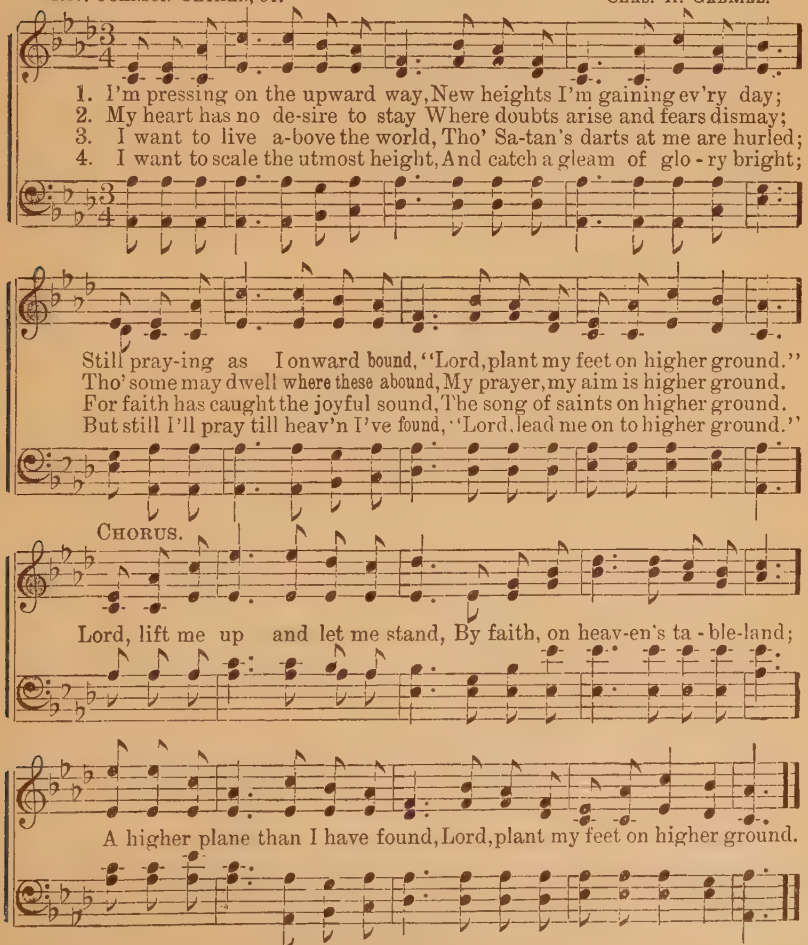


121 Higher Ground.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;
Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."
Chorus.
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land;
A higher plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

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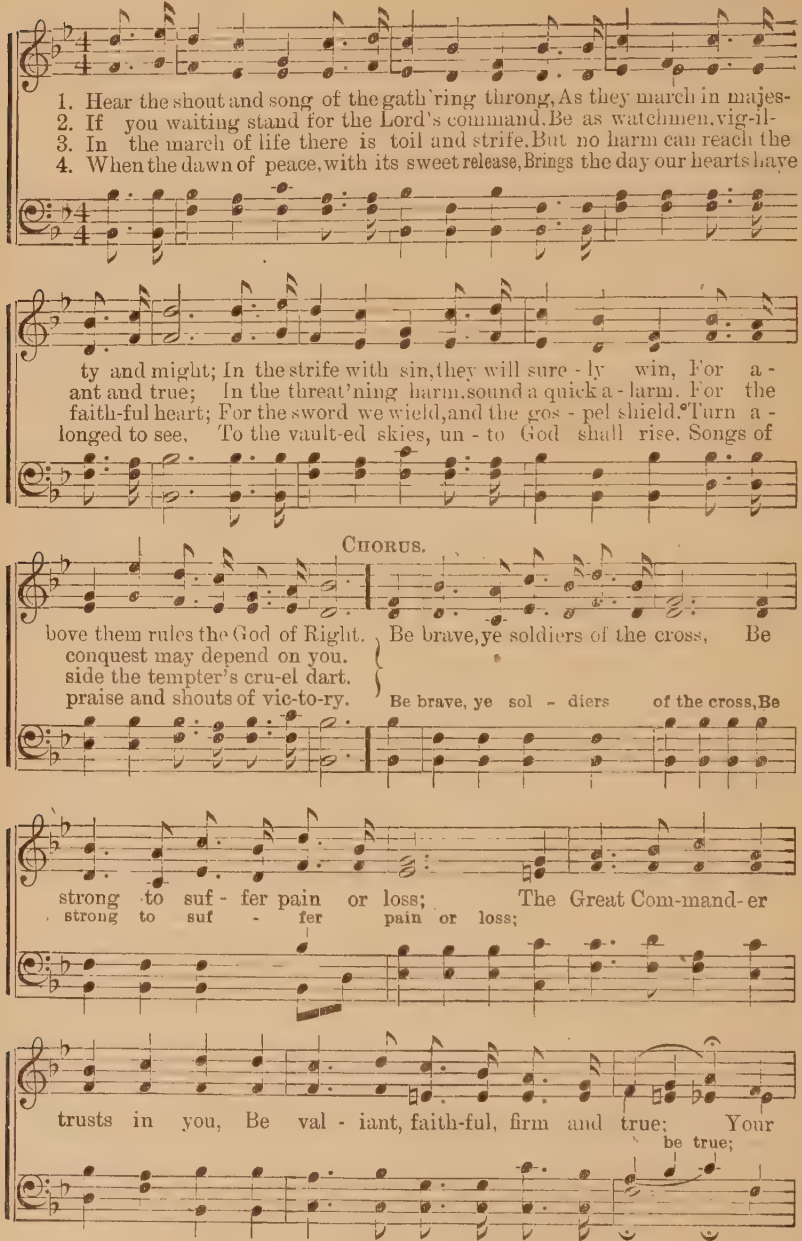
122 Soldiers of the Cross.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hear the shout and song of the gath'ring throng, As they march in majes-
2. If you waiting stand for the Lord's command, Be as watchmen, vig-il-
3. In the march of life there is toil and strife, But no harm can reach the
4. When the dawn of peace, with its sweet release, Brings the day our hearts have
ty and might; In the strife with sin, they will sure-ly win, For a-
ant and true; In the threat'ning harm, sound a quick a-larm, For the
faith-ful heart; For the sword we wield, and the gos-pel shield, Turn a-
longed to see. To the vault-ed skies, un-to God shall rise, Songs of
CHORUS.
bove them rules the God of Right. Be brave, ye soldiers of the cross, Be
conquest may depend on you.
side the tempter's cru-el dart.
praise and shouts of vic-to-ry.
Be brave, ye sol - diers of the cross, Be
strong to suf-fer pain or loss; The Great Com-mand-er
strong to suf - fer pain or loss;
trusts in you, Be val-iant, faith-ful, firm and true; Your
be true;

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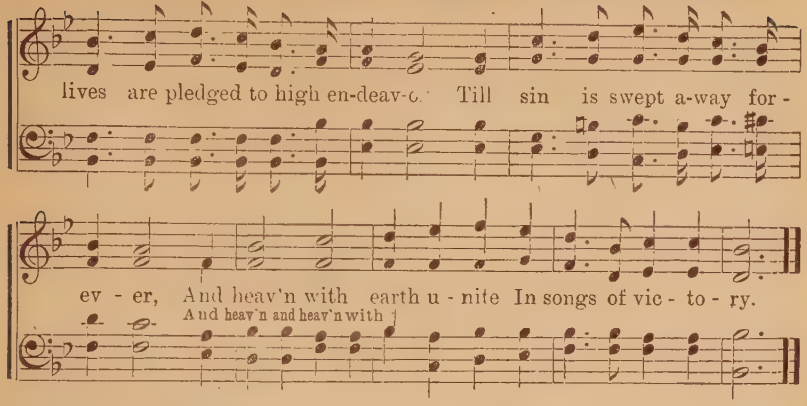
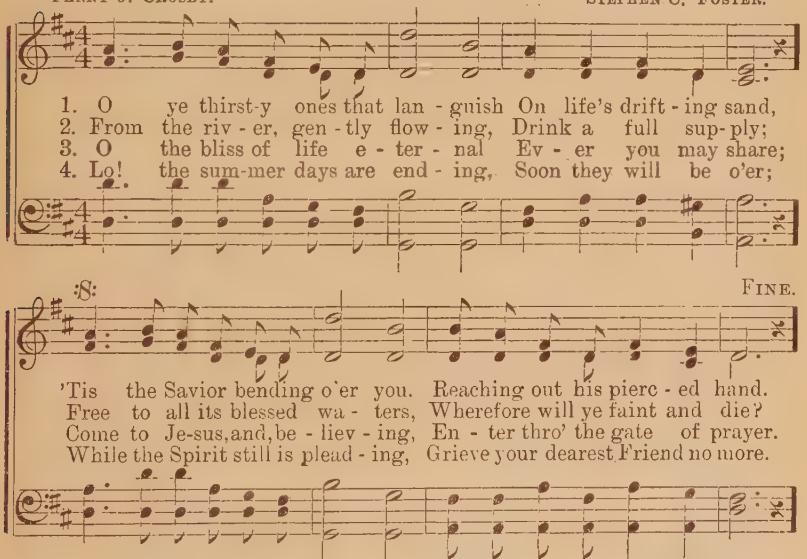

lives are pledged to high en-deav-or, Till sin is swept a-way for-
ev - er, And heav'n with earth u - nite In songs of vic - to - ry.
And heav'n and heav'n with

123 "Whosoever Will" May Come.

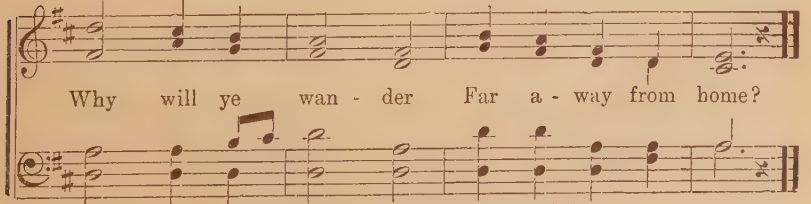
FANNY J. CROSBY. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.


1. O ye thirst-y ones that lan - guish On life's drift - ing sand,
2. From the riv - er, gen - tly flow - ing, Drink a full sup-ply;
3. O the bliss of life e - ter - nal Ev - er you may share;
4. Lo! the sum-mer days are end - ing, Soon they will be o'er;
'Tis the Savior bending o'er you. Reaching out his pierc - ed hand.
Free to all its blessed wa - ters, Wherefore will ye faint and die?
Come to Je-sus, and, be - liev - ing, En - ter thro' the gate of prayer.
While the Spirit still is plead - ing, Grieve your dearest Friend no more.

:S: FINE.

D.S.—To the loving arms of mer - cy "Who - so - ev - er will" may come.

CHORUS.



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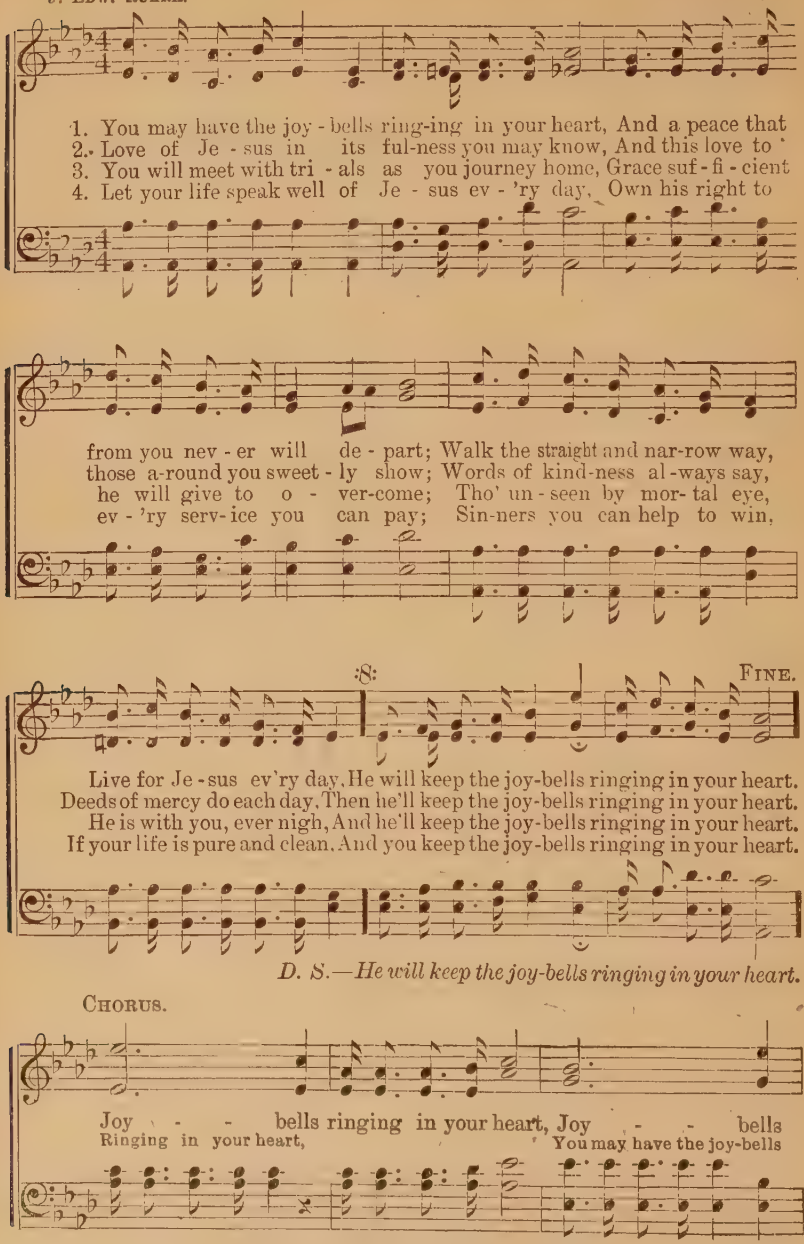
124 You May Have the Joy-Bells.

J. Edw. Ruark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. You may have the joy - bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je - sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri - als as you journey home, Grace suf - fi - cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Own his right to
from you nev - er will de - part; Walk the straight and nar-row way,
those a-round you sweet - ly show; Words of kind-ness al-ways say,
he will give to o - ver-come; Tho' un - seen by mor-tal eye,
ev - 'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win,
:8:
Fine.
Live for Je - sus ev'ry day. He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
Deeds of mercy do each day. Then he'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
He is with you, ever nigh, And he'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
If your life is pure and clean. And you keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.

D. S.—He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.

Chorus.

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You May Have the Joy-Bells—Concluded.

D. S.

ringing in your heart; Take the Savior here below, With you ev'rywhere you go,

125 Lead Me, Savior.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.

1. Sav-ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gently lead me all the way;
2. Thou the refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll;
3. Sav-ior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;

I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love a- bide.
I am safe when thou art nigh, All my hopes on thee re - ly.
To the land of endless day, Where all tears are wiped a-way.

I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray;.....
lest I stray;

Rit. e dim.

Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Savior, all the way,
stream of time, all the way.

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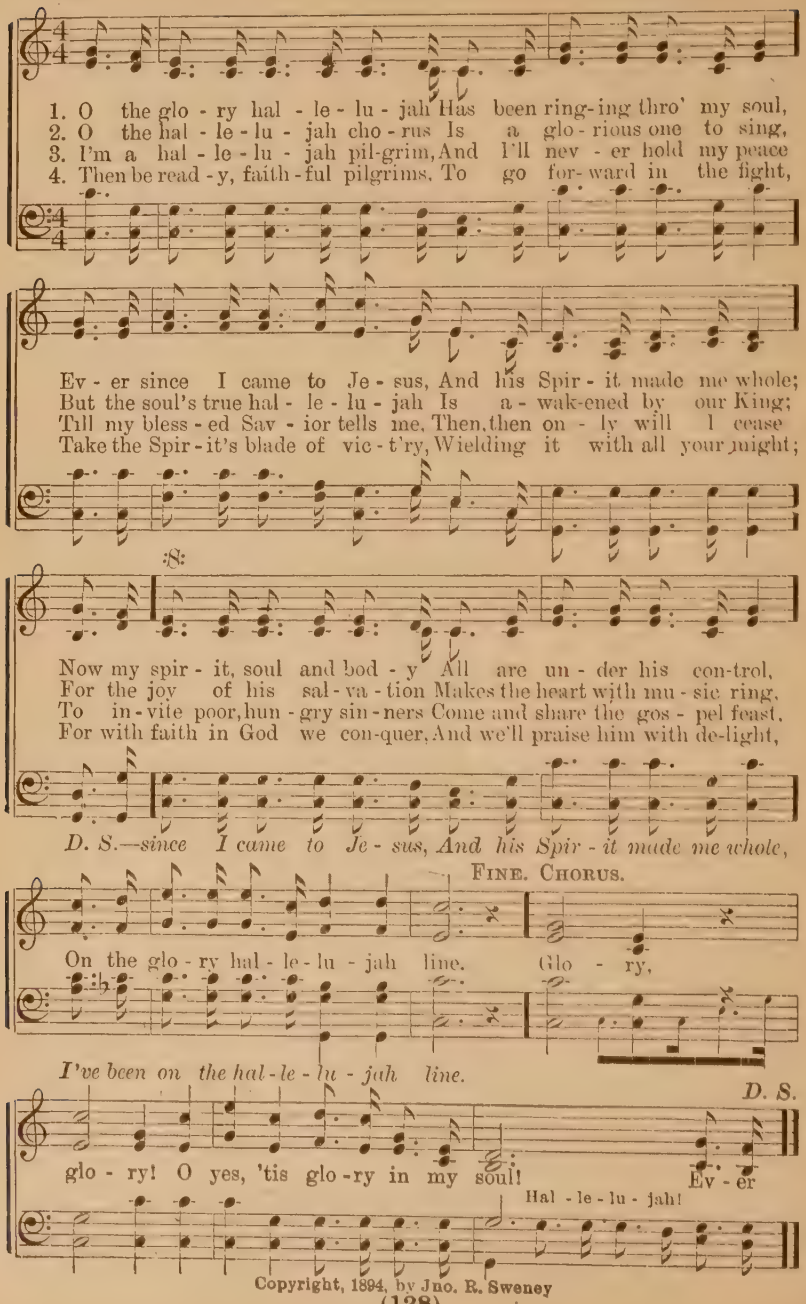
126 On the Hallelujah Line.

Rev. J. M. Hobbs. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. O the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah Has been ring-ing thro' my soul,
2. O the hal - le - lu - jah cho - rus Is a glo - rious one to sing,
3. I'm a hal - le - lu - jah pil-grim, And I'll nev - er hold my peace
4. Then be read - y, faith - ful pilgrims, To go for-ward in the fight,
Ev - er since I came to Je - sus, And his Spir - it made me whole;
But the soul's true hal - le - lu - jah Is a - wak-ened by our King;
Till my bless - ed Sav - ior tells me, Then, then on - ly will I cease
Take the Spir - it's blade of vic - t'ry, Wielding it with all your might;
:S:
Now my spir - it, soul and bod - y All are un - der his con-trol,
For the joy of his sal - va - tion Makes the heart with mu - sic ring,
To in - vite poor, hun - gry sin - ners Come and share the gos - pel feast,
For with faith in God we con-quer, And we'll praise him with de-light,
D. S.—since I came to Je - sus, And his Spir - it made me whole,
FINE. CHORUS.
On the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah line. Glo - ry,
I've been on the hal - le - lu - jah line.
D. S.
glo - ry! O yes, 'tis glo - ry in my soul! Ev - er
Hal - le - lu - jah!

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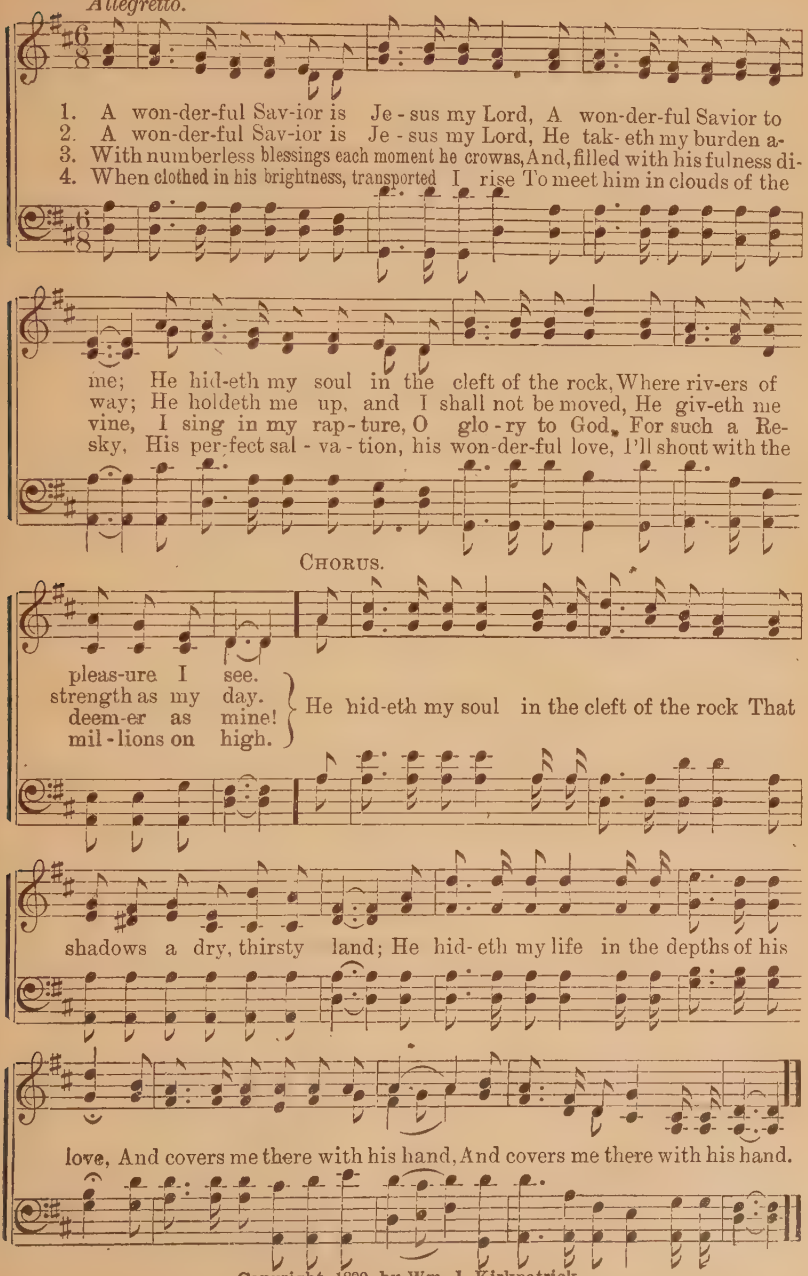
127 He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.


1. A won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je - sus my Lord, A won-der-ful Savior to
2. A won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je - sus my Lord, He tak- eth my burden a-
3. With numberless blessings each moment he crowns, And, filled with his fulness di-
4. When clothed in his brightness, transported I rise To meet him in clouds of the
me; He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where riv-ers of
way; He holdeth me up, and I shall not be moved, He giv-eth me
vine, I sing in my rap - ture, O glo - ry to God, For such a Re-
sky, His per-fect sal - va - tion, his won-der-ful love, I'll shout with the
CHORUS.
pleas-ure I see.
strength as my day.
deem-er as mine!
mil - lions on high.
He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock That
shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid- eth my life in the depths of his
love, And covers me there with his hand, And covers me there with his hand.

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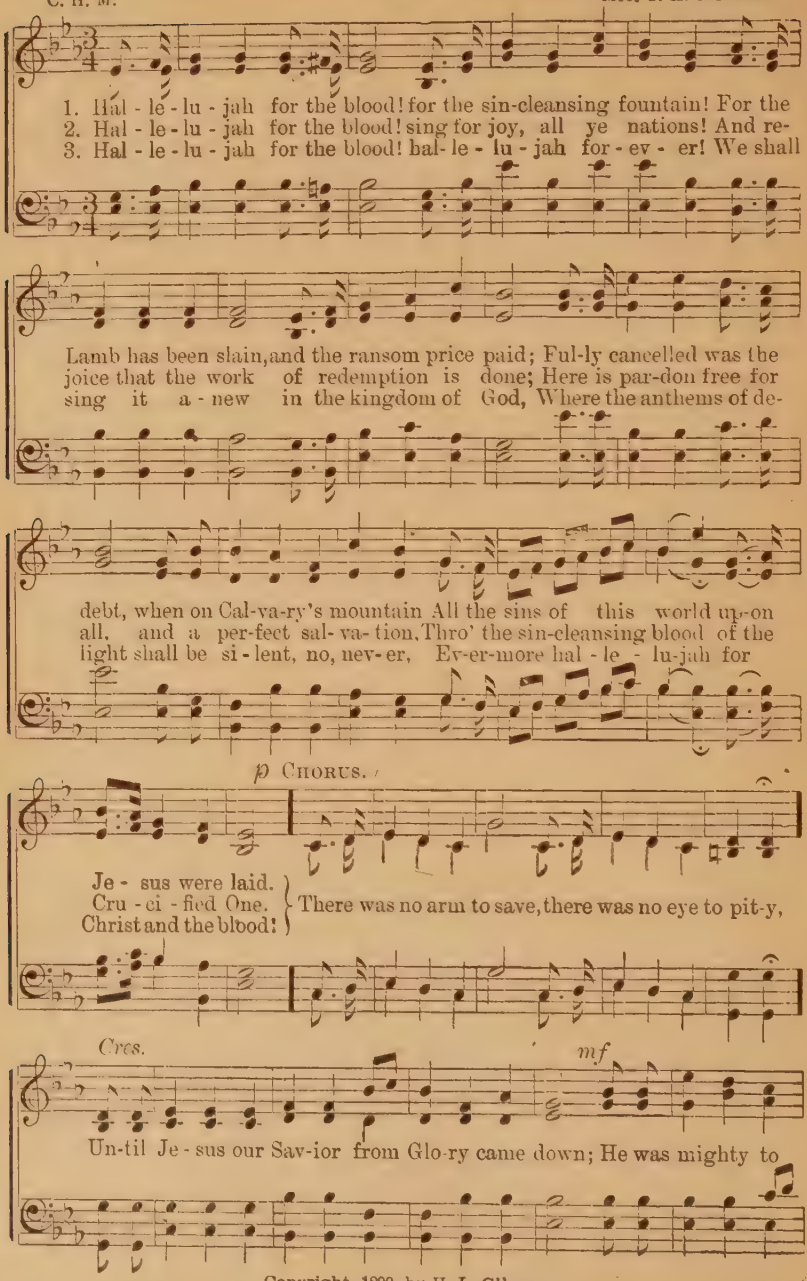
128 Hallelujah for the Blood!

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood! for the sin-cleansing fountain! For the
2. Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood! sing for joy, all ye nations! And re-
3. Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood! hal- le - lu - jah for - ev - er! We shall
Lamb has been slain, and the ransom price paid; Ful-ly cancelled was the
joice that the work of redemption is done; Here is par-don free for
sing it a - new in the kingdom of God, Where the anthems of de-
debt, when on Cal-va-ry's mountain All the sins of this world up-on
all, and a per-fect sal- va- tion, Thro' the sin-cleansing blood of the
light shall be si - lent, no, nev- er, Ev-er-more hal - le - lu-jah for
p Chorus.
Je - sus were laid.
Cru - ci - fied One.
Christ and the blood!
There was no arm to save, there was no eye to pit-y,
Cres.
mf
Un-til Je - sus our Sav-ior from Glo-ry came down; He was mighty to

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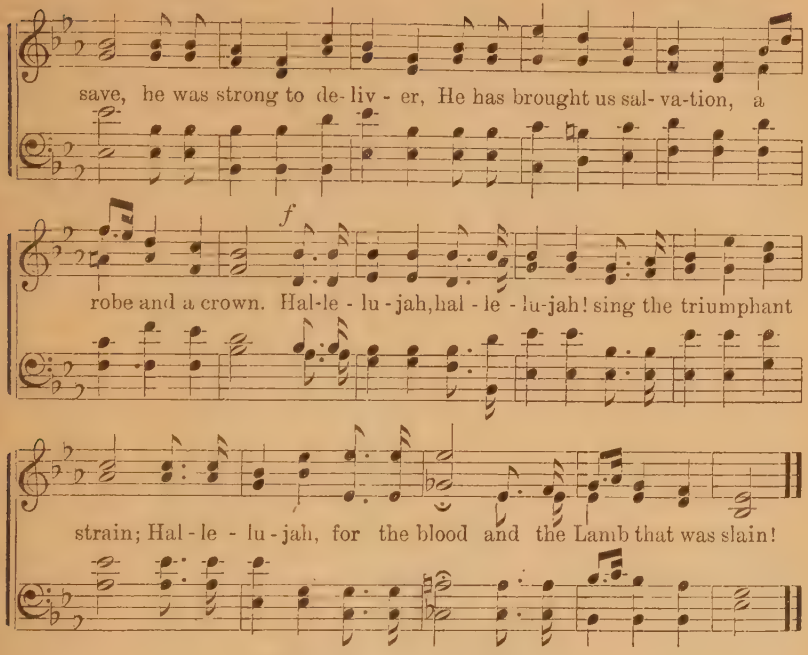
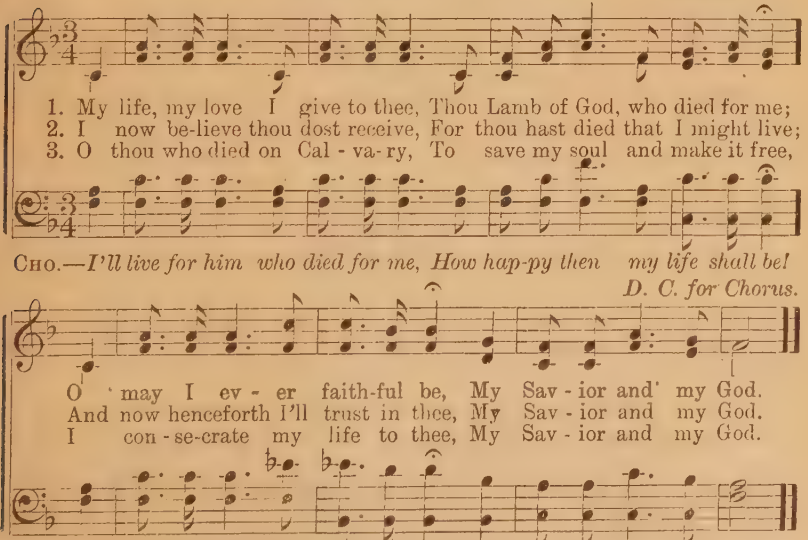

save, he was strong to de-liv-er, He has brought us sal-va-tion, a
f
robe and a crown. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! sing the triumphant
strain; Hal-le-lu-jah, for the blood and the Lamb that was slain!

129 I'll Live for Him.

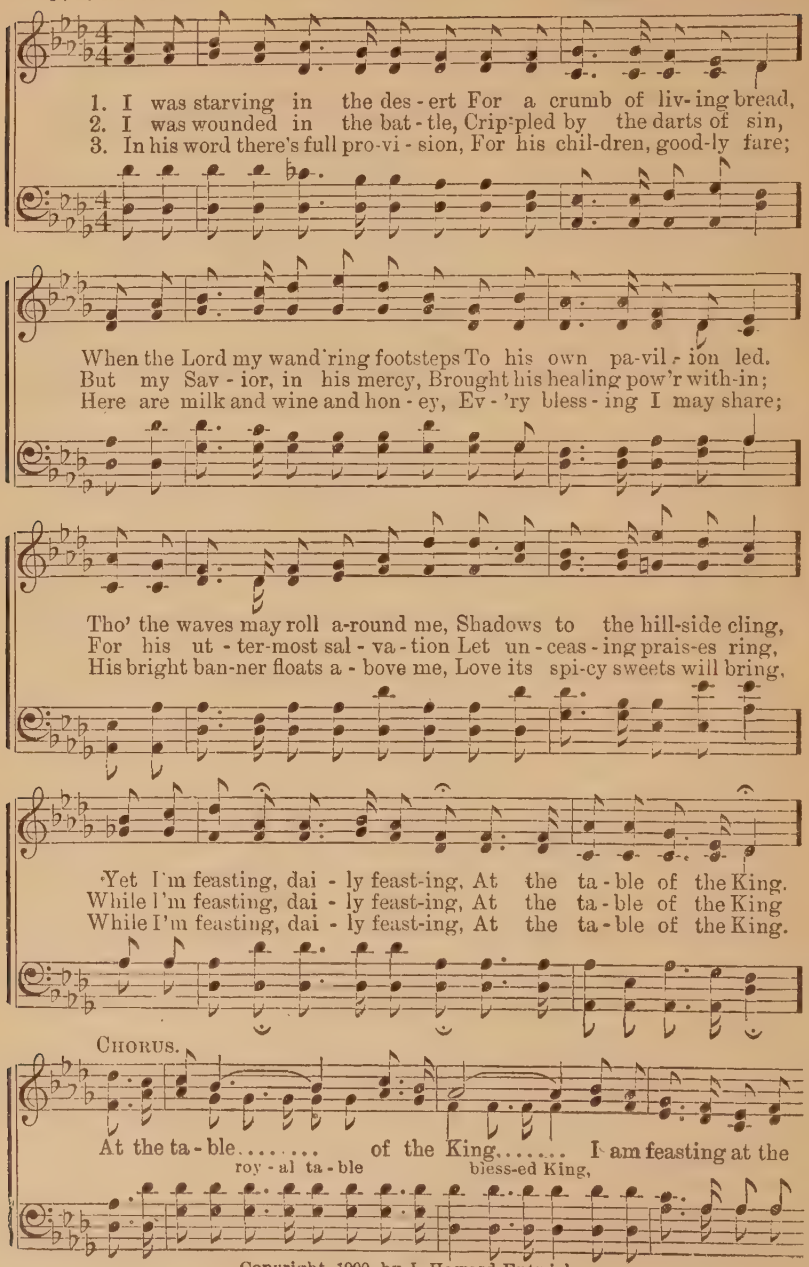
C. R. Dunbar.


1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. O thou who died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make it free,
Cho.—I'll live for him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!
D. C. for Chorus.
O may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-ior and my God.
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav-ior and my God.
I con-se-crate my life to thee, My Sav-ior and my God.
I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God.

By permission.

130 At the Table of the King.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Howard Entwisle.


1. I was starving in the des - ert For a crumb of liv - ing bread,
2. I was wounded in the bat - tle, Crip - pled by the darts of sin,
3. In his word there's full pro - vi - sion, For his chil - dren, good - ly fare;
When the Lord my wand'ring footsteps To his own pa - vil - ion led.
But my Sav - ior, in his mercy, Brought his healing pow'r with - in;
Here are milk and wine and hon - ey, Ev - 'ry bless - ing I may share;
Tho' the waves may roll a - round me, Shadows to the hill - side cling,
For his ut - ter - most sal - va - tion Let un - ceas - ing prais - es ring,
His bright ban - ner floats a - bove me, Love its spi - cy sweets will bring,
Yet I'm feasting, dai - ly feast - ing, At the ta - ble of the King.
While I'm feasting, dai - ly feast - ing, At the ta - ble of the King
While I'm feasting, dai - ly feast - ing, At the ta - ble of the King.
Chorus.
At the ta - ble..... of the King..... I am feasting at the
roy - al ta - ble
bless - ed King,

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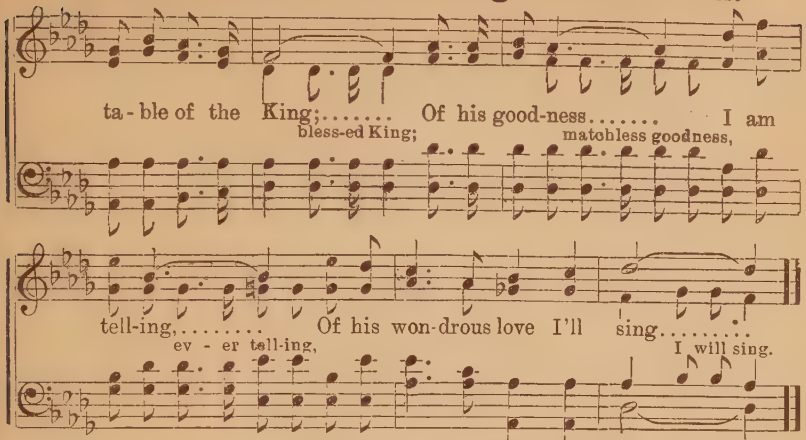
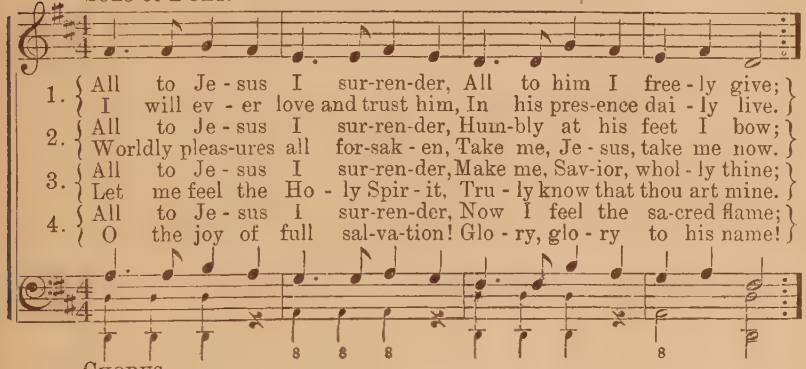

ta - ble of the King;..... Of his good-ness..... I am
bless-ed King; matchless goodness,
tell-ing,..... Of his won-drous love I'll sing.....
ev - er tell-ing, I will sing.

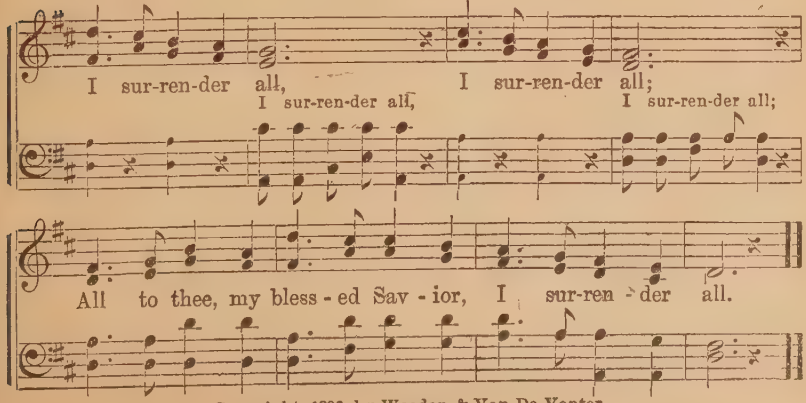
131 I Surrender All.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.

Solo or Duet.


1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, All to him I free - ly give;
I will ev - er love and trust him, In his pres-ence dai - ly live.
2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Hum-bly at his feet I bow;
Worldly pleas-ures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav-ior, whol - ly thine;
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine.
4. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa-cred flame;
O the joy of full sal-va-tion! Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!

Chorus.



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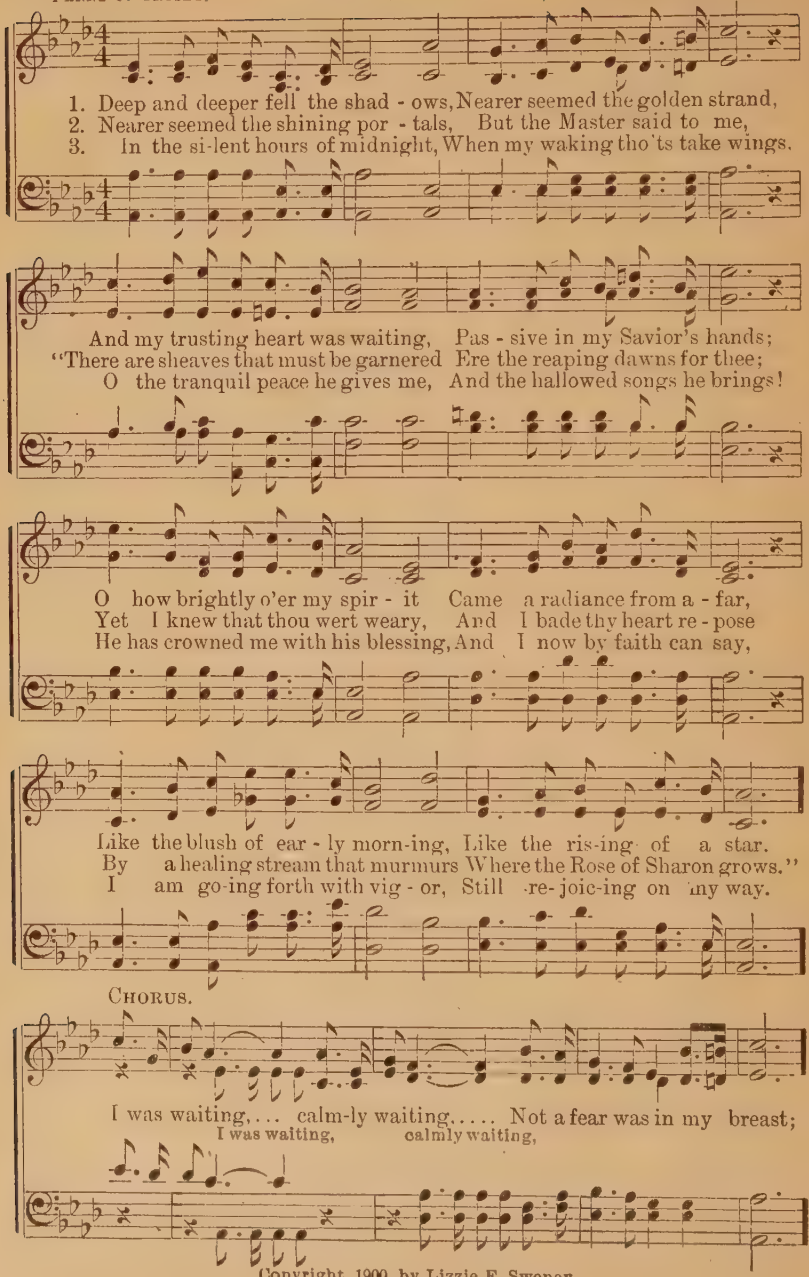
132 My Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Deep and deeper fell the shad - ows, Nearer seemed the golden strand,
2. Nearer seemed the shining por - tals, But the Master said to me,
3. In the si-lent hours of midnight, When my waking tho'ts take wings.
And my trusting heart was waiting, Pas - sive in my Savior's hands;
"There are sheaves that must be garnered Ere the reaping dawns for thee;
O the tranquil peace he gives me, And the hallowed songs he brings!
O how brightly o'er my spir - it Came a radiance from a - far,
Yet I knew that thou wert weary, And I bade thy heart re - pose
He has crowned me with his blessing, And I now by faith can say,
Like the blush of ear - ly morn-ing, Like the ris-ing of a star.
By a healing stream that murmurs Where the Rose of Sharon grows."
I am go-ing forth with vig - or, Still re-joic-ing on my way.
CHORUS.
I was waiting,.... calm-ly waiting..... Not a fear was in my breast;
I was waiting, calmly waiting,

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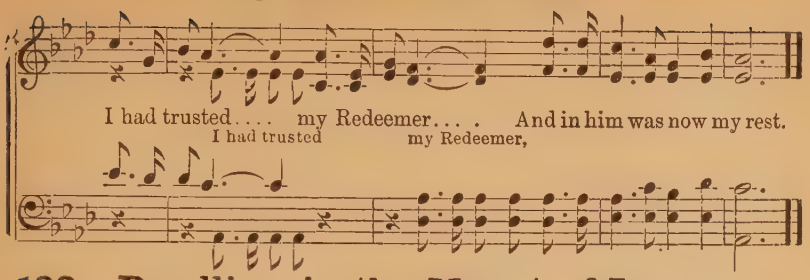
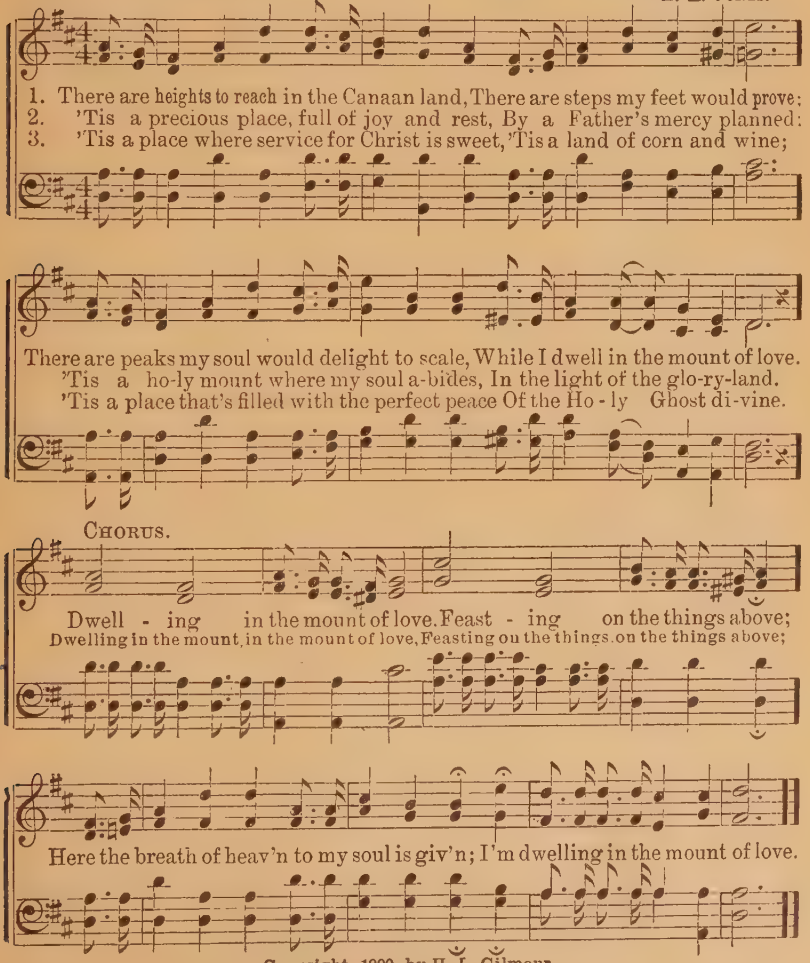


133 Dwelling in the Mount of Love.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.


1. There are heights to reach in the Canaan land, There are steps my feet would prove;
2. 'Tis a precious place, full of joy and rest, By a Father's mercy planned:
3. 'Tis a place where service for Christ is sweet, 'Tis a land of corn and wine;
There are peaks my soul would delight to scale, While I dwell in the mount of love.
'Tis a ho-ly mount where my soul a-bides, In the light of the glo-ry-land.
'Tis a place that's filled with the perfect peace Of the Ho - ly Ghost di-vine.
Chorus.
Dwell - ing in the mount of love. Feast - ing on the things above;
Dwelling in the mount, in the mount of love, Feasting on the things on the things above;
Here the breath of heav'n to my soul is giv'n; I'm dwelling in the mount of love.

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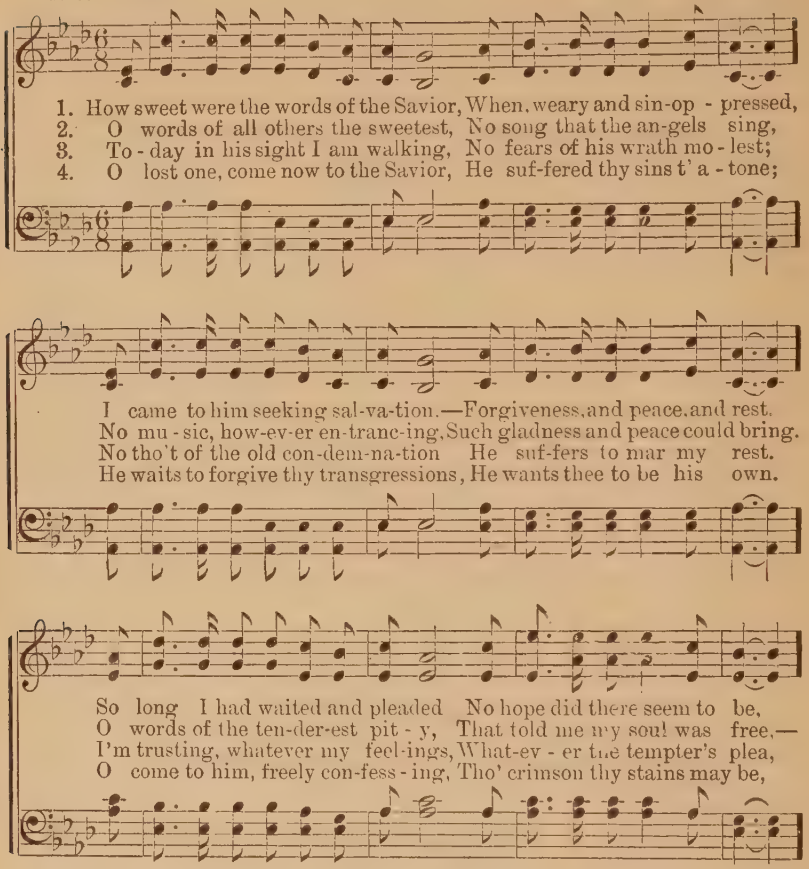
134 "Thy Sins be Forgiven Thee."

T. O. CHISHOLM. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How sweet were the words of the Savior, When, weary and sin-op - pressed,
I came to him seeking sal-va-tion.—Forgiveness, and peace, and rest.
2. O words of all others the sweetest, No song that the an-gels sing,
No mu - sic, how-ev-er en-tranc-ing, Such gladness and peace could bring.
3. To - day in his sight I am walking, No fears of his wrath mo - lest;
No tho't of the old con-dem-na-tion He suf-fers to mar my rest.
4. O lost one, come now to the Savior, He suf-fered thy sins t' a - tone;
He waits to forgive thy transgressions, He wants thee to be his own.
So long I had waited and pleaded No hope did there seem to be,
O words of the ten-der-est pit - y, That told me my soul was free.—
I'm trusting, whatever my feel-ings, What-ev - er the tempter's plea,
O come to him, freely con-fess - ing, Tho' crimson thy stains may be,
:S:
FINE.
When, blessed the moment, he whispered, "Thy sins be for-giv-en thee."
I'll nev - er, no, nev-er for get them.—"Thy sins be for-giv-en thee."
For Je - sus my Sav-ior hath spo-ken, "Thy sins be for-giv-en thee."
And lis - ten in faith for his blessing, "Thy sins be for-giv-en thee."
D. S.— bless - ed the mo-ment he whispered, "Thy sins be for-giv-en thee."
4th v.—O lis - ten in faith for his bless-ing, "Thy sins be for-giv-en thee."

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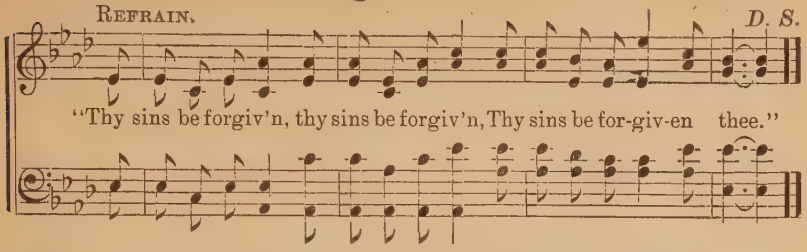
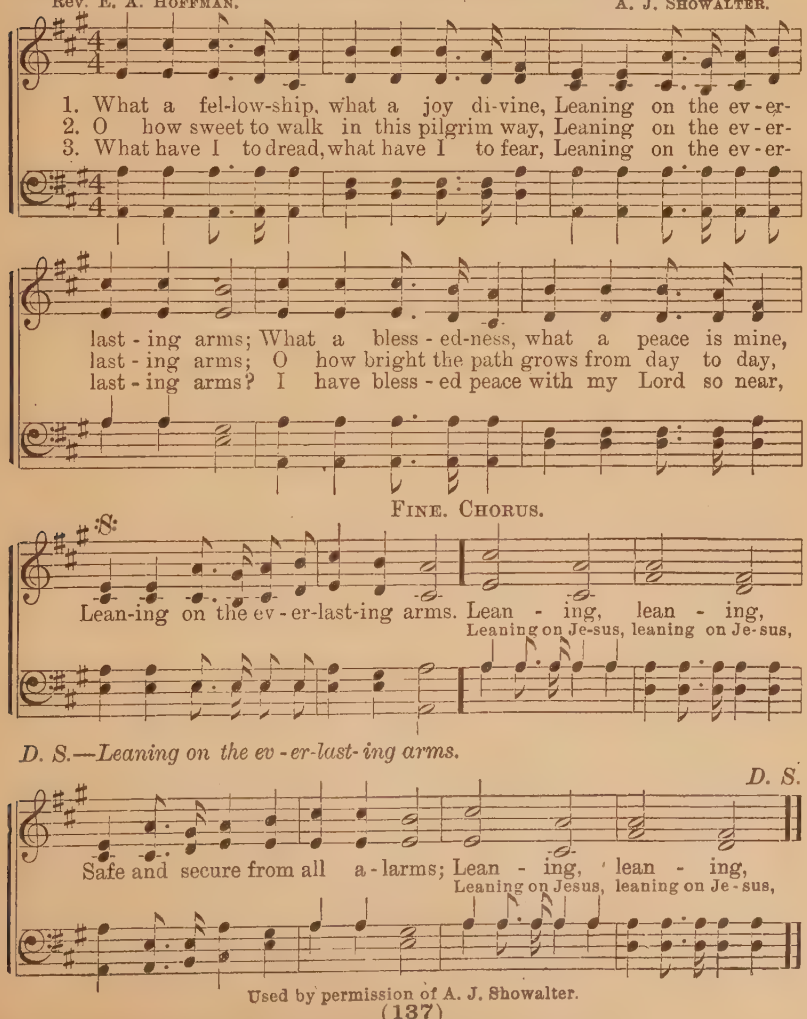
"Thy Sins be Forgiven Thee"—Concluded.



135 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.
A. J. SHOWALTER.
1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-
2. O how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-
last-ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing arms; O how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing arms? I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,
FINE. CHORUS.
Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean - ing, lean - ing,
Leaning on Je-sus, leaning on Je-sus,
D. S.—Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
D. S.
Safe and secure from all a-larms; Lean - ing, lean - ing,
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Je-sus,

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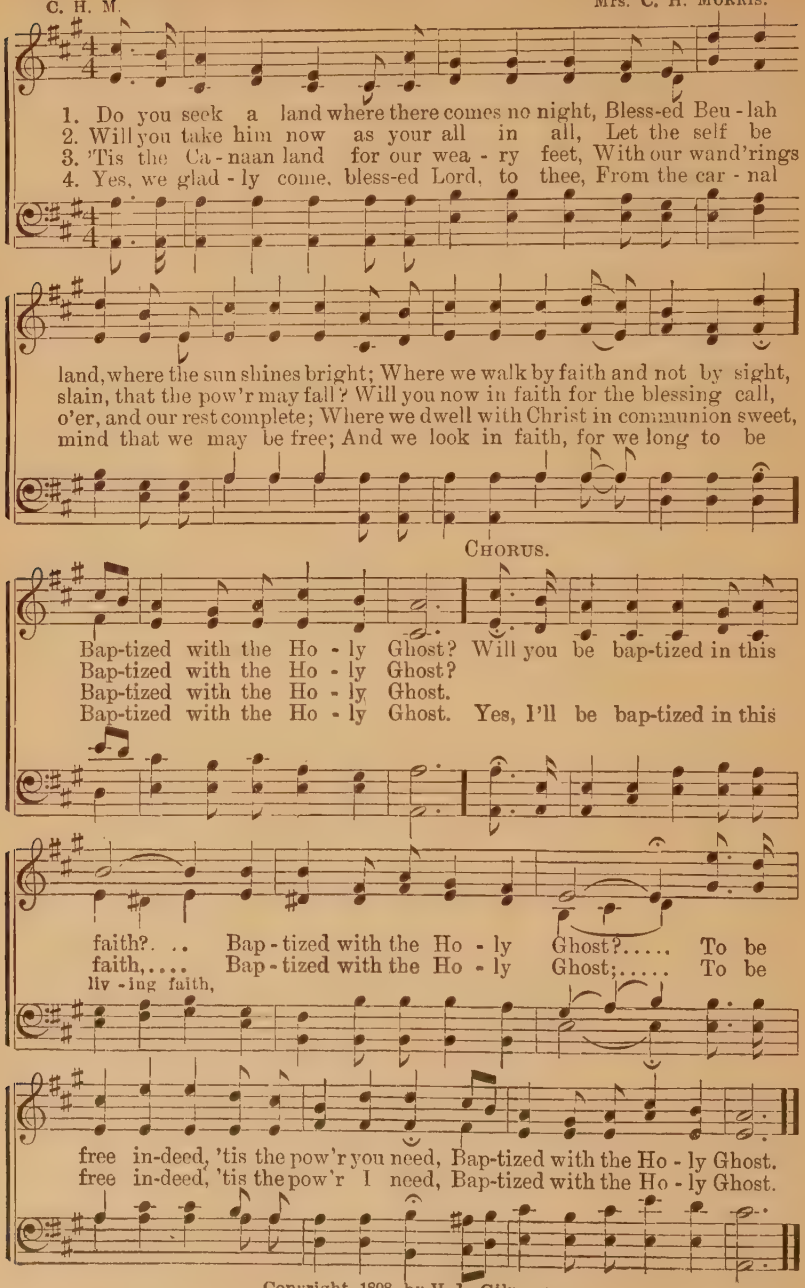
136 Baptized with the Holy Ghost.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Do you seek a land where there comes no night, Bless-ed Beu - lah land, where the sun shines bright; Where we walk by faith and not by sight,
2. Will you take him now as your all in all, Let the self be slain, that the pow'r may fall? Will you now in faith for the blessing call,
3. 'Tis the Ca - naan land for our wea - ry feet, With our wand'rings o'er, and our rest complete; Where we dwell with Christ in communion sweet,
4. Yes, we glad - ly come, bless-ed Lord, to thee, From the car - nal mind that we may be free; And we look in faith, for we long to be
Chorus.
Bap-tized with the Ho - ly Ghost? Will you be bap-tized in this faith?. . . Bap - tized with the Ho - ly Ghost?. . . . . To be liv - ing faith, free in-deed, 'tis the pow'r you need, Bap-tized with the Ho - ly Ghost.
Bap-tized with the Ho - ly Ghost?
Bap-tized with the Ho - ly Ghost.
Bap-tized with the Ho - ly Ghost. Yes, I'll be bap-tized in this faith,. . . . Bap - tized with the Ho - ly Ghost;. . . . . To be free in-deed, 'tis the pow'r I need, Bap-tized with the Ho - ly Ghost.

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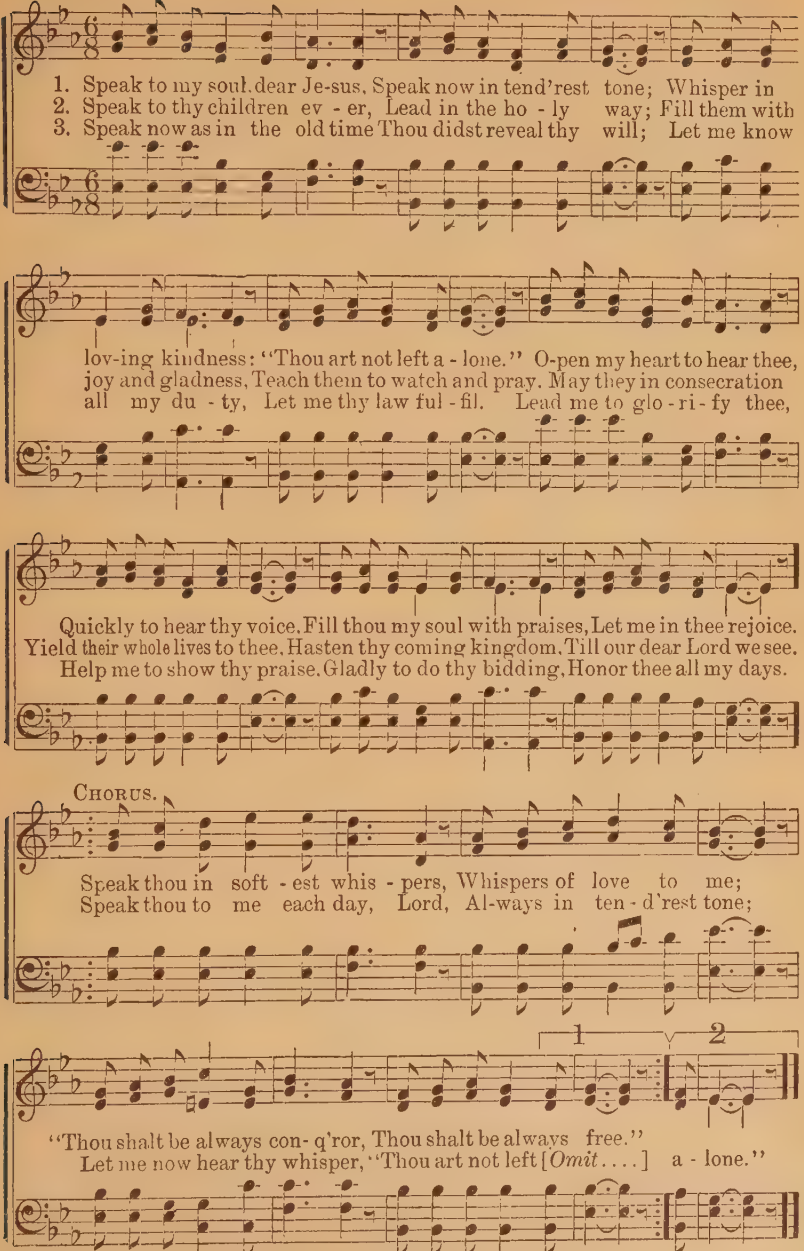
137 Speak to My Soul.

L. L. P. Adapted by L. L. PICKETT.

1. Speak to my soul, dear Je-sus, Speak now in tend'rest tone; Whisper in
2. Speak to thy children ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way; Fill them with
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst reveal thy will; Let me know
lov-ing kindness: "Thou art not left a - lone." O-pen my heart to hear thee,
joy and gladness, Teach them to watch and pray. May they in consecration
all my du - ty, Let me thy law ful - fil. Lead me to glo - ri - fy thee,
Quickly to hear thy voice, Fill thou my soul with praises, Let me in thee rejoice.
Yield their whole lives to thee. Hasten thy coming kingdom. Till our dear Lord we see.
Help me to show thy praise. Gladly to do thy bidding, Honor thee all my days.
CHORUS.
Speak thou in soft - est whis - pers, Whispers of love to me;
Speak thou to me each day, Lord, Al-ways in ten - d'rest tone;
1
2
"Thou shalt be always con- q'ror, Thou shalt be always free."
Let me now hear thy whisper, "Thou art not left [Omit....] a - lone."

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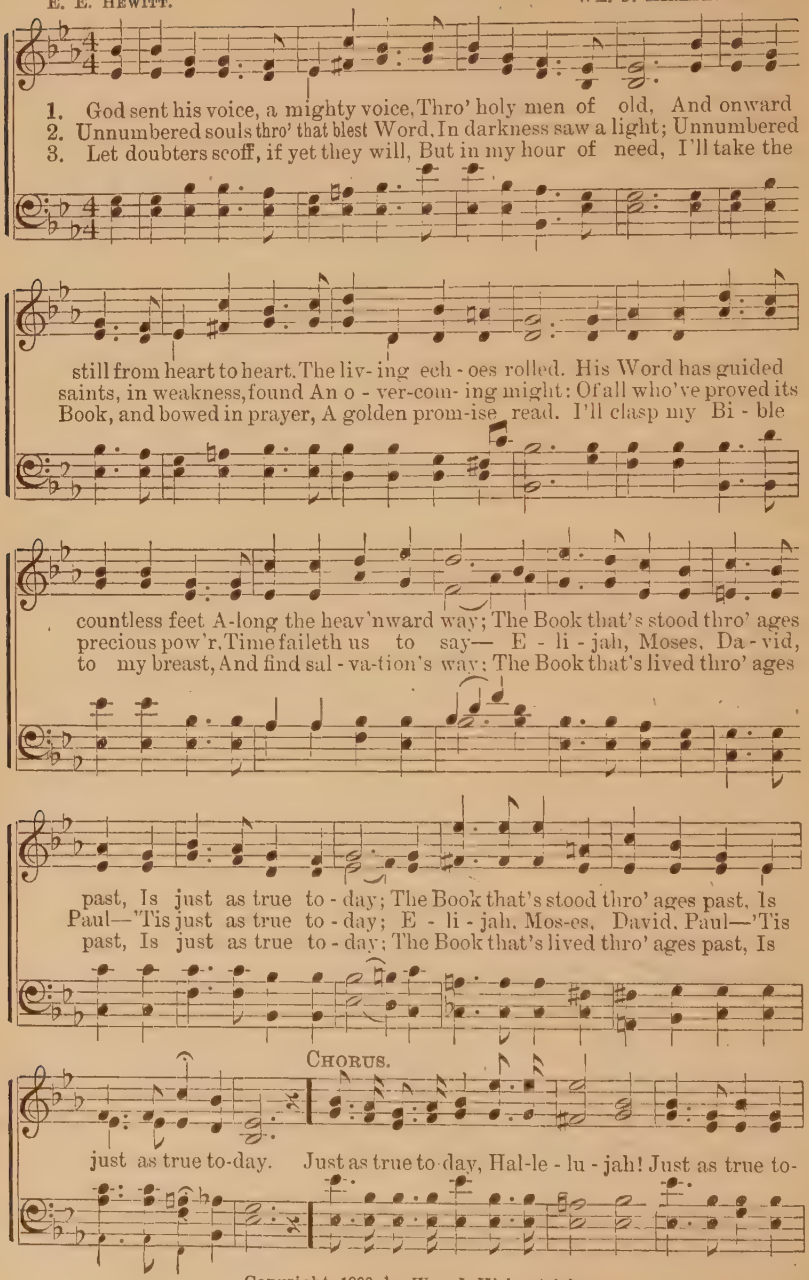
138 Just as True To-day.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. God sent his voice, a mighty voice, Thro' holy men of old, And onward
2. Unnumbered souls thro' that blest Word, In darkness saw a light; Unnumbered
3. Let doubters scoff, if yet they will, But in my hour of need, I'll take the
still from heart to heart. The liv-ing ech-oes rolled. His Word has guided
saints, in weakness, found An o-ver-com-ing might: Of all who've proved its
Book, and bowed in prayer, A golden prom-ise read. I'll clasp my Bi-ble
countless feet A-long the heav'nward way; The Book that's stood thro' ages
precious pow'r. Time faileth us to say— E-li-jah, Moses, Da-vid,
to my breast, And find sal-va-tion's way: The Book that's lived thro' ages
past, Is just as true to-day; The Book that's stood thro' ages past, Is
Paul—'Tis just as true to-day; E-li-jah, Mos-es, David, Paul—'Tis
past, Is just as true to-day; The Book that's lived thro' ages past, Is
Chorus.
just as true to-day. Just as true to-day, Hal-le-lu-jah! Just as true to-

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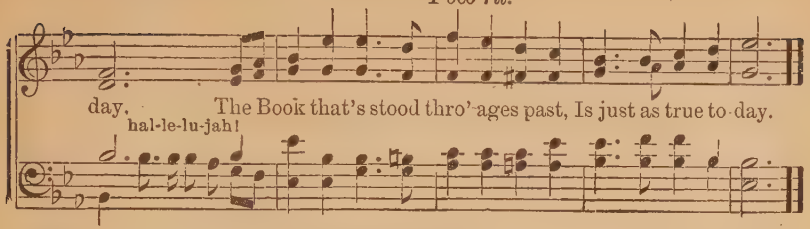
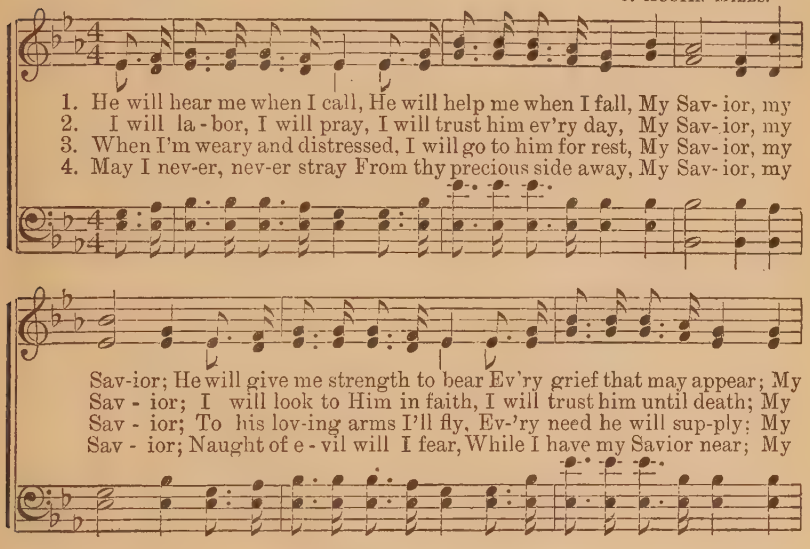
Poco rit.

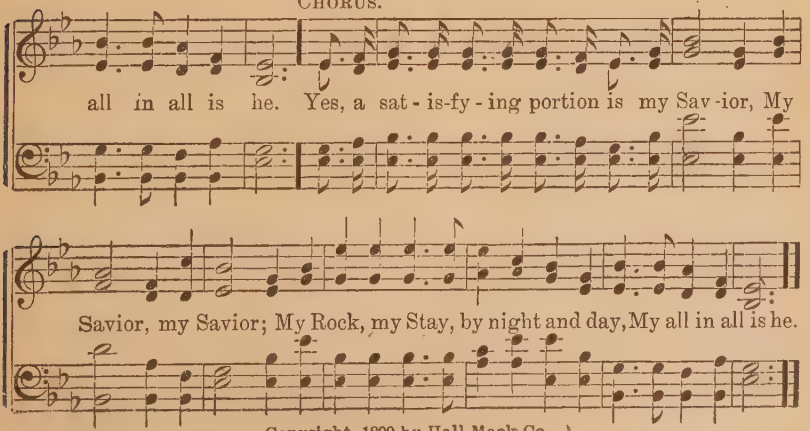


139 My Savior.

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. He will hear me when I call, He will help me when I fall, My Sav-ior, my
2. I will la-bor, I will pray, I will trust him ev'ry day, My Sav-ior, my
3. When I'm weary and distressed, I will go to him for rest, My Sav-ior, my
4. May I nev-er, nev-er stray From thy precious side away, My Sav-ior, my
Sav-ior; He will give me strength to bear Ev'ry grief that may appear; My
Sav-ior; I will look to Him in faith, I will trust him until death; My
Sav-ior; To his lov-ing arms I'll fly, Ev-'ry need he will sup-ply; My
Sav-ior; Naught of e-vil will I fear, While I have my Savior near; My

CHORUS.



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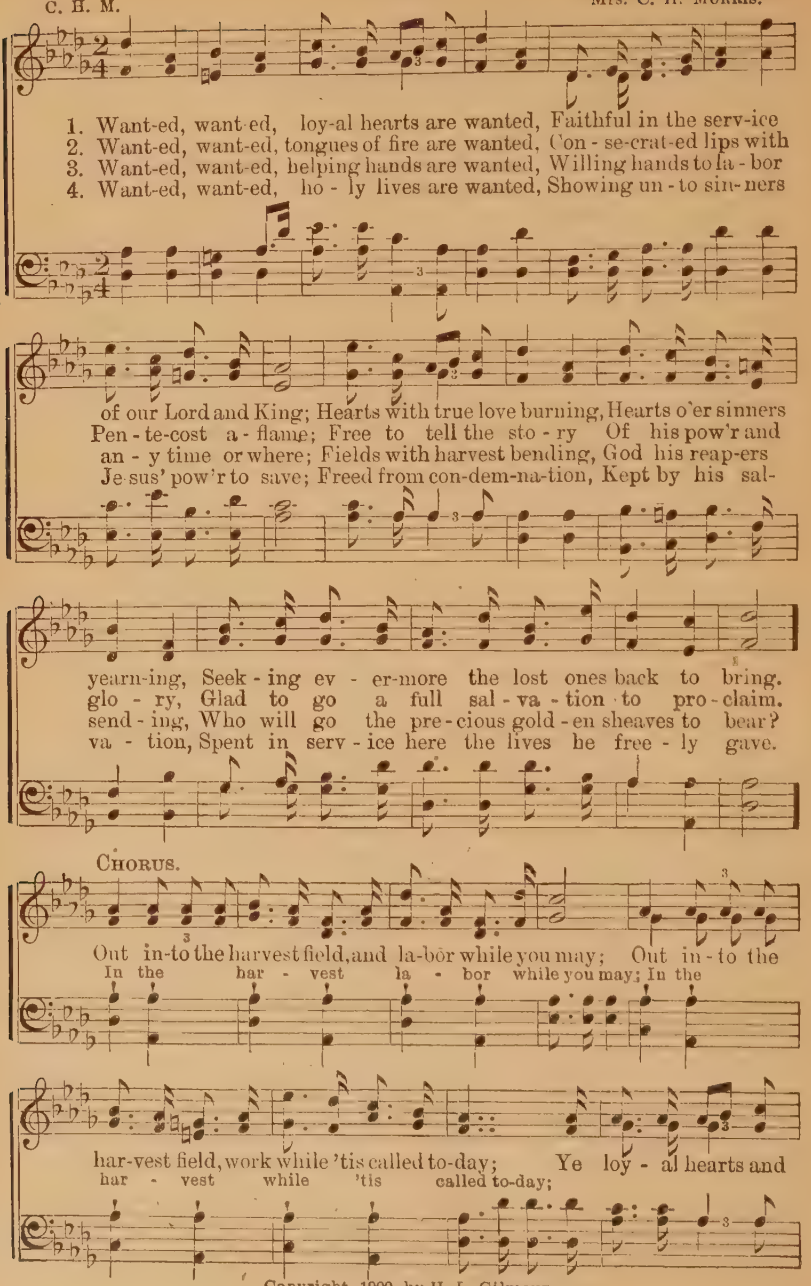
140 Wanted.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Want-ed, want-ed, loy-al hearts are wanted, Faithful in the serv-ice
2. Want-ed, want-ed, tongues of fire are wanted, Con-se-crat-ed lips with
3. Want-ed, want-ed, helping hands are wanted, Willing hands to la-bor
4. Want-ed, want-ed, ho-ly lives are wanted, Showing un-to sin-ners
of our Lord and King; Hearts with true love burning, Hearts o'er sinners
Pen-te-cost a-flame; Free to tell the sto-ry Of his pow'r and
an-y time or where; Fields with harvest bending, God his reap-ers
Je-sus' pow'r to save; Freed from con-dem-na-tion, Kept by his sal-
yearn-ing, Seek-ing ev-er-more the lost ones back to bring.
glo-ry, Glad to go a full sal-va-tion to pro-claim.
send-ing, Who will go the pre-cious gold-en sheaves to bear?
va-tion, Spent in serv-ice here the lives he free-ly gave.
Chorus.
Out in-to the harvest field, and la-bor while you may; Out in-to the
In the har-vest la-bor while you may; In the
har-vest field, work while 'tis called to-day; Ye loy-al hearts and
har-vest while 'tis called to-day;

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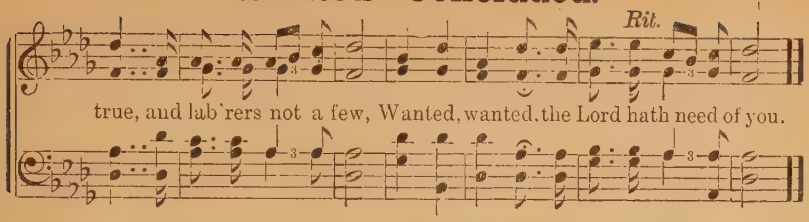
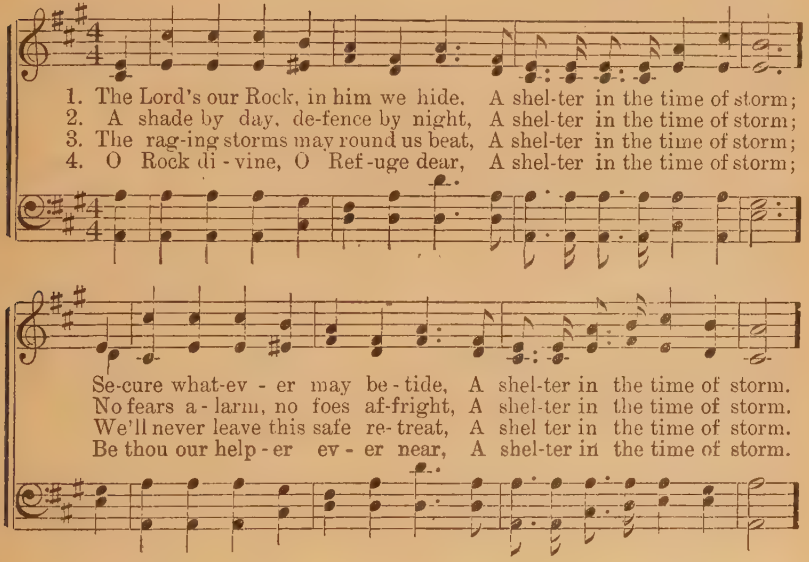
Wanted—Concluded.

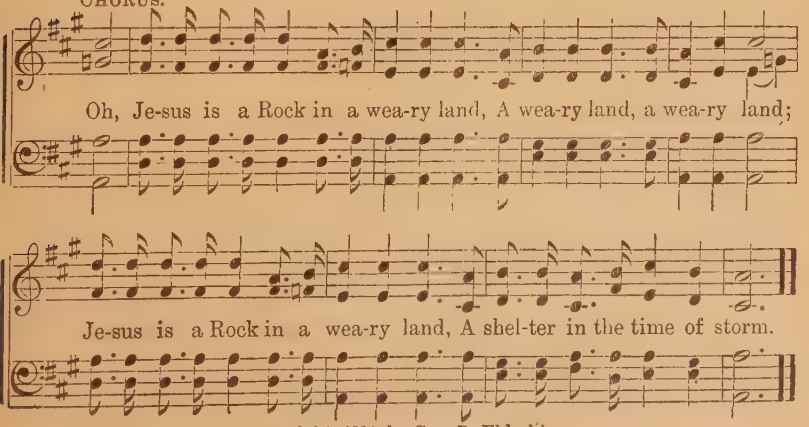


141 A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

Words arranged: GEO. D. ELDERKIN.


1. The Lord's our Rock, in him we hide. A shel-ter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day, de-fence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
3. The rag-ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
Se-cure what-ev-er may be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
We'll never leave this safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
Be thou our help-er ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

CHORUS.



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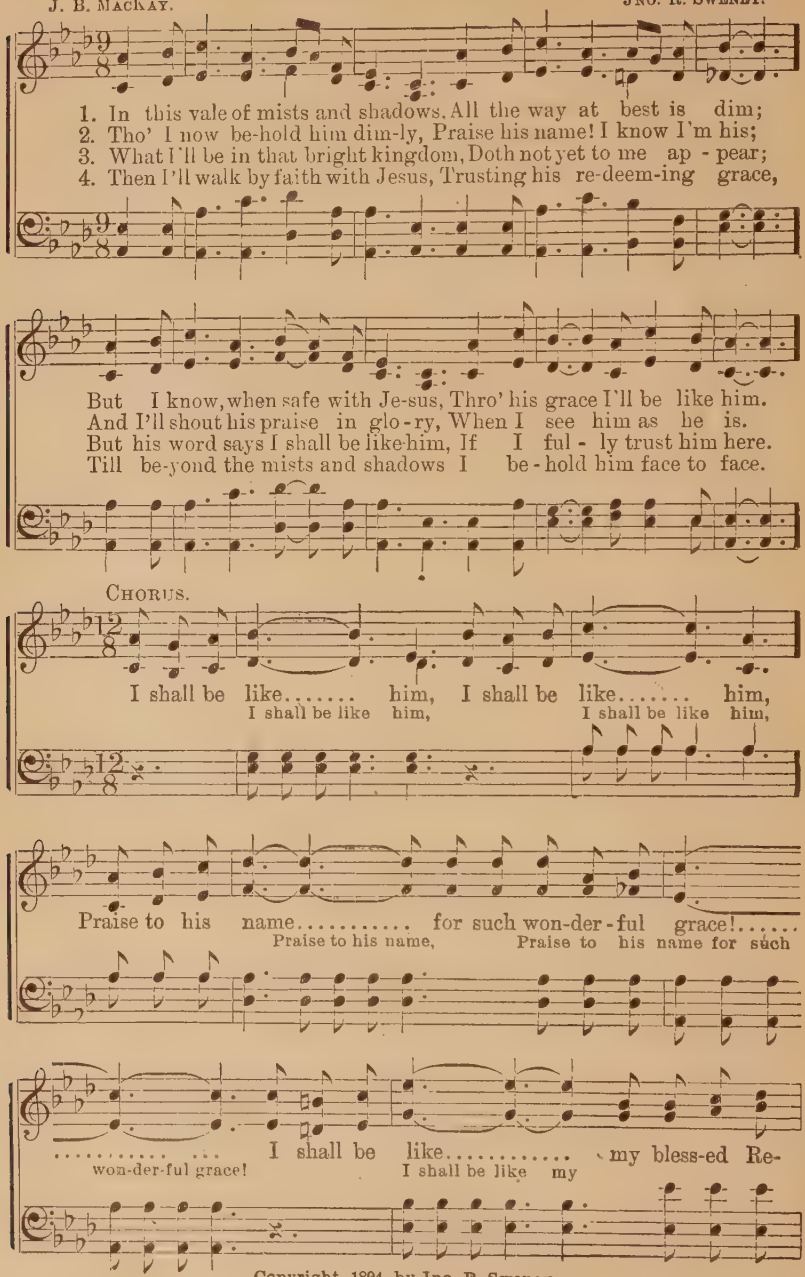
142 I Shall be Like Him.

J. B. MacKay. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. In this vale of mists and shadows. All the way at best is dim;
2. Tho' I now be-hold him dim-ly, Praise his name! I know I'm his;
3. What I'll be in that bright kingdom, Doth not yet to me ap - pear;
4. Then I'll walk by faith with Jesus, Trusting his re-deem-ing grace,
But I know, when safe with Je-sus, Thro' his grace I'll be like him.
And I'll shout his praise in glo-ry, When I see him as he is.
But his word says I shall be like him, If I ful - ly trust him here.
Till be-yond the mists and shadows I be - hold him face to face.
Chorus.
I shall be like..... him, I shall be like..... him,
I shall be like him, I shall be like him,
Praise to his name..... for such won-der-ful grace!.....
Praise to his name, Praise to his name for such
..... I shall be like..... my bless-ed Re-
won-der-ful grace! I shall be like my

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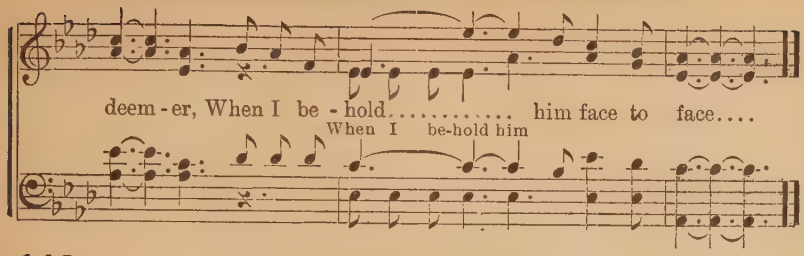
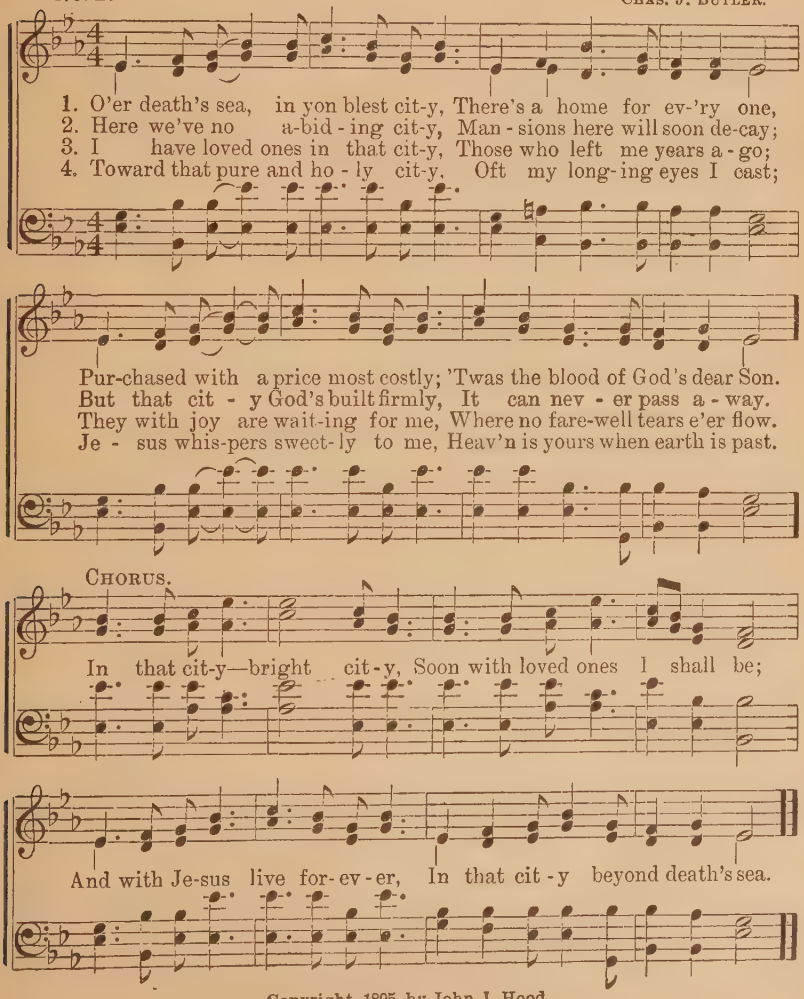
I Shall be Like Him—Concluded.



143 In That City.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.


1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest cit-y, There's a home for ev-'ry one,
2. Here we've no a-bid - ing cit-y, Man - sions here will soon de-cay;
3. I have loved ones in that cit-y, Those who left me years a - go;
4. Toward that pure and ho - ly cit-y. Oft my long-ing eyes I cast;
Pur-chased with a price most costly; 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.
But that cit - y God's built firmly, It can nev - er pass a - way.
They with joy are wait-ing for me, Where no fare-well tears e'er flow.
Je - sus whis-pers sweet - ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.
CHORUS.
In that cit-y—bright cit - y, Soon with loved ones I shall be;
And with Je-sus live for-ev - er, In that cit - y beyond death's sea.

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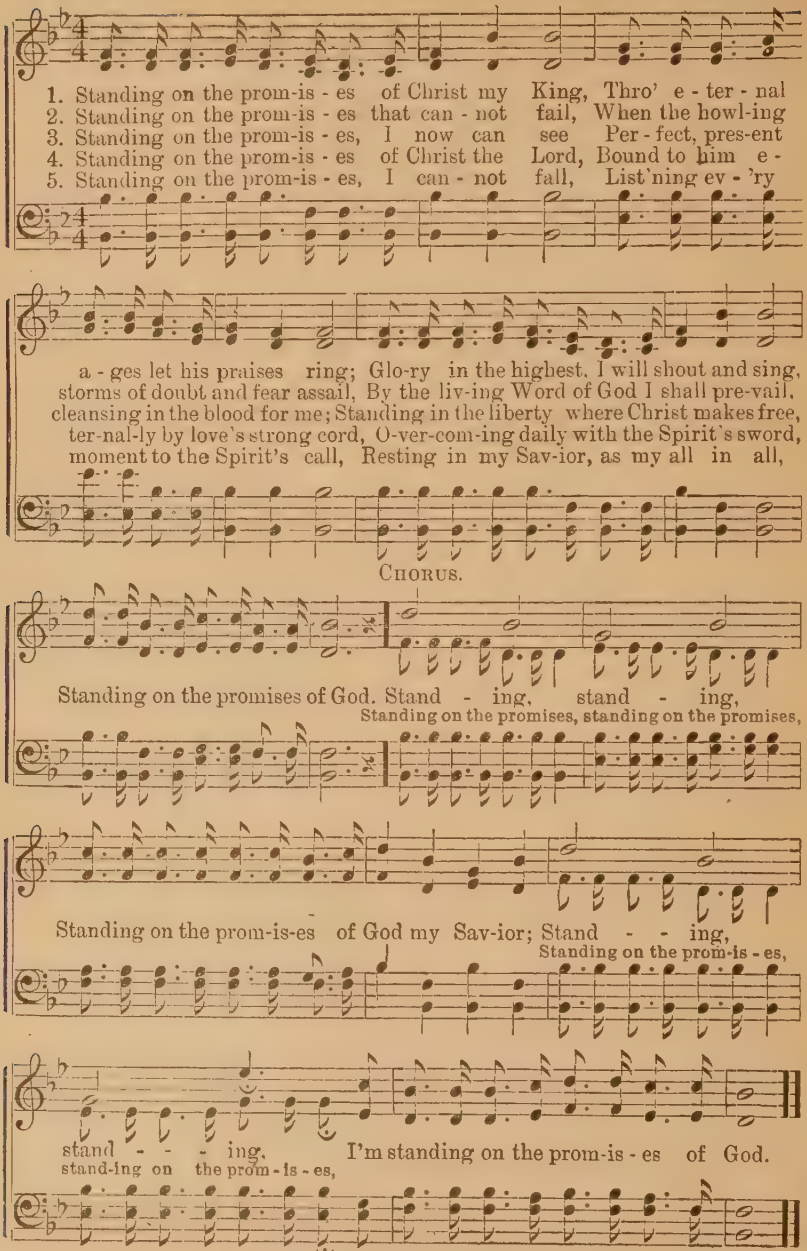
144 Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howl-ing
3. Standing on the prom-is - es, I now can see Per - fect, pres-ent
4. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e -
5. Standing on the prom-is - es, I can - not fall, List'ning ev - 'ry
a - ges let his praises ring; Glo-ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
storms of doubt and fear assail, By the liv-ing Word of God I shall pre-vail,
cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing daily with the Spirit's sword,
moment to the Spirit's call, Resting in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,
Chorus.
Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,
Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior; Stand - - ing,
Standing on the prom-is - es,
stand - - - ing, I'm standing on the prom-is - es of God.
stand-ing on the prom-is - es,

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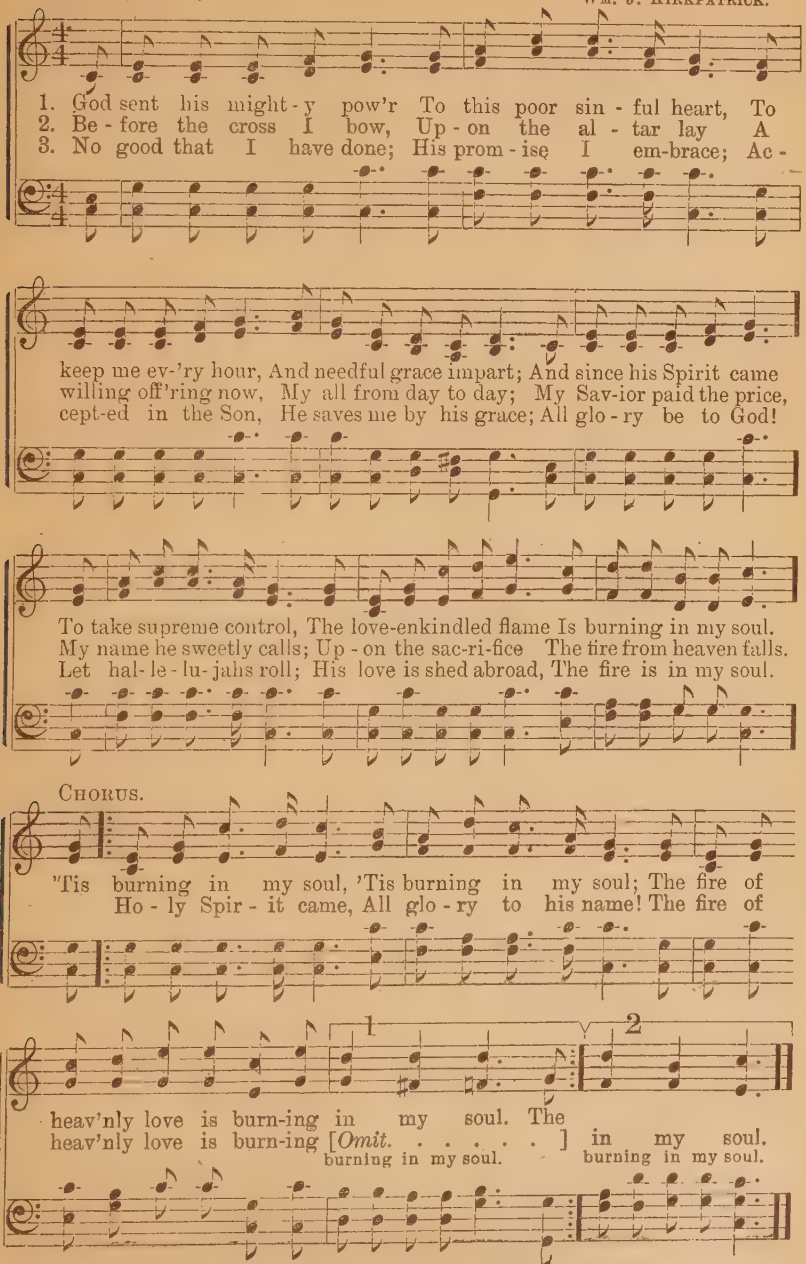
145 'Tis Burning in My Soul.

DELIA T. WHITE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. God sent his might-y pow'r To this poor sin-ful heart, To
2. Be-fore the cross I bow, Up-on the al-tar lay A
3. No good that I have done; His prom-ise I em-brace; Ac-
keep me ev-'ry hour, And needful grace impart; And since his Spirit came
willing off'ring now, My all from day to day; My Sav-ior paid the price,
cept-ed in the Son, He saves me by his grace; All glo-ry be to God!
To take supreme control, The love-enkindled flame Is burning in my soul.
My name he sweetly calls; Up-on the sac-ri-fice The fire from heaven falls.
Let hal-le-lu-jahs roll; His love is shed abroad, The fire is in my soul.
CHORUS.
'Tis burning in my soul, 'Tis burning in my soul; The fire of
Ho-ly Spir-it came, All glo-ry to his name! The fire of
1
2
heav'nly love is burn-ing in my soul. The
heav'nly love is burn-ing [Omit. . . . .] in my soul.
burning in my soul. burning in my soul.

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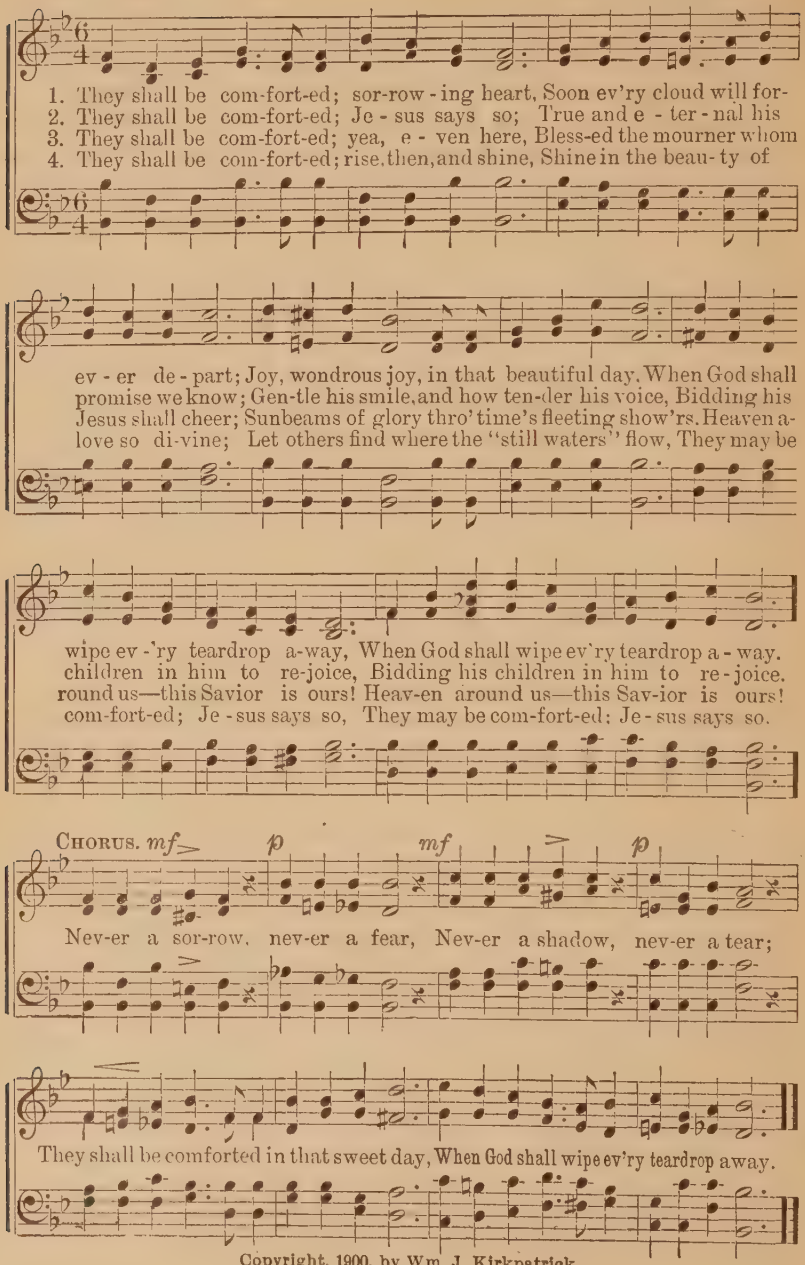
146 They Shall be Comforted.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. They shall be com-fort-ed; sor-row-ing heart, Soon ev'ry cloud will for-
2. They shall be com-fort-ed; Je-sus says so; True and e-ter-nal his
3. They shall be com-fort-ed; yea, e-ven here, Bless-ed the mourner whom
4. They shall be com-fort-ed; rise, then, and shine, Shine in the beau-ty of
ev-er de-part; Joy, wondrous joy, in that beautiful day. When God shall
promise we know; Gen-tle his smile, and how ten-der his voice, Bidding his
Jesus shall cheer; Sunbeams of glory thro' time's fleeting show'rs. Heaven a-
love so di-vine; Let others find where the "still waters" flow, They may be
wipe ev-'ry teardrop a-way, When God shall wipe ev'ry teardrop a-way.
children in him to re-joice, Bidding his children in him to re-joice.
round us—this Savior is ours! Heav-en around us—this Sav-ior is ours!
com-fort-ed; Je-sus says so, They may be com-fort-ed; Je-sus says so.
Chorus. mf p mf p
Nev-er a sor-row, nev-er a fear, Nev-er a shadow, nev-er a tear;
They shall be comforted in that sweet day, When God shall wipe ev'ry teardrop away.

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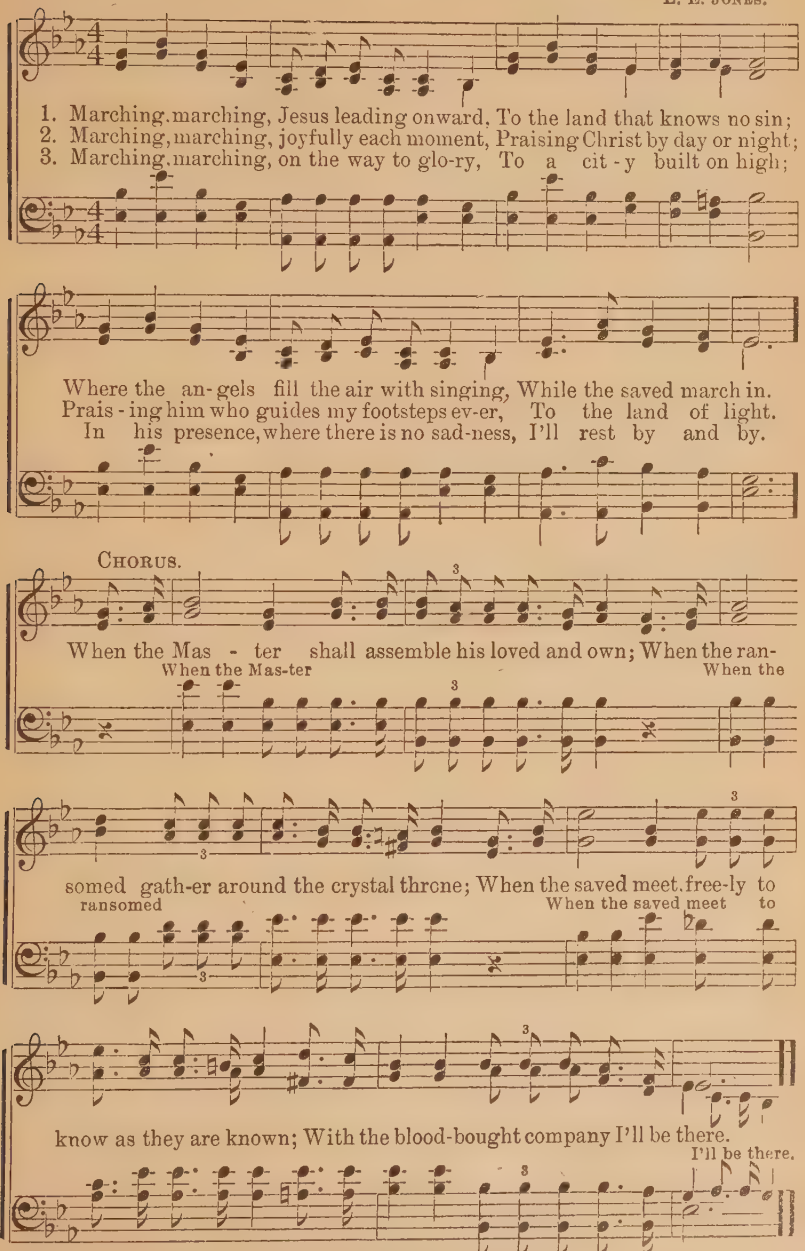
147 With the Blood-Bought I'll be There

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.


1. Marching, marching, Jesus leading onward, To the land that knows no sin;
2. Marching, marching, joyfully each moment, Praising Christ by day or night;
3. Marching, marching, on the way to glo-ry, To a cit-y built on high;
Where the an-gels fill the air with singing, While the saved march in.
Prais-ing him who guides my footsteps ev-er, To the land of light.
In his presence, where there is no sad-ness, I'll rest by and by.
Chorus.
When the Mas-ter shall assemble his loved and own; When the ran-
When the Mas-ter
When the
somed gath-er around the crystal throne; When the saved meet free-ly to
ransomed
When the saved meet to
know as they are known; With the blood-bought company I'll be there.
I'll be there.

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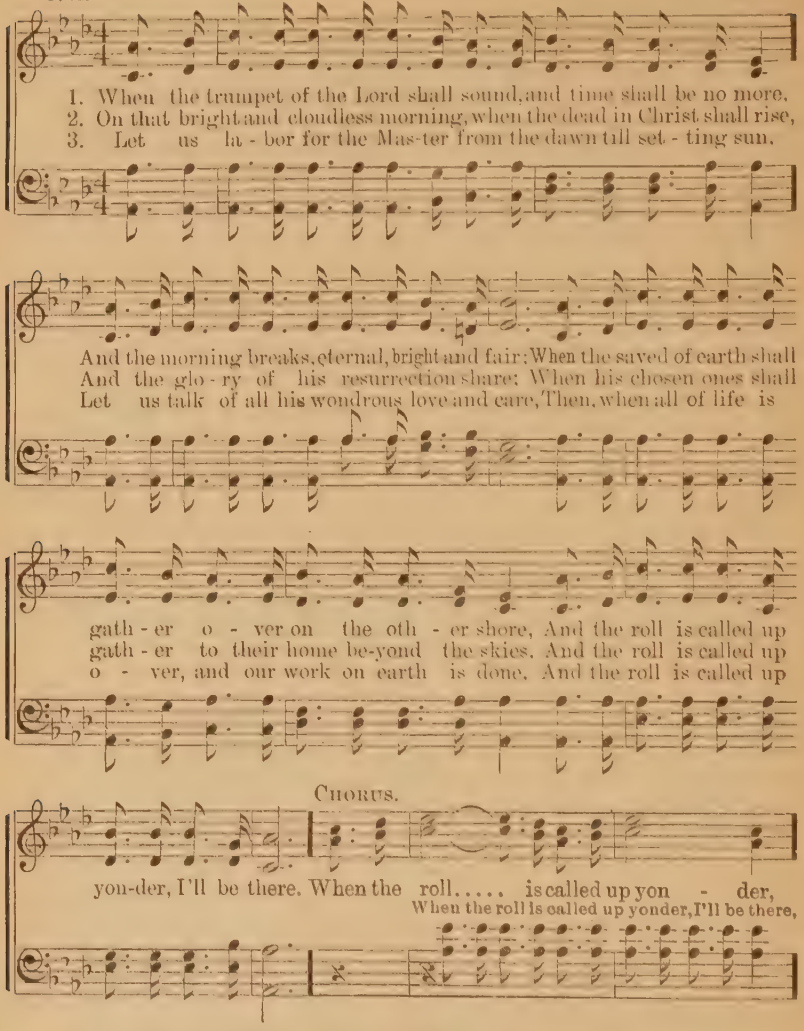
148 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

J. M. B. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
And the glo - ry of his resurrection share; When his chosen ones shall
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is
gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up
gath - er to their home be-yond the skies. And the roll is called up
o - ver, and our work on earth is done. And the roll is called up
CHORUS.
yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is called up yon - der,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there,
When the roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,

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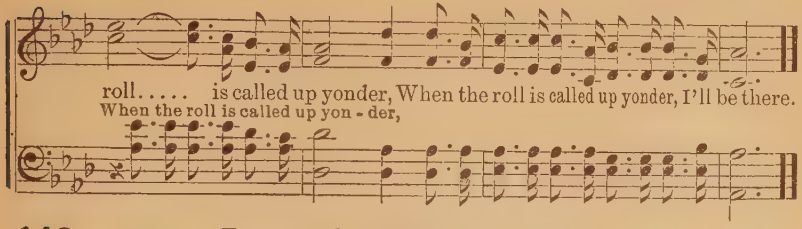
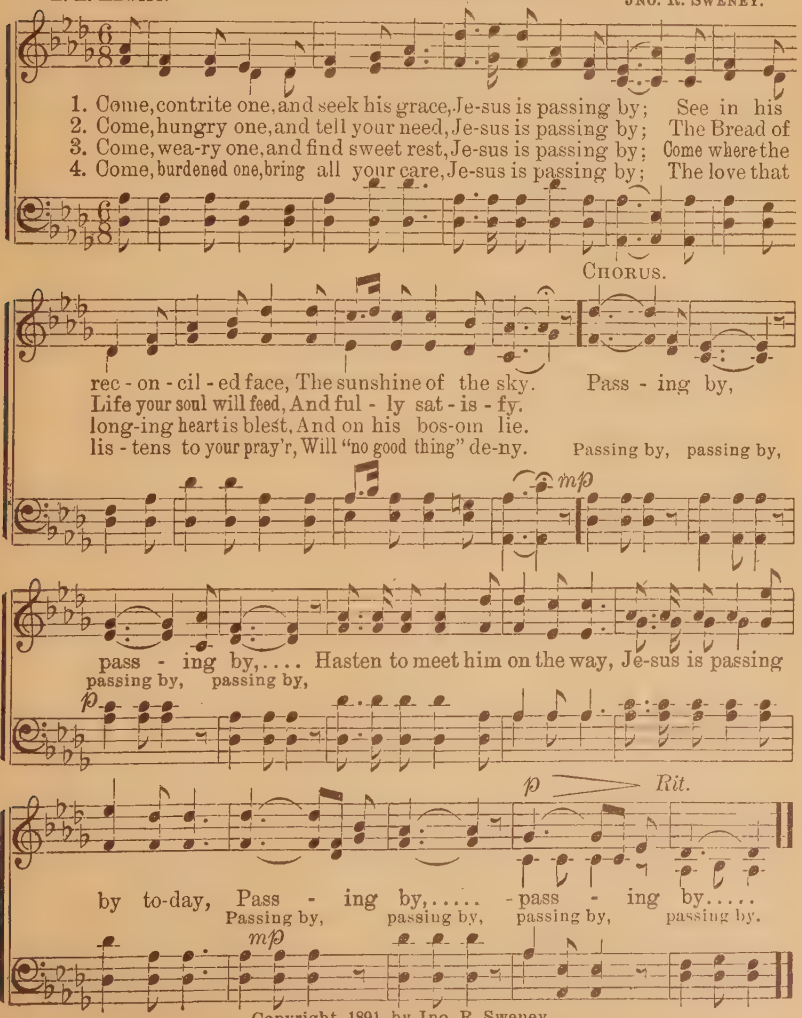


149 Jesus is Passing By.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Come, contrite one, and seek his grace, Je-sus is passing by; See in his
2. Come, hungry one, and tell your need, Je-sus is passing by; The Bread of
3. Come, wea-ry one, and find sweet rest, Je-sus is passing by; Come where the
4. Come, burdened one, bring all your care, Je-sus is passing by; The love that
Chorus.
rec - on - cil - ed face, The sunshine of the sky. Pass - ing by,
Life your soul will feed, And ful - ly sat - is - fy.
long-ing heart is blest, And on his bos-om lie.
lis - tens to your pray'r, Will "no good thing" de-ny.
Passing by, passing by,
mp
pass - ing by,..... Hasten to meet him on the way, Je-sus is passing
passing by, passing by,
p
p Rit.
by to-day, Pass - ing by,..... - pass - ing by.....
Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by.
mp

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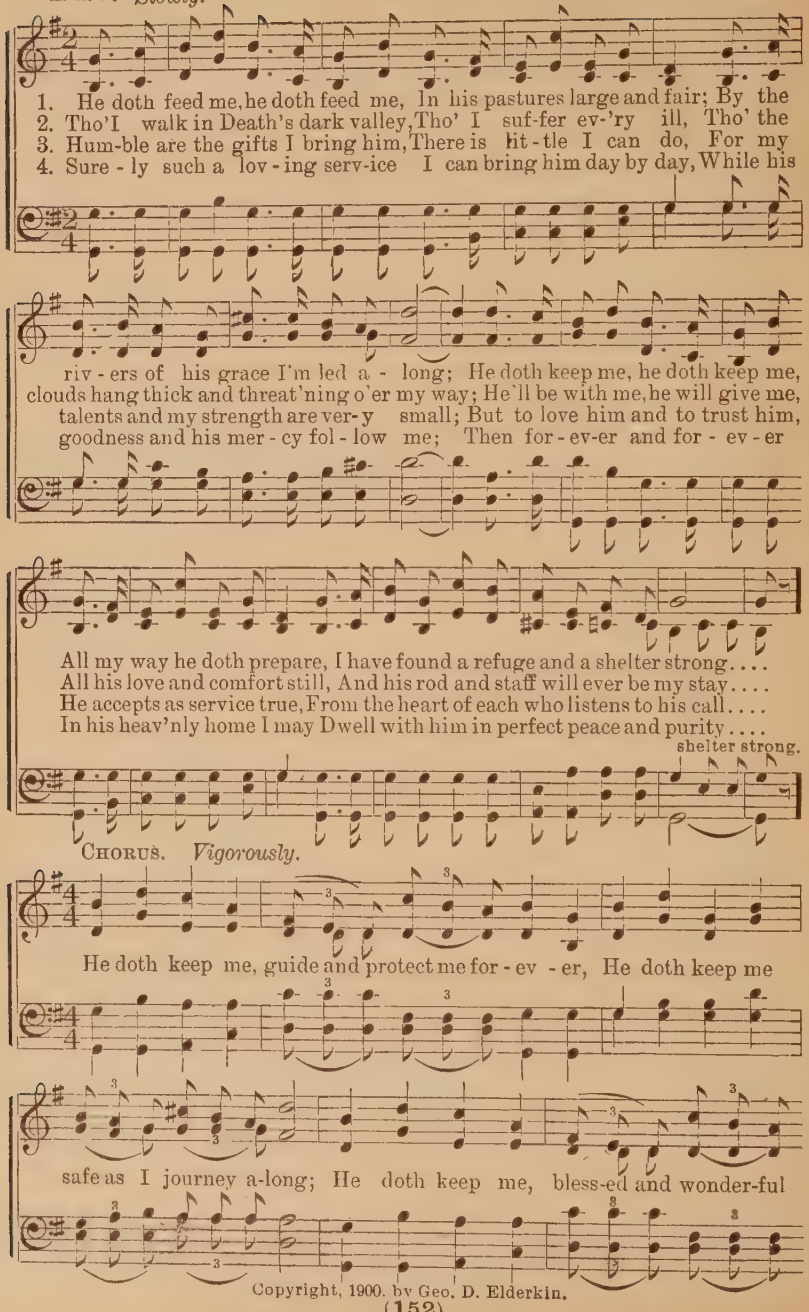
150 He Doth Keep Me.

A. H. B. *Slowly.* A. H. BRADON.

1. He doth feed me, he doth feed me, In his pastures large and fair; By the
2. Tho'I walk in Death's dark valley, Tho' I suf-fer ev-'ry ill, Tho' the
3. Hum-ble are the gifts I bring him, There is lit-tle I can do, For my
4. Sure-ly such a lov-ing serv-ice I can bring him day by day, While his
riv-ers of his grace I'm led a-long; He doth keep me, he doth keep me,
clouds hang thick and threat'ning o'er my way; He'll be with me, he will give me,
talents and my strength are ver-y small; But to love him and to trust him,
goodness and his mer-cy fol-low me; Then for-ev-er and for-ev-er
All my way he doth prepare, I have found a refuge and a shelter strong....
All his love and comfort still, And his rod and staff will ever be my stay....
He accepts as service true, From the heart of each who listens to his call....
In his heav'nly home I may Dwell with him in perfect peace and purity....
shelter strong.
CHORUS. *Vigorously.*
He doth keep me, guide and protect me for-ev-er, He doth keep me
safe as I journey a-long; He doth keep me, bless-ed and wonder-ful

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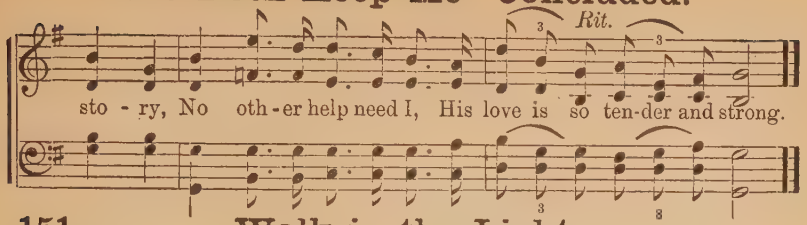
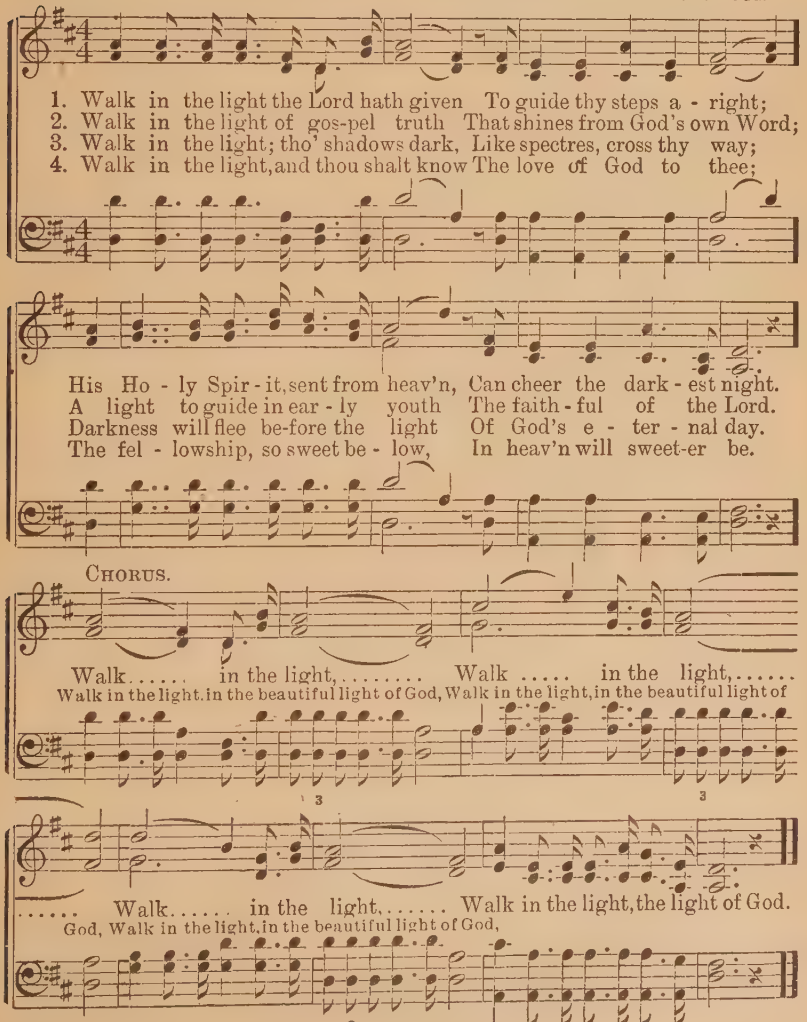


151 Walk in the Light.

ASA HULL. GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Walk in the light the Lord hath given To guide thy steps a - right;
2. Walk in the light of gos-pel truth That shines from God's own Word;
3. Walk in the light; tho' shadows dark, Like spectres, cross thy way;
4. Walk in the light, and thou shalt know The love of God to thee;
His Ho - ly Spir - it, sent from heav'n, Can cheer the dark - est night.
A light to guide in ear - ly youth The faith - ful of the Lord.
Darkness will flee be-fore the light Of God's e - ter - nal day.
The fel - lowship, so sweet be - low, In heav'n will sweet-er be.
CHORUS.
Walk..... in the light,..... Walk ..... in the light,.....
Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of God, Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of
..... Walk..... in the light,..... Walk in the light, the light of God.
God, Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of God,

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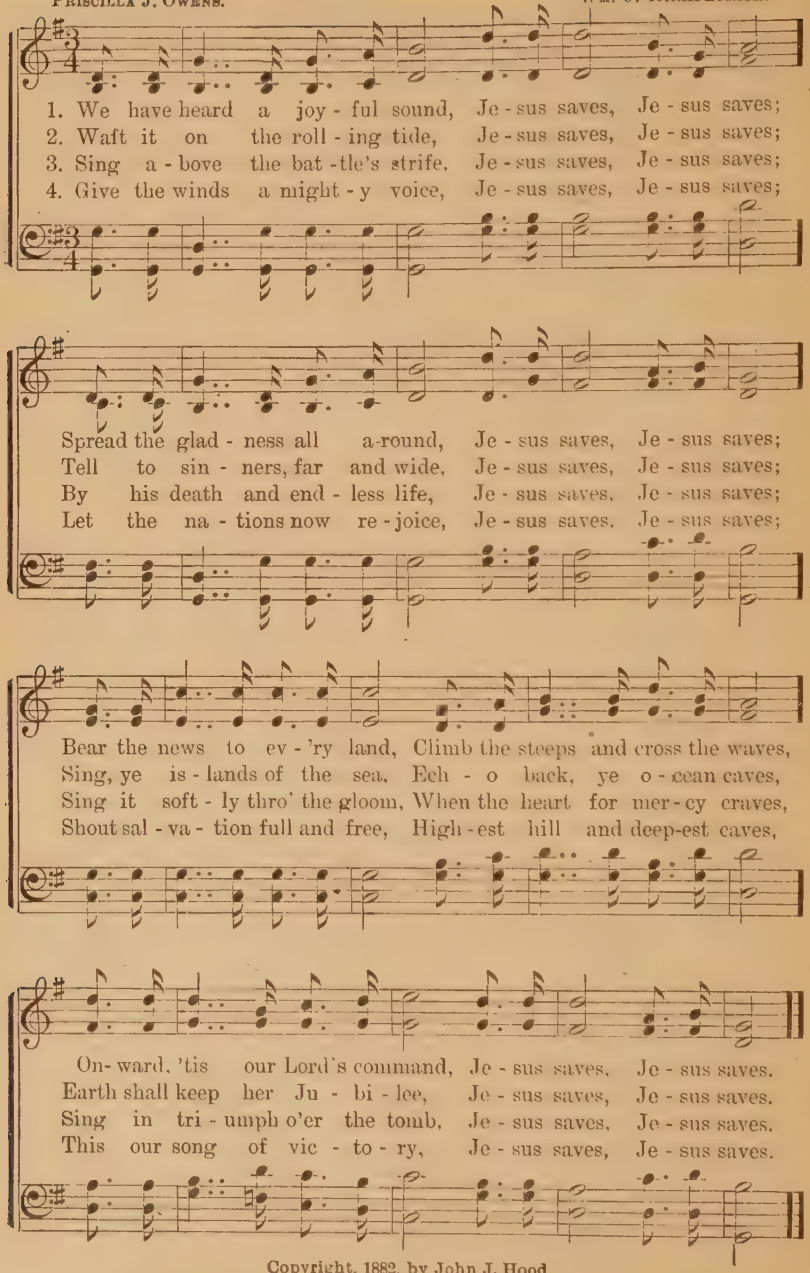
152 Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Spread the glad - ness all a-round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hill and deep-est caves,
On- ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Earth shall keep her Ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

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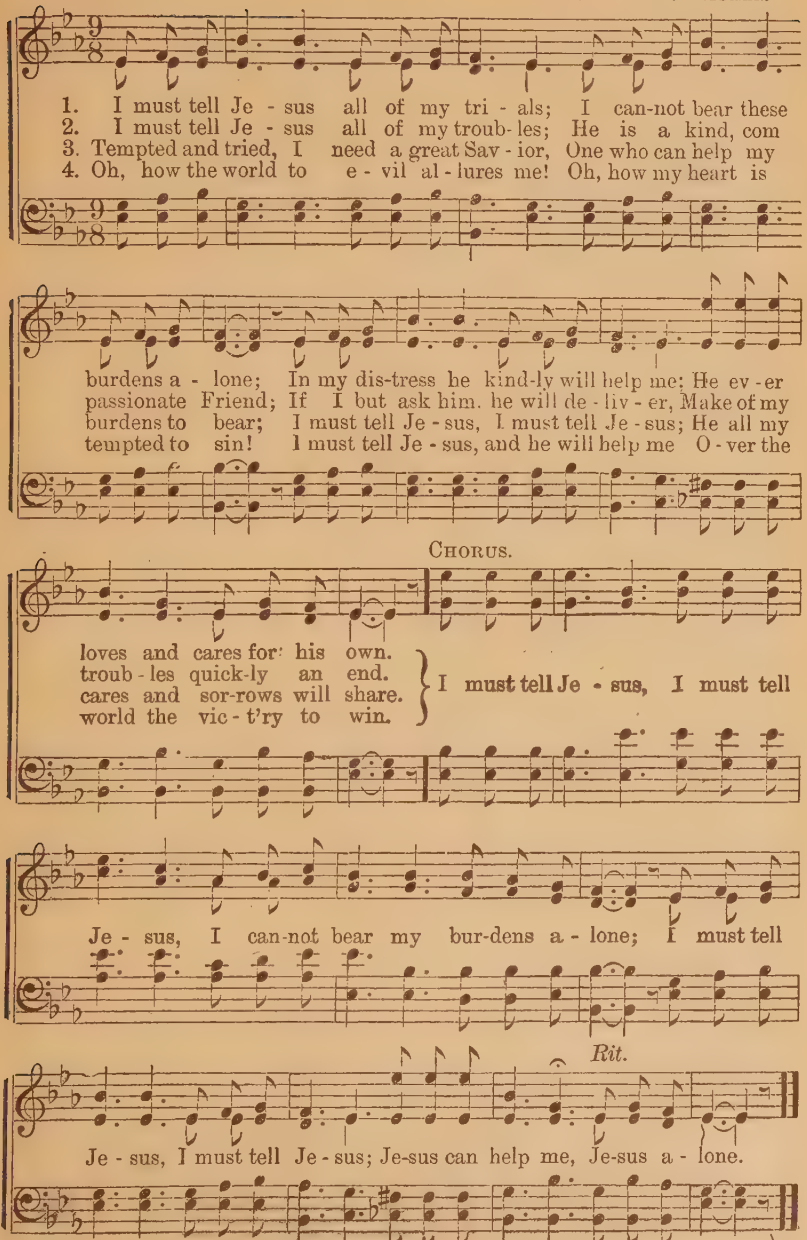
153 I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com
3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. Oh, how the world to e - vil al - lures me! Oh, how my heart is
burdens a - lone; In my dis-tress he kind-ly will help me; He ev - er
passionate Friend; If I but ask him, he will de - liv - er, Make of my
burdens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and he will help me O - ver the
Chorus.
loves and cares for his own.
troub - les quick-ly an end.
cares and sor-rows will share.
world the vic - t'ry to win.
I must tell Je - sus, I must tell
Je - sus, I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell
Rit.
Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone.

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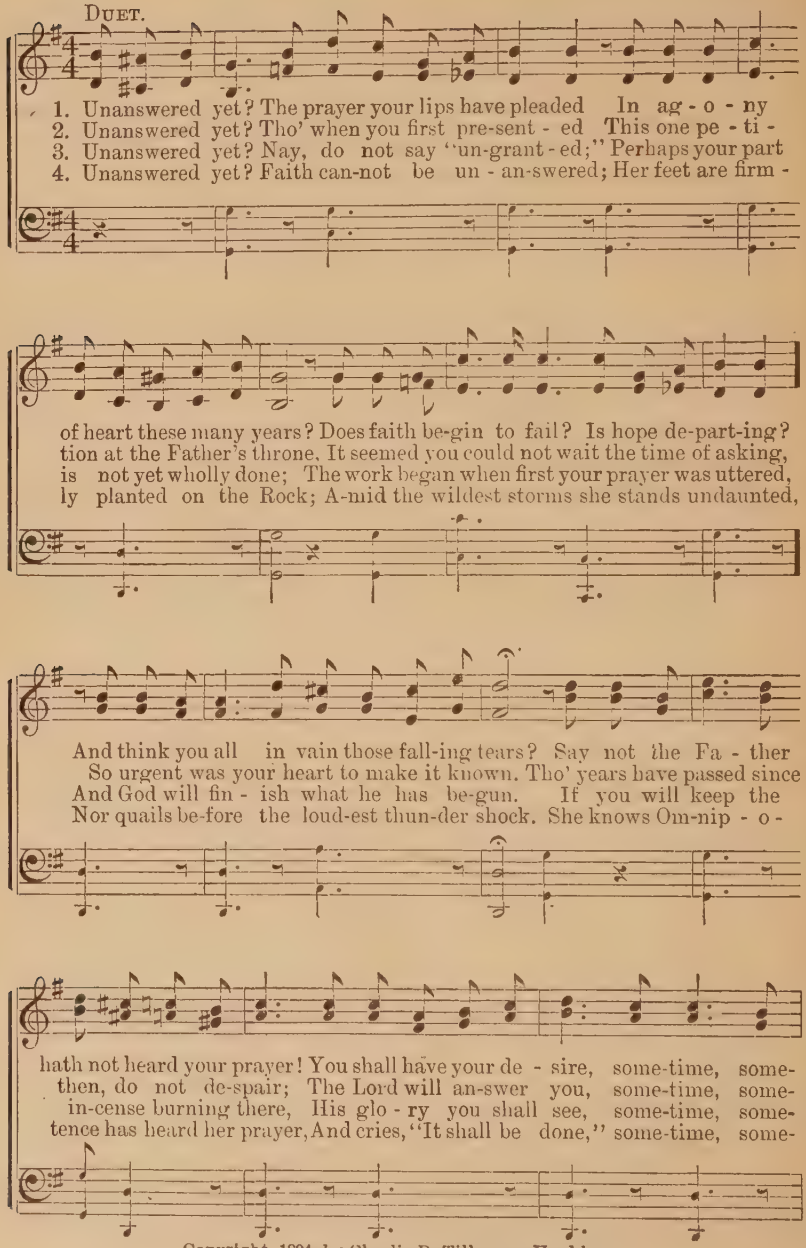
Sometime, Somewhere.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.


DUET.
1. Unanswered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded In ag - o - ny
2. Unanswered yet? Tho' when you first pre-sent - ed This one pe - ti -
3. Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say "un-grant - ed;" Perhaps your part
4. Unanswered yet? Faith can-not be un - an-swered; Her feet are firm -
of heart these many years? Does faith be-gin to fail? Is hope de-part-ing?
tion at the Father's throne. It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
is not yet wholly done; The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
ly planted on the Rock; A-mid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
And think you all in vain those fall-ing tears? Say not the Fa - ther
So urgent was your heart to make it known. Tho' years have passed since
And God will fin - ish what he has be-gun. If you will keep the
Nor quails be-fore the loud-est thun-der shock. She knows Om-nip - o -
hath not heard your prayer! You shall have your de - sire, some-time, some-
then, do not de-spair; The Lord will an-swer you, some-time, some-
in-cense burning there, His glo - ry you shall see, some-time, some-
tence has heard her prayer, And cries, "It shall be done," some-time, some-

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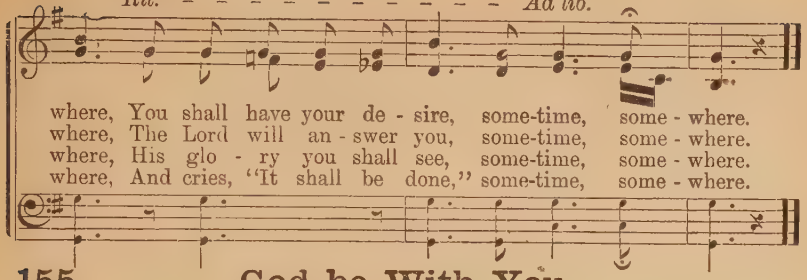
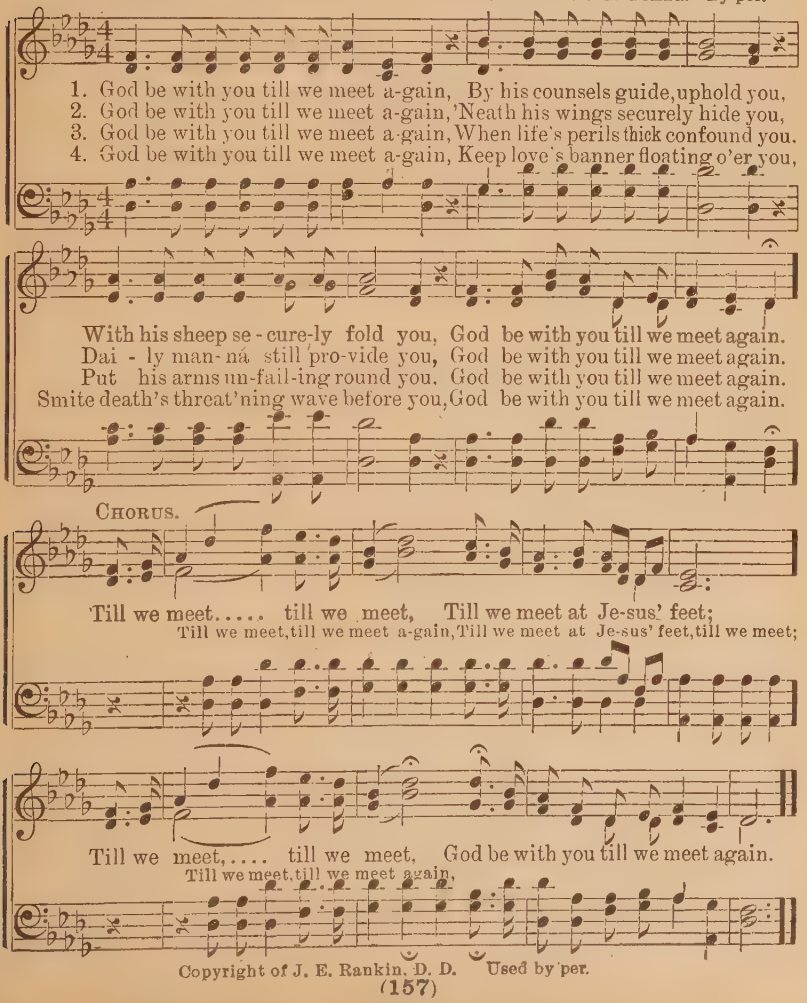
Sometime, Somewhere—Concluded.


Rit.
Ad lib.
where, You shall have your de - sire, some-time, some - where.
where, The Lord will an - swer you, some-time, some - where.
where, His glo - ry you shall see, some-time, some - where.
where, And cries, "It shall be done," some-time, some - where.

155 God be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer. By per.


1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath his wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you.
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
With his sheep se - cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Dai - ly man-ná still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put his arms un-fail-ing round you. God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.
Chorus.
Till we meet..... till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet, till we meet;
Till we meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet again.

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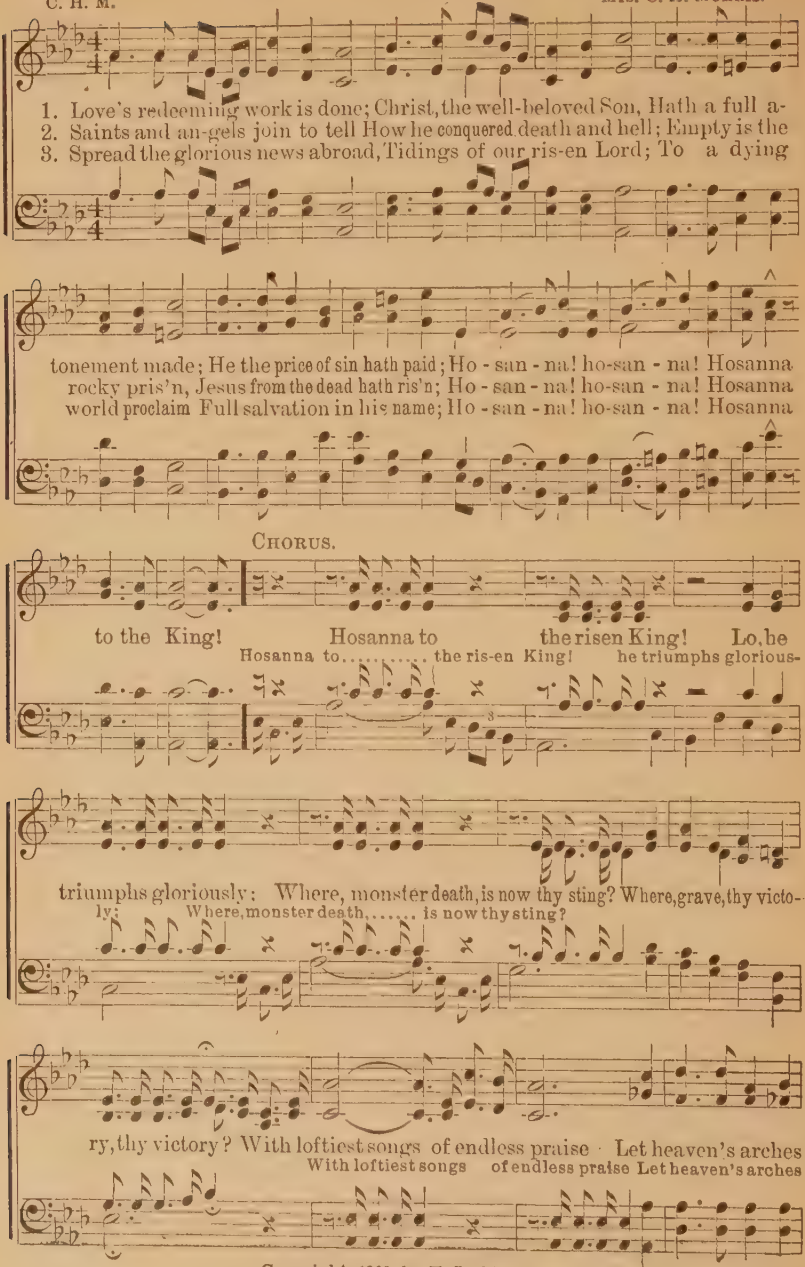
Hosanna to the King!

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Love's redeeming work is done; Christ, the well-beloved Son, Hath a full a-
2. Saints and an-gels join to tell How he conquered death and hell; Empty is the
3. Spread the glorious news abroad, Tidings of our ris-en Lord; To a dying
tonement made; He the price of sin hath paid; Ho - san - na! ho-san - na! Hosanna
rocky pris'n, Jesus from the dead hath ris'n; Ho - san - na! ho-san - na! Hosanna
world proclaim Full salvation in his name; Ho - san - na! ho-san - na! Hosanna
Chorus.
to the King! Hosanna to the risen King! Lo, he
Hosanna to..... the ris-en King! he triumphs glorious-
triumphs gloriously; Where, monster death, is now thy sting? Where, grave, thy victo-
ly; Where, monster death, ... is now thy sting?
ry, thy victory? With loftiest songs of endless praise Let heaven's arches
With loftiest songs of endless praise Let heaven's arches

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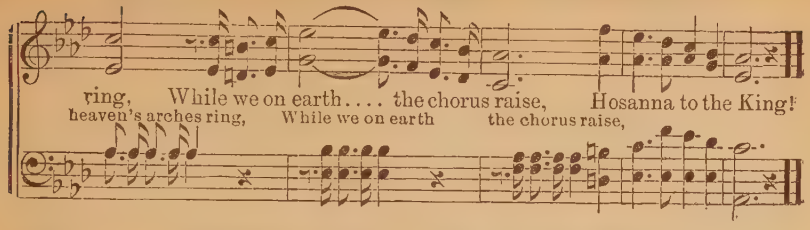
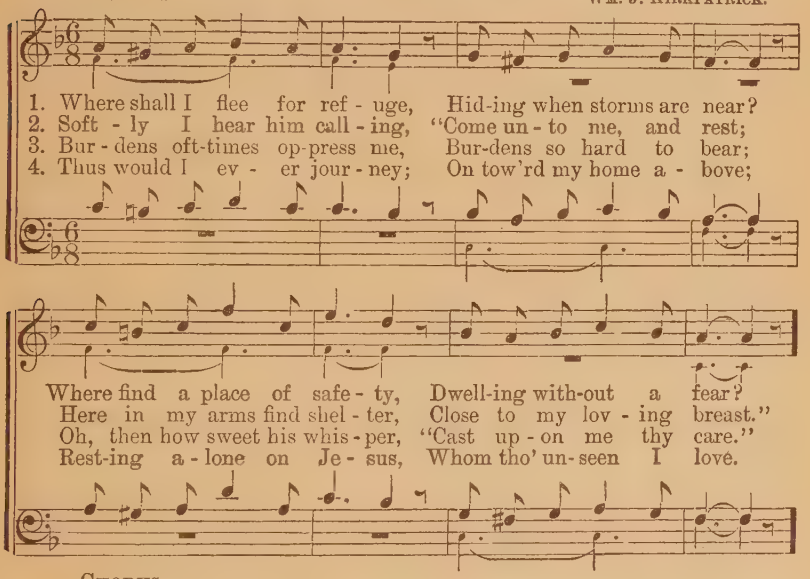
Hosanna to the King!—Concluded.

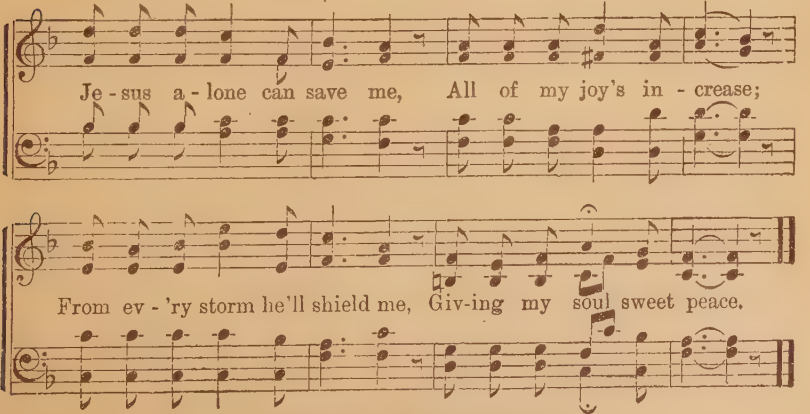


157 Jesus Alone Can Save Me.

KATE ULMER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Where shall I flee for ref - uge, Hid-ing when storms are near?
2. Soft - ly I hear him call - ing, "Come un - to me, and rest;
3. Bur - dens oft-times op-press me, Bur-dens so hard to bear;
4. Thus would I ev - er jour - ney; On tow'rd my home a - bove;
Where find a place of safe - ty, Dwell-ing with-out a fear?
Here in my arms find shel - ter, Close to my lov - ing breast."
Oh, then how sweet his whis - per, "Cast up - on me thy care."
Rest-ing a - lone on Je - sus, Whom tho' un-seen I love.

CHORUS.



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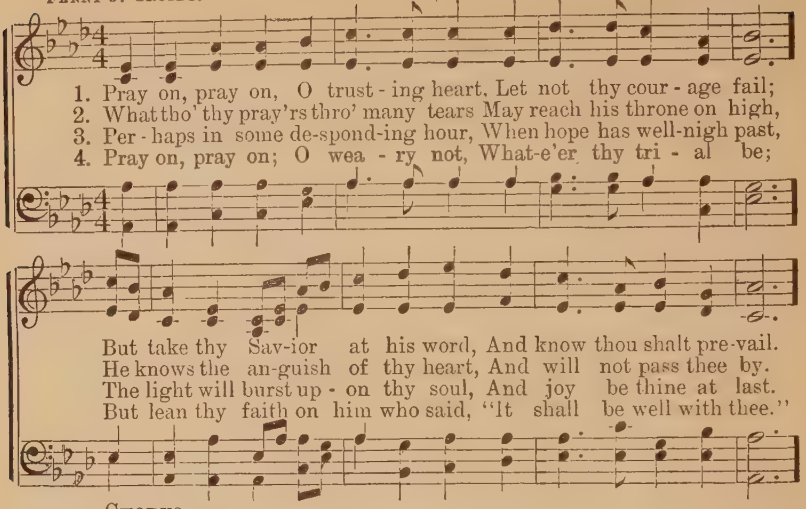
158 Balm in Secret Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY


1. Pray on, pray on, O trust - ing heart, Let not thy cour - age fail;
2. What tho' thy pray'rs thro' many tears May reach his throne on high,
3. Per - haps in some de-spond-ing hour, When hope has well-nigh past,
4. Pray on, pray on; O wea - ry not, What-e'er thy tri - al be;
But take thy Sav-ior at his word, And know thou shalt pre-vail.
He knows the an-guish of thy heart, And will not pass thee by.
The light will burst up - on thy soul, And joy be thine at last.
But lean thy faith on him who said, "It shall be well with thee."
CHORUS.
Tho' the cross is hard to bear, There is balm in se-cret prayer;
hard to bear, secret prayer;
Go and tell... thy sorrows there, And leave it all....with Je-sus.
Go and tell thy sorrows there,

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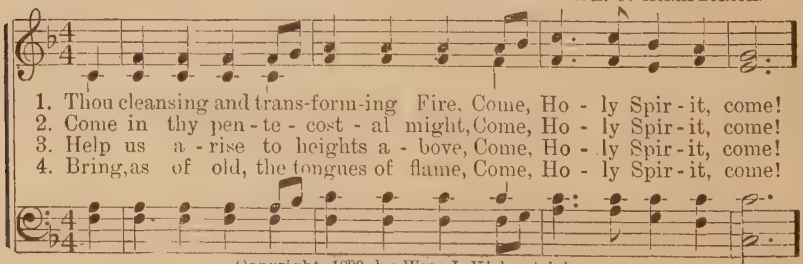
159 Come, Holy Spirit.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Thou cleansing and trans-form-ing Fire, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come!
2. Come in thy pen - te - cost - al might, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come!
3. Help us a - rise to heights a - bove, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come!
4. Bring, as of old, the tongues of flame, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come!

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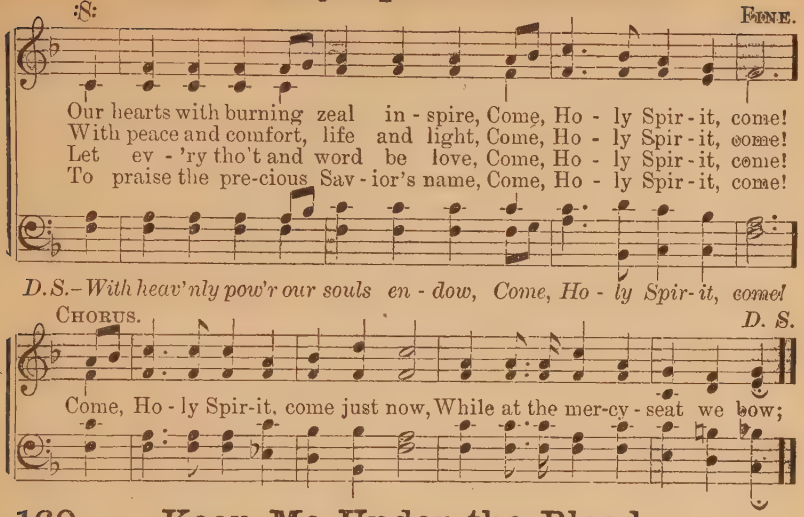
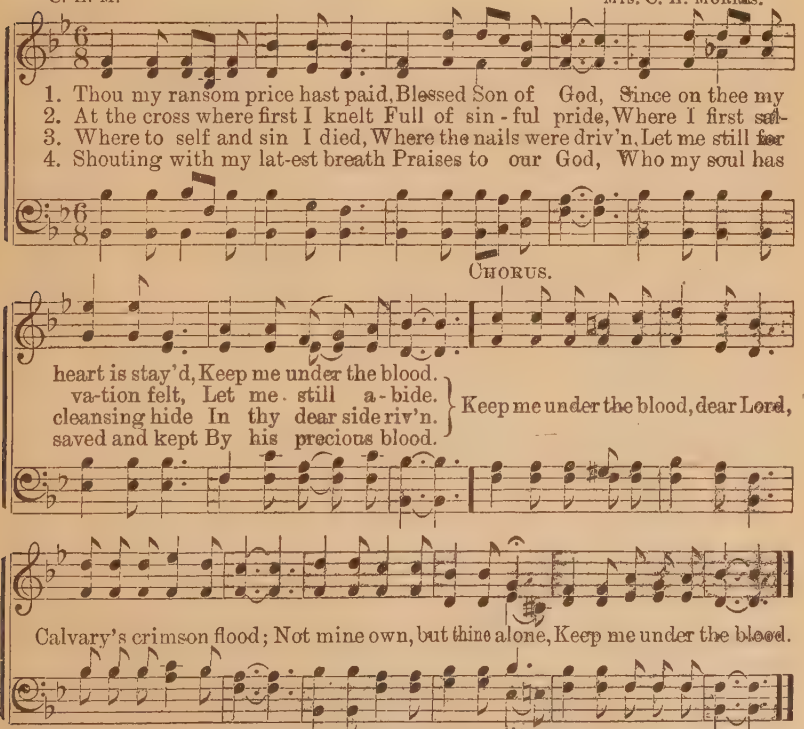
Come, Holy Spirit—Concluded.


:S:
FINE.
Our hearts with burning zeal in - spire, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come!
With peace and comfort, life and light, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come!
Let ev - 'ry tho't and word be love, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come!
To praise the pre-cious Sav - ior's name, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come!
D.S.—With heav'nly pow'r our souls en - dow, Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come!
CHORUS.
D. S.
Come, Ho - ly Spir-it, come just now, While at the mer-cy - seat we bow;

160 Keep Me Under the Blood.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.


1. Thou my ransom price hast paid, Blessed Son of God, Since on thee my
2. At the cross where first I knelt Full of sin - ful pride, Where I first sal-
3. Where to self and sin I died, Where the nails were driv'n, Let me still lay
4. Shouting with my lat-est breath Praises to our God, Who my soul has
CHORUS.
heart is stay'd, Keep me under the blood.
va-tion felt, Let me still a - bide.
cleansing hide In thy dear side riv'n.
saved and kept By his precious blood.
Keep me under the blood, dear Lord,
Calvary's crimson flood; Not mine own, but thine alone, Keep me under the blood.

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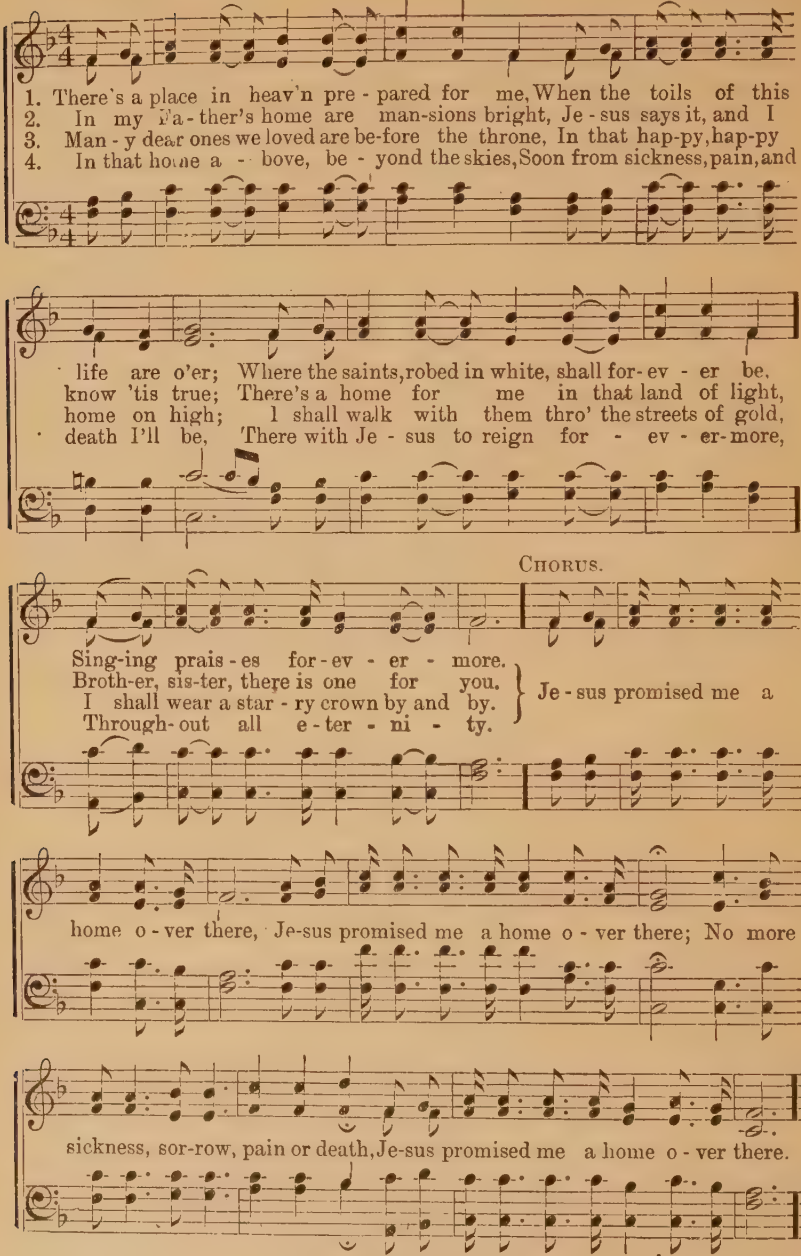
161 Jesus Promised Me a Home.

H. LUTTON. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. There's a place in heav'n pre - pared for me, When the toils of this
2. In my Fa - ther's home are man-sions bright, Je - sus says it, and I
3. Man - y dear ones we loved are be-fore the throne, In that hap-py, hap-py
4. In that home a - bove, be - yond the skies, Soon from sickness, pain, and
life are o'er; Where the saints, robed in white, shall for-ev - er be.
know 'tis true; There's a home for me in that land of light,
home on high; I shall walk with them thro' the streets of gold,
death I'll be, There with Je - sus to reign for - ev - er-more,
CHORUS.
Sing-ing prais - es for-ev - er - more.
Broth-er, sis-ter, there is one for you.
I shall wear a star - ry crown by and by.
Through-out all e-ter - ni - ty.
Je - sus promised me a
home o - ver there, Je-sus promised me a home o - ver there; No more
sickness, sor-row, pain or death, Je-sus promised me a home o - ver there.

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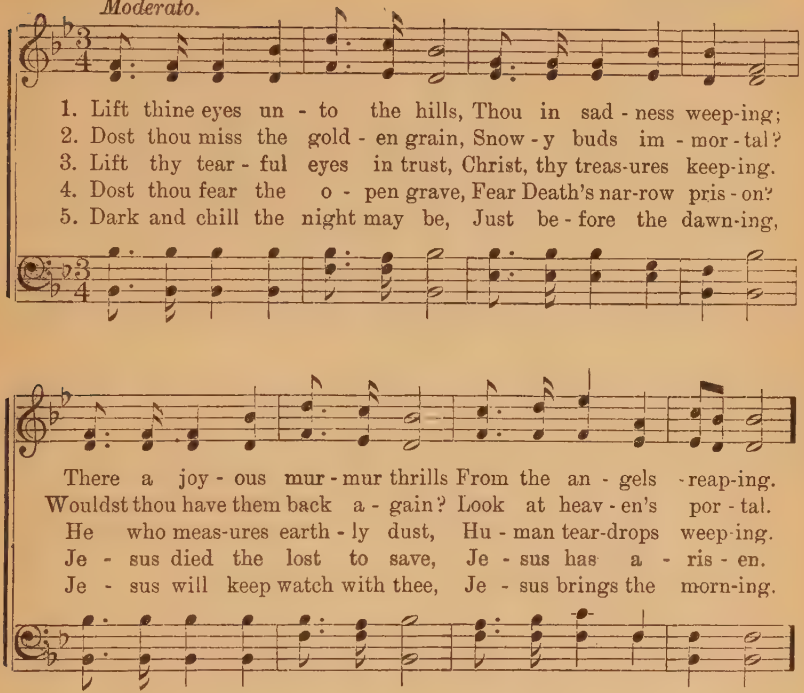
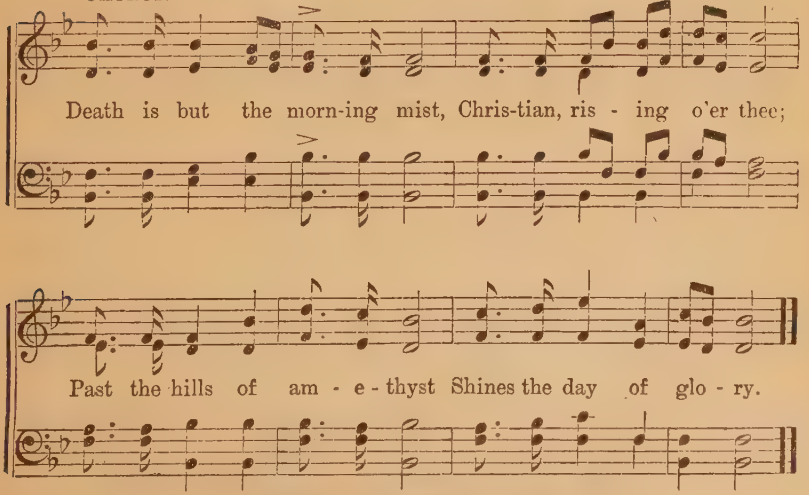
The Hills of Amethyst.

Miss P. J. Owens. Harry Sanders.

Moderato.


1. Lift thine eyes un - to the hills, Thou in sad - ness weep-ing;
2. Dost thou miss the gold - en grain, Snow - y buds im - mor - tal?
3. Lift thy tear - ful eyes in trust, Christ, thy treas-ures keep-ing.
4. Dost thou fear the o - pen grave, Fear Death's nar-row pris - on?
5. Dark and chill the night may be, Just be - fore the dawn-ing,
There a joy - ous mur - mur thrills From the an - gels - reap-ing.
Wouldst thou have them back a - gain? Look at heav - en's por - tal.
He who meas-ures earth - ly dust, Hu - man tear-drops weep-ing.
Je - sus died the lost to save, Je - sus has a - ris - en.
Je - sus will keep watch with thee, Je - sus brings the morn-ing.

Chorus.



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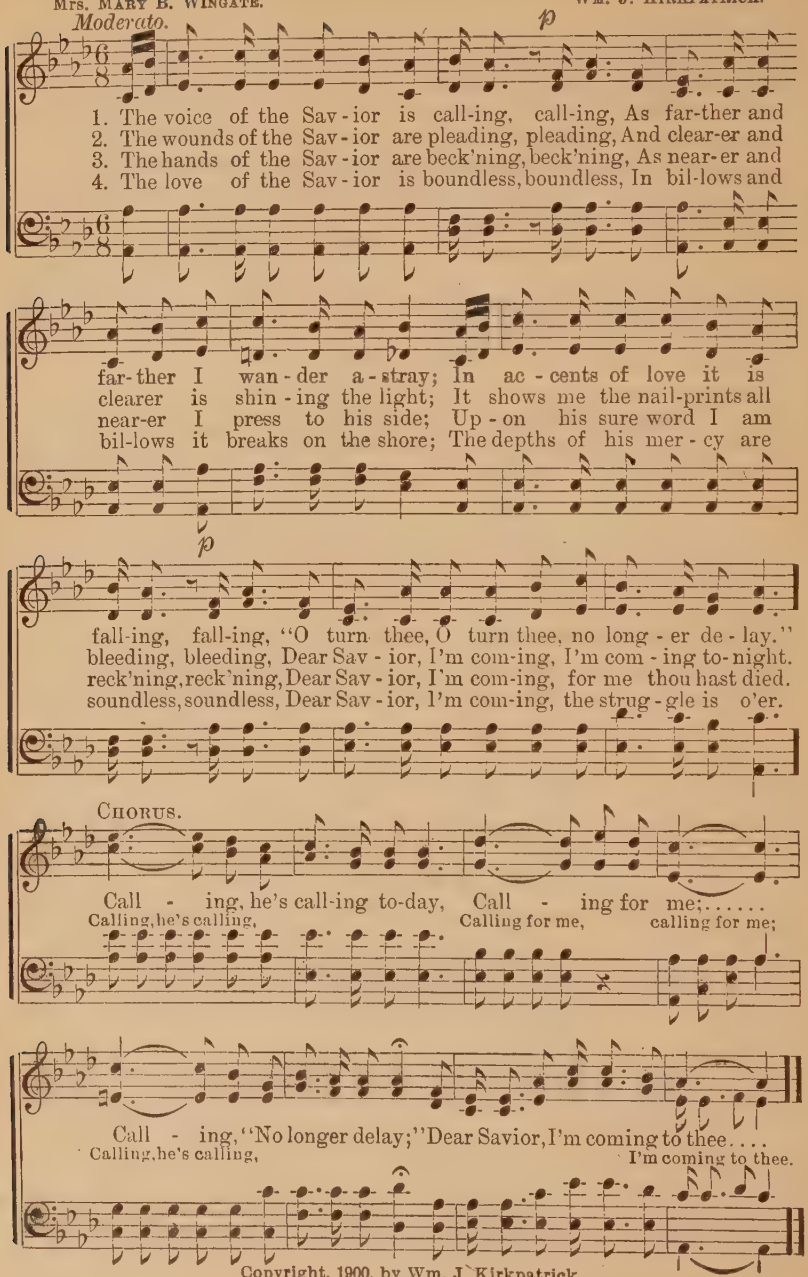
163 The Voice of the Savior.

Mrs. Mary B. Wingate. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Moderato.
p
1. The voice of the Sav - ior is call-ing, call-ing, As far-ther and
2. The wounds of the Sav - ior are pleading, pleading, And clear-er and
3. The hands of the Sav - ior are beck'ning, beck'ning, As near-er and
4. The love of the Sav - ior is boundless, boundless, In bil-lows and
far-ther I wan - der a - stray; In ac - cents of love it is
clearer is shin - ing the light; It shows me the nail-prints all
near-er I press to his side; Up - on his sure word I am
bil-lows it breaks on the shore; The depths of his mer - cy are
p
fall-ing, fall-ing, "O turn thee, O turn thee, no long - er de - lay."
bleeding, bleeding, Dear Sav - ior, I'm com-ing, I'm com - ing to-night.
reck'ning, reck'ning, Dear Sav - ior, I'm com-ing, for me thou hast died.
soundless, soundless, Dear Sav - ior, I'm com-ing, the strug - gle is o'er.
Chorus.
Call - ing, he's call-ing to-day, Call - ing for me;.....
Calling, he's calling, Calling for me, calling for me;
Call - ing, "No longer delay;" Dear Savior, I'm coming to thee....
Calling, he's calling, I'm coming to thee.

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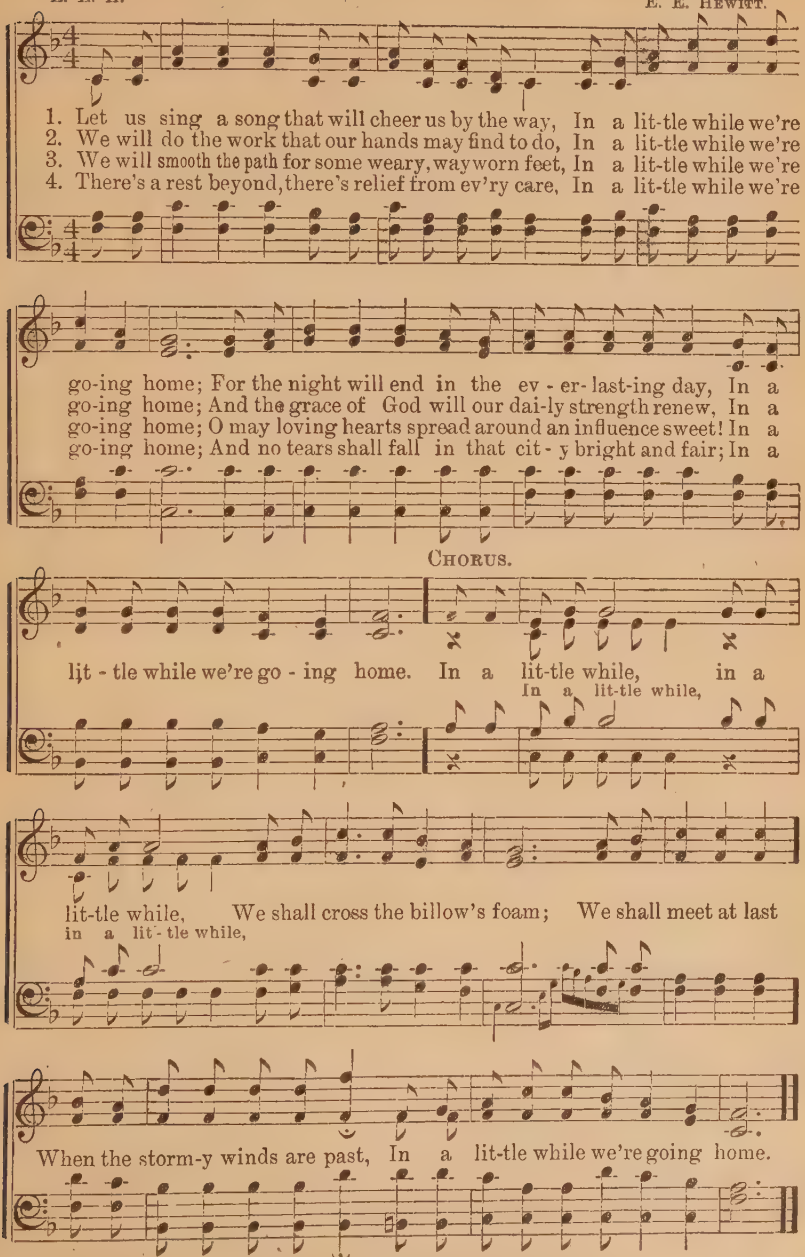
164 In a Little While We're Going Home.

E. E. H. E. E. Hewitt.

1. Let us sing a song that will cheer us by the way, In a lit-tle while we're
2. We will do the work that our hands may find to do, In a lit-tle while we're
3. We will smooth the path for some weary, way-worn feet, In a lit-tle while we're
4. There's a rest beyond, there's relief from ev'ry care, In a lit-tle while we're
go-ing home; For the night will end in the ev - er-last-ing day, In a
go-ing home; And the grace of God will our dai-ly strength renew, In a
go-ing home; O may loving hearts spread around an influence sweet! In a
go-ing home; And no tears shall fall in that cit - y bright and fair; In a
Chorus.
lit - tle while we're go - ing home. In a lit-tle while, in a
In a lit-tle while,
lit-tle while, We shall cross the billow's foam; We shall meet at last
in a lit - tle while,
When the storm-y winds are past, In a lit-tle while we're going home.

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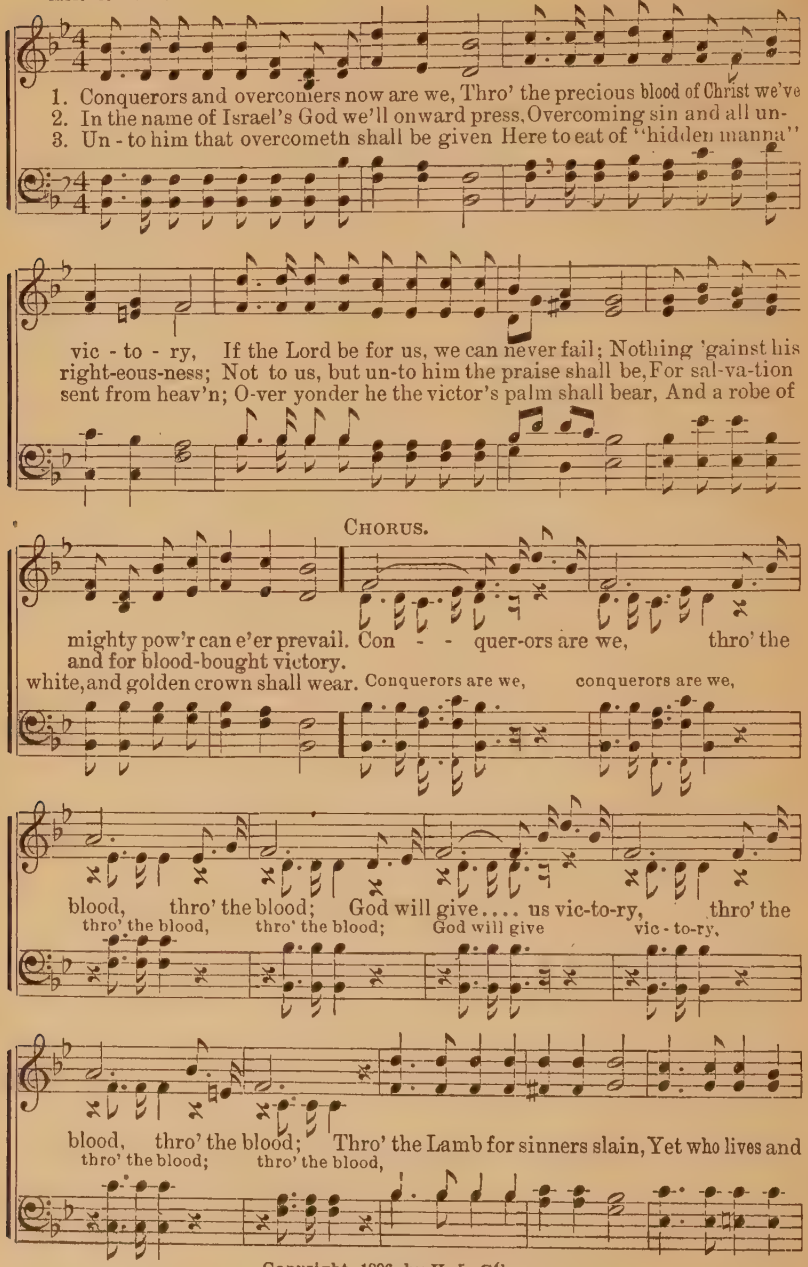
165 Conquerors Through the Blood.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Conquerors and overcomers now are we, Thro' the precious blood of Christ we've
2. In the name of Israel's God we'll onward press, Overcoming sin and all un-
3. Un - to him that overcometh shall be given Here to eat of "hidden manna"
vic - to - ry, If the Lord be for us, we can never fail; Nothing 'gainst his
right-eous-ness; Not to us, but un-to him the praise shall be, For sal-va-tion
sent from heav'n; O-ver yonder he the victor's palm shall bear, And a robe of
Chorus.
mighty pow'r can e'er prevail. Con - - quer-ors are we, thro' the
and for blood-bought victory.
white, and golden crown shall wear. Conquerors are we, conquerors are we,
blood, thro' the blood; God will give.... us vic-to-ry, thro' the
thro' the blood, thro' the blood; God will give vic - to-ry,
blood, thro' the blood; Thro' the Lamb for sinners slain, Yet who lives and
thro' the blood; thro' the blood,

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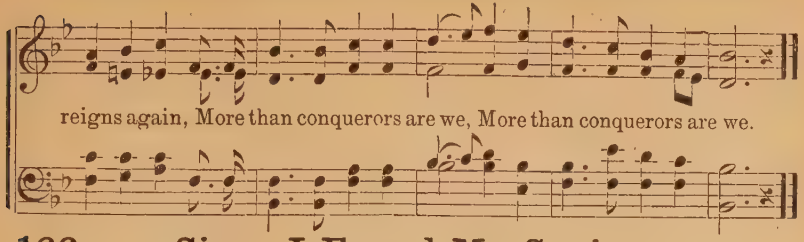
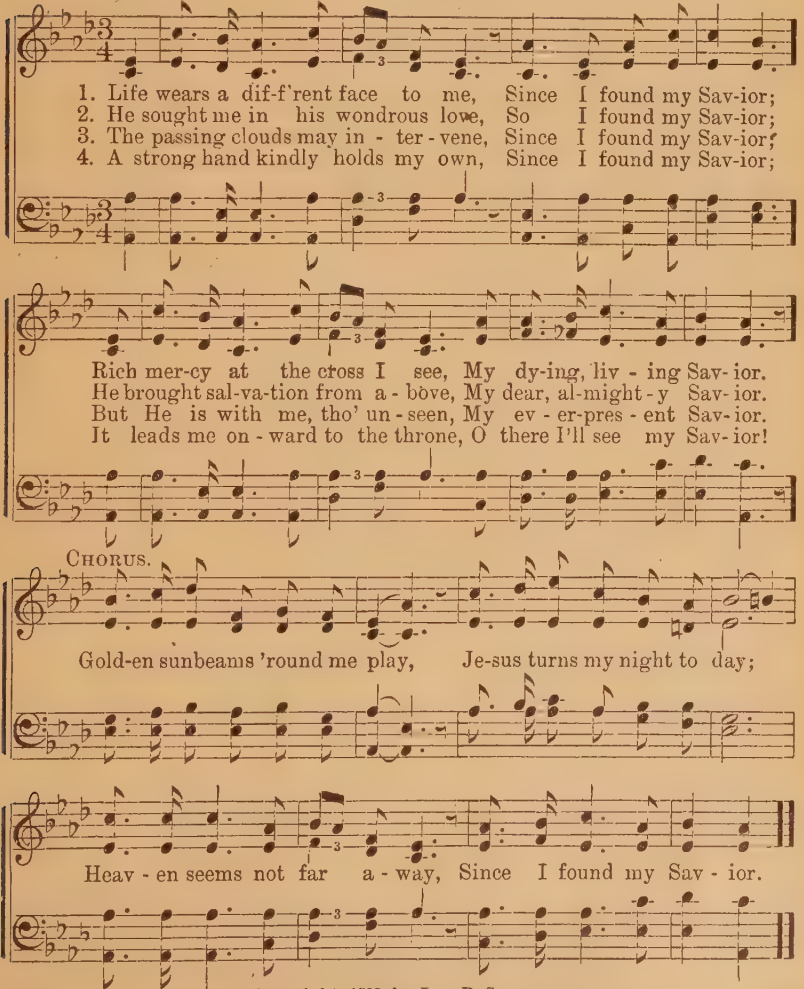


166 Since I Found My Savior.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Life wears a dif-f'rent face to me, Since I found my Sav-ior;
2. He sought me in his wondrous love, So I found my Sav-ior;
3. The passing clouds may in - ter - vene, Since I found my Sav-ior;
4. A strong hand kindly holds my own, Since I found my Sav-ior;
Rich mer-cy at the cross I see, My dy-ing, liv - ing Sav-ior.
He brought sal-va-tion from a - bove, My dear, al-might - y Sav-ior.
But He is with me, tho' un - seen, My ev - er-pres - ent Sav-ior.
It leads me on - ward to the throne, O there I'll see my Sav-ior!
Chorus.
Gold-en sunbeams 'round me play, Je-sus turns my night to day;
Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Sav - ior.

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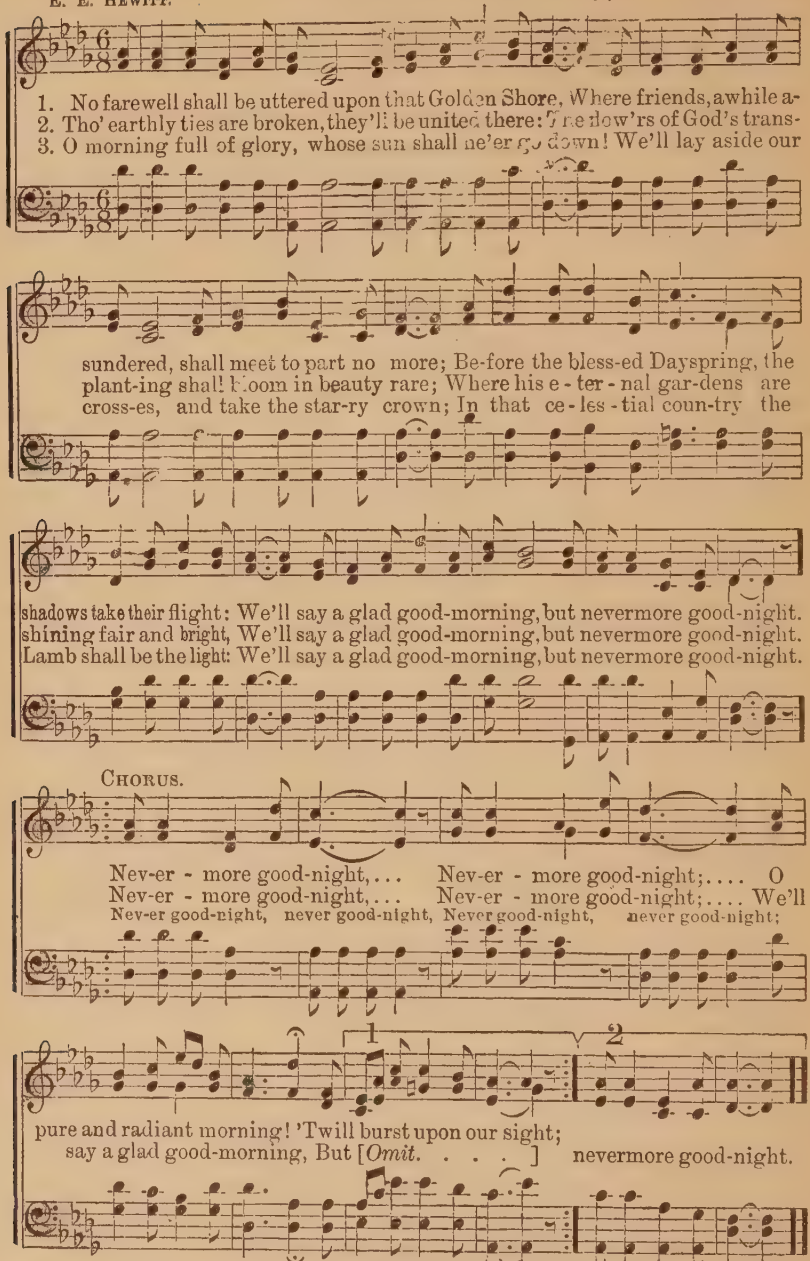
167 A Glad Good-Morning.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. No farewell shall be uttered upon that Golden Shore, Where friends, awhile a-
2. Tho' earthly ties are broken, they'll be united there: The dow'rs of God's trans-
3. O morning full of glory, whose sun shall ne'er go down! We'll lay aside our
sundered, shall meet to part no more; Be-fore the bless-ed Dayspring, the
plant-ing shall bloom in beauty rare; Where his e - ter - nal gar-dens are
cross-es, and take the star-ry crown; In that ce-les-tial coun-try the
shadows take their flight: We'll say a glad good-morning, but nevermore good-night.
shining fair and bright, We'll say a glad good-morning, but nevermore good-night.
Lamb shall be the light: We'll say a glad good-morning, but nevermore good-night.
Chorus.
Nev-er - more good-night,... Nev-er - more good-night;.... O
Nev-er - more good-night,... Nev-er - more good-night;.... We'll
Nev-er good-night, never good-night, Never good-night, never good-night;
1
2
pure and radiant morning! 'Twill burst upon our sight;
say a glad good-morning, But [Omit. . . .] nevermore good-night.

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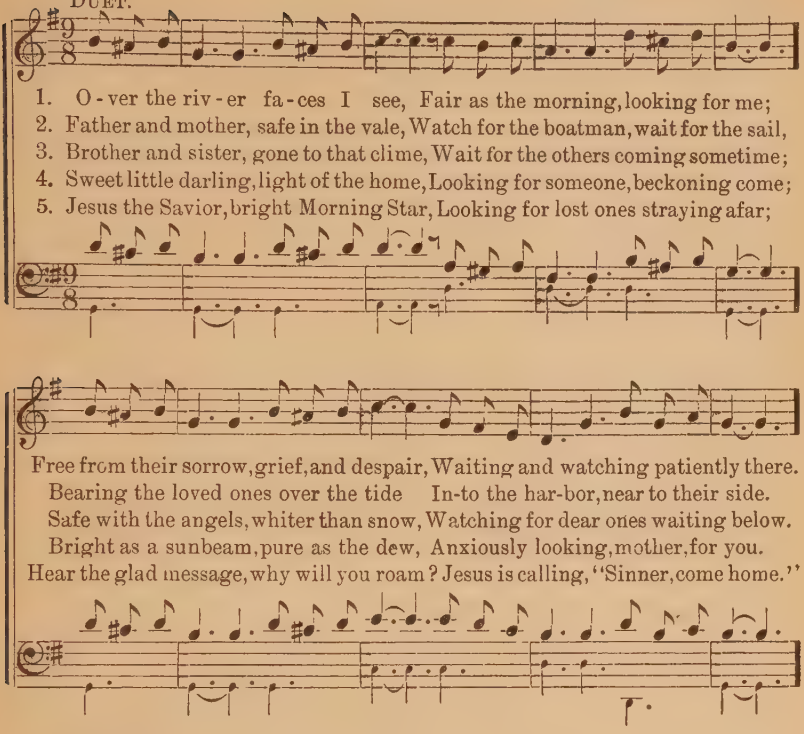
Looking This Way.

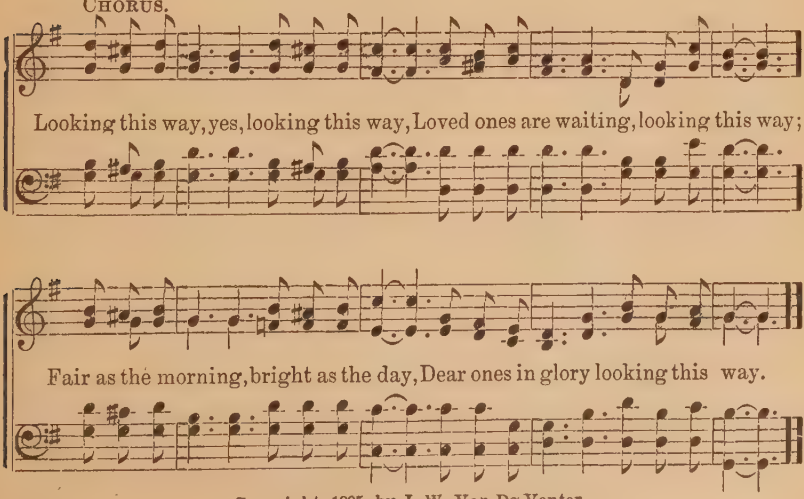
J. W. V.

J. W. Van De Venter.

Duet.


1. O-ver the riv-er fa-ces I see, Fair as the morning, looking for me;
2. Father and mother, safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
3. Brother and sister, gone to that clime, Wait for the others coming sometime;
4. Sweet little darling, light of the home, Looking for someone, beckoning come;
5. Jesus the Savior, bright Morning Star, Looking for lost ones straying afar;
Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair, Waiting and watching patiently there.
Bearing the loved ones over the tide In-to the har-bor, near to their side.
Safe with the angels, whiter than snow, Watching for dear ones waiting below.
Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anxiously looking, mother, for you.
Hear the glad message, why will you roam? Jesus is calling, "Sinner, come home."

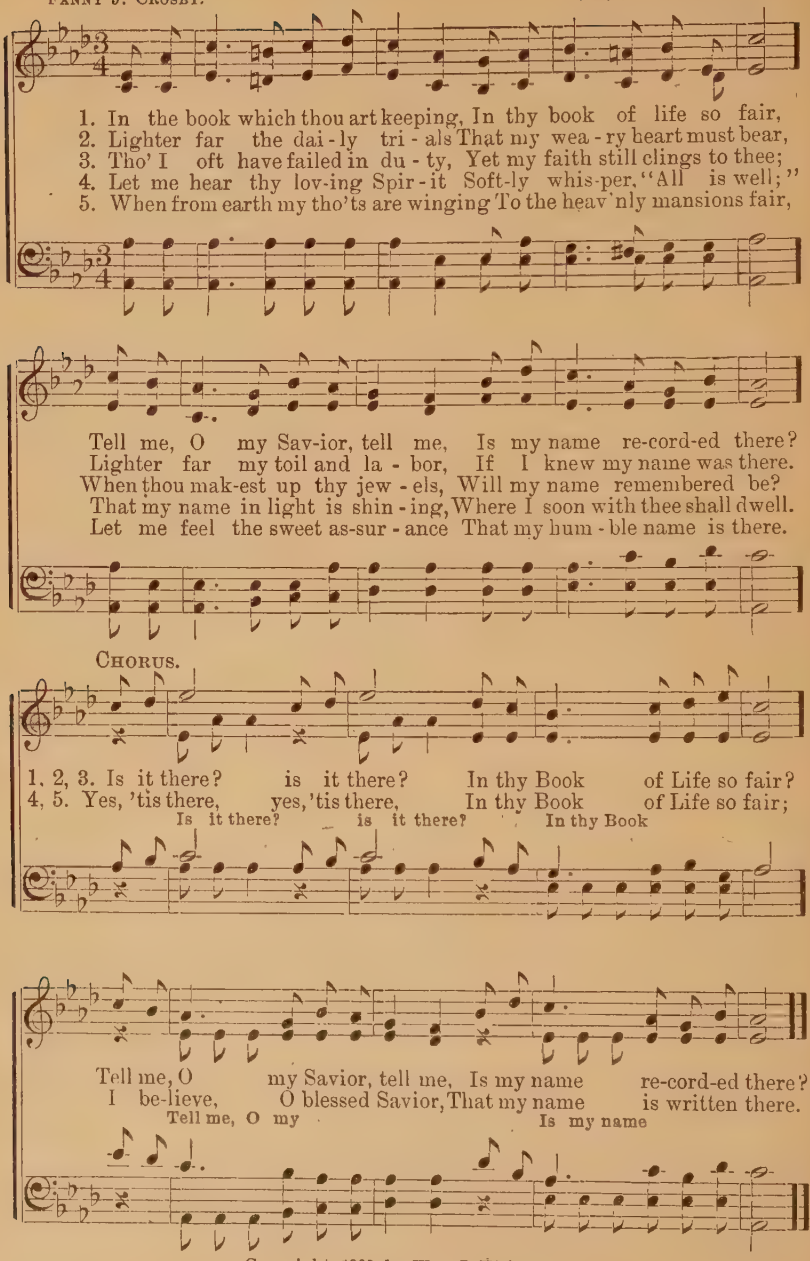
Chorus.


Looking this way, yes, looking this way, Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;
Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glory looking this way.

Copyright, 1895, by J. W. Van De Venter.

169 Is it There?

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. In the book which thou art keeping, In thy book of life so fair,
2. Lighter far the dai-ly tri-als That my wea-ry heart must bear,
3. Tho' I oft have failed in du-ty, Yet my faith still clings to thee;
4. Let me hear thy lov-ing Spir-it Soft-ly whis-per, "All is well;"
5. When from earth my tho'ts are winging To the heav'nly mansions fair,
Tell me, O my Sav-ior, tell me, Is my name re-cord-ed there?
Lighter far my toil and la-bor, If I knew my name was there.
When thou mak-est up thy jew-els, Will my name remembered be?
That my name in light is shin-ing, Where I soon with thee shall dwell.
Let me feel the sweet as-sur-ance That my hum-ble name is there.
CHORUS.
1, 2, 3. Is it there? is it there? In thy Book of Life so fair?
4, 5. Yes, 'tis there, yes, 'tis there, In thy Book of Life so fair;
Is it there? is it there? In thy Book
Tell me, O my Savior, tell me, Is my name re-cord-ed there?
I be-lieve, O blessed Savior, That my name is written there.
Tell me, O my
Is my name

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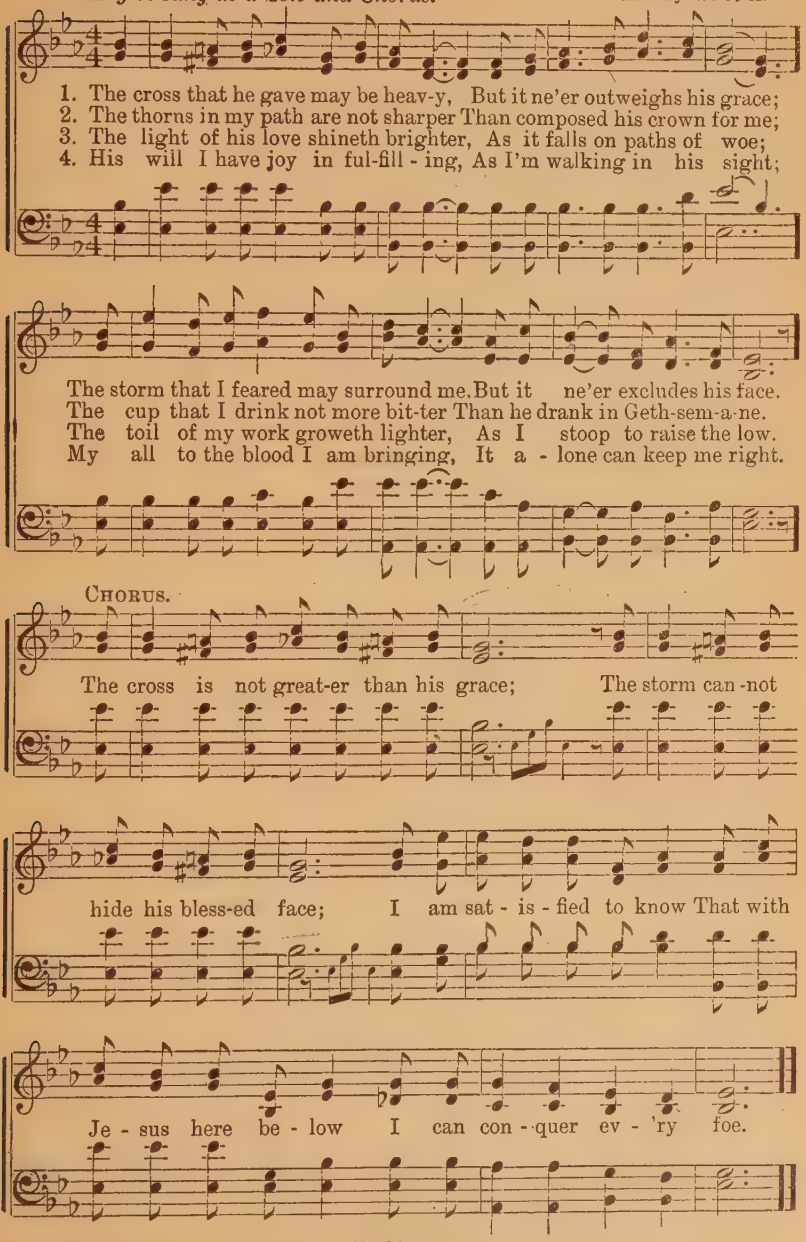
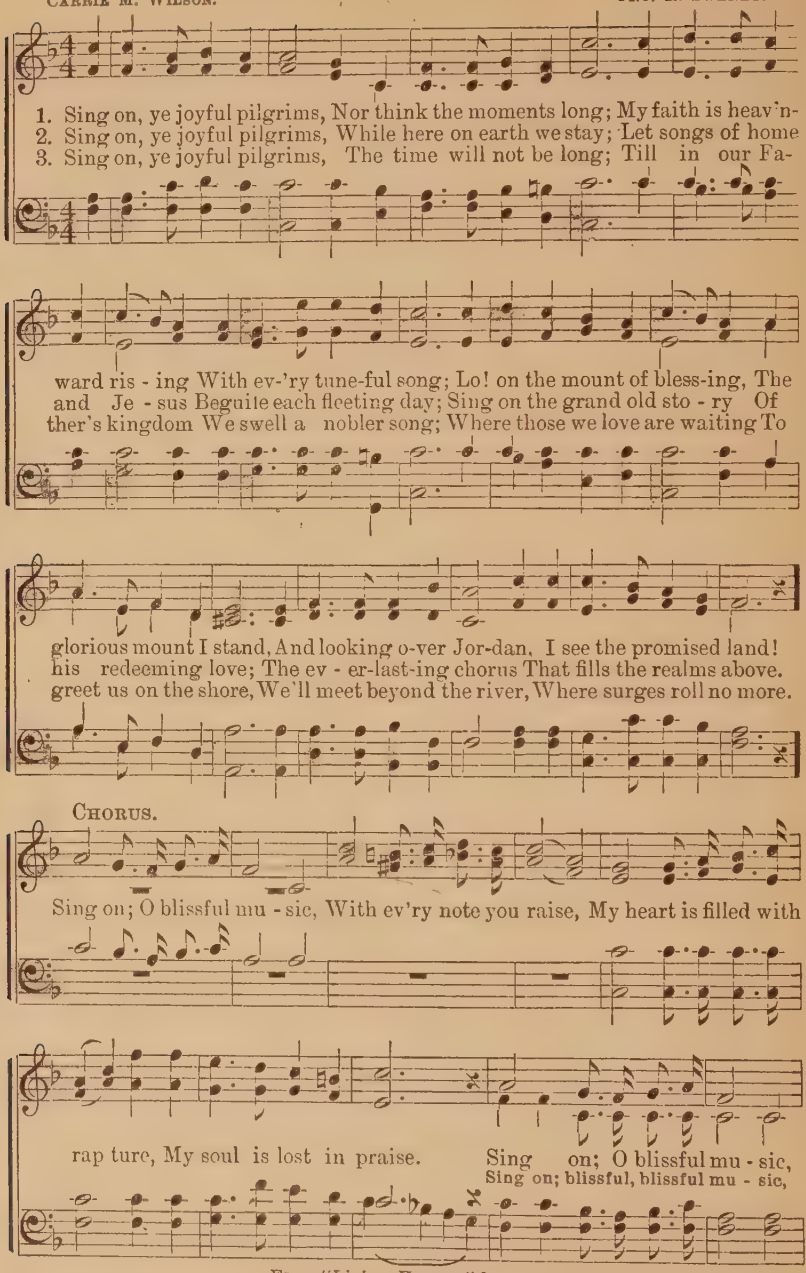
170 The Cross Is Not Greater.

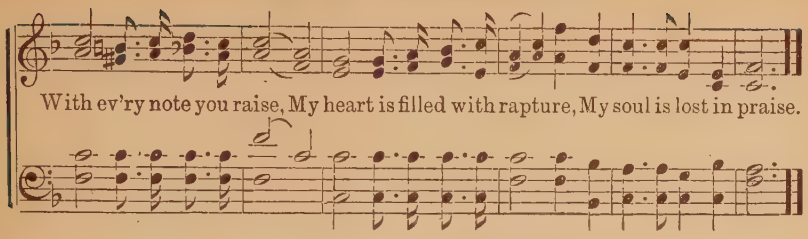
May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

Com. Ballington Booth.
Arr. by W. J. K.

1. The cross that he gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er outweighs his grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed his crown for me;
3. The light of his love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe;
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill - ing, As I'm walking in his sight;
The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes his face.
The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than he drank in Geth-sem-a-ne.
The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bringing, It a - lone can keep me right.
Chorus.
The cross is not great-er than his grace; The storm can-not
hide his bless-ed face; I am sat - is - fied to know That with
Je - sus here be - low I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

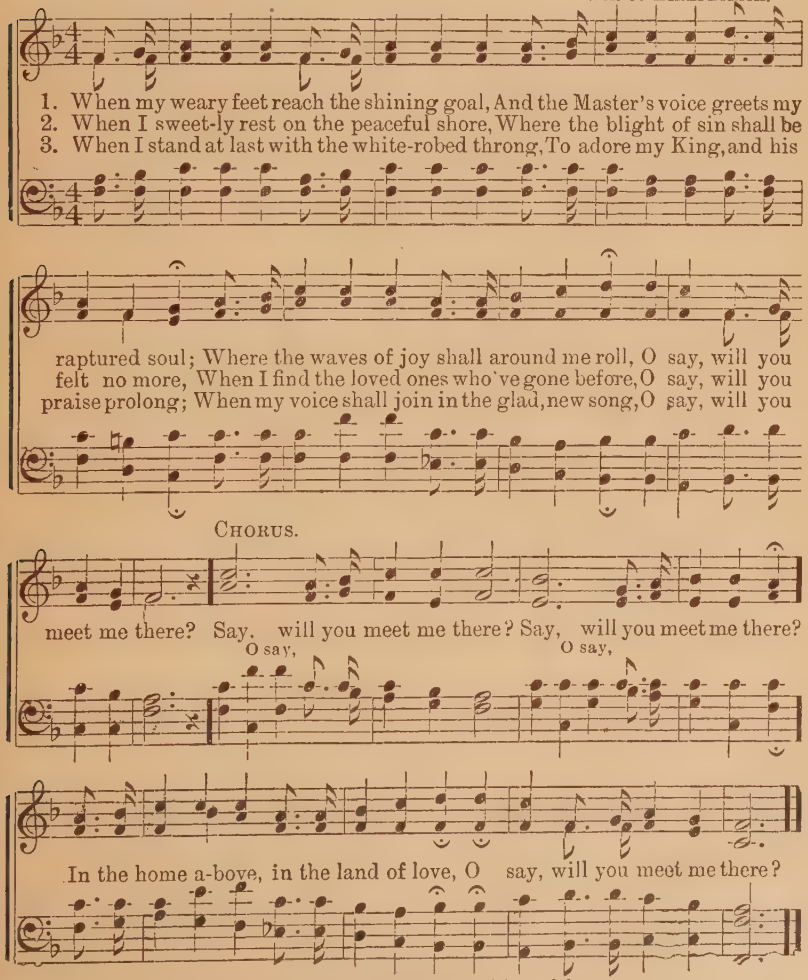
171 Sing On.

CARRIE M. WILSON. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Sing on, ye joyful pilgrims, Nor think the moments long; My faith is heav'n-
2. Sing on, ye joyful pilgrims, While here on earth we stay; Let songs of home
3. Sing on, ye joyful pilgrims, The time will not be long; Till in our Fa-
ward ris - ing With ev-'ry tune-ful song; Lo! on the mount of bless-ing, The
and Je - sus Beguile each fleeting day; Sing on the grand old sto - ry Of
ther's kingdom We swell a nobler song; Where those we love are waiting To
glorious mount I stand, And looking o-ver Jor-dan, I see the promised land!
his redeeming love; The ev - er-last-ing chorus That fills the realms above.
greet us on the shore, We'll meet beyond the river, Where surges roll no more.
CHORUS.
Sing on; O blissful mu - sic, With ev'ry note you raise, My heart is filled with
rap ture, My soul is lost in praise. Sing on; O blissful mu - sic,
Sing on; blissful, blissful mu - sic,

From "Living Hymns" by per.

172 Say, Will You Meet Me There?

MAY MAURICE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. When my weary feet reach the shining goal, And the Master's voice greets my
2. When I sweet-ly rest on the peaceful shore, Where the blight of sin shall be
3. When I stand at last with the white-robed throng, To adore my King, and his
raptured soul; Where the waves of joy shall around me roll, O say, will you
felt no more, When I find the loved ones who've gone before, O say, will you
praise prolong; When my voice shall join in the glad, new song, O say, will you
CHORUS.
meet me there? Say, will you meet me there? Say, will you meet me there?
O say, O say,
In the home a-bove, in the land of love, O say, will you meet me there?

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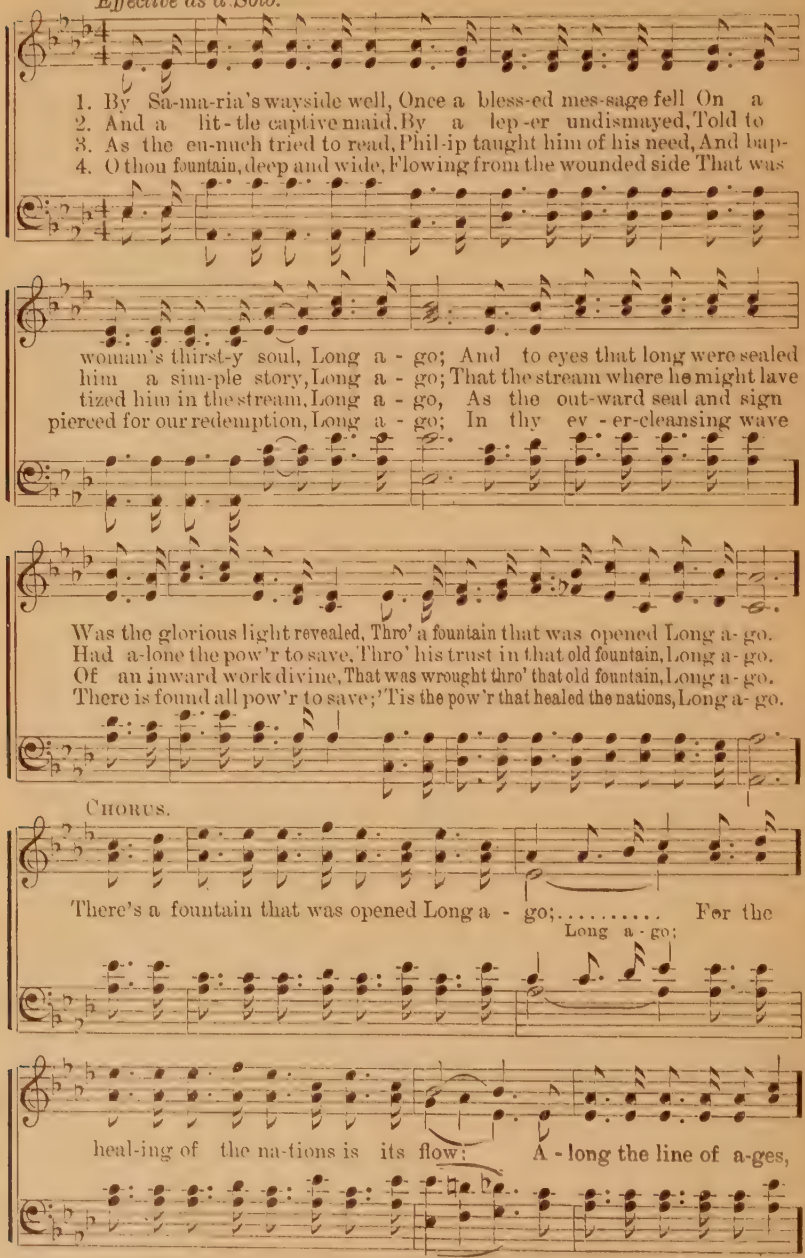
173 The Old Fountain.

Emma M. Johnston. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Effective as a Solo.

1. By Sa-ma-ria's wayside well, Once a bless-ed mes-sage fell On a
2. And a lit-tle captive maid, By a lep-er undismayed, Told to
3. As the eu-nuch tried to read, Phil-ip taught him of his need, And bap-
4. O thou fountain, deep and wide, Flowing from the wounded side That was
woman's thirst-y soul, Long a - go; And to eyes that long were sealed
him a sim-ple story, Long a - go; That the stream where he might lave
tized him in the stream, Long a - go, As the out-ward seal and sign
pierced for our redemption, Long a - go; In thy ev - er-cleansing wave
Was the glorious light revealed, Thro' a fountain that was opened Long a- go.
Had a-lone the pow'r to save, Thro' his trust in that old fountain, Long a- go.
Of an inward work divine, That was wrought thro' that old fountain, Long a- go.
There is found all pow'r to save; 'Tis the pow'r that healed the nations, Long a- go.
Chorus.
There's a fountain that was opened Long a - go;..... For the
Long a - go;
heal-ing of the na-tions is its flow; A - long the line of a-ges,

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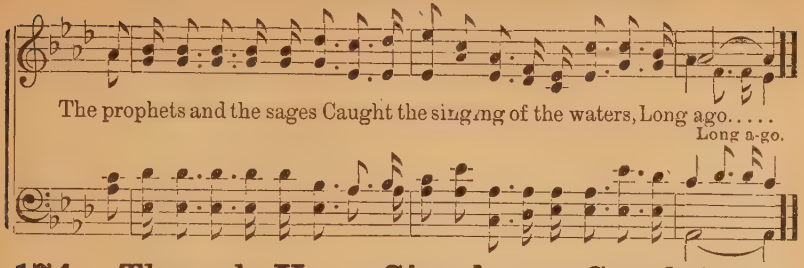
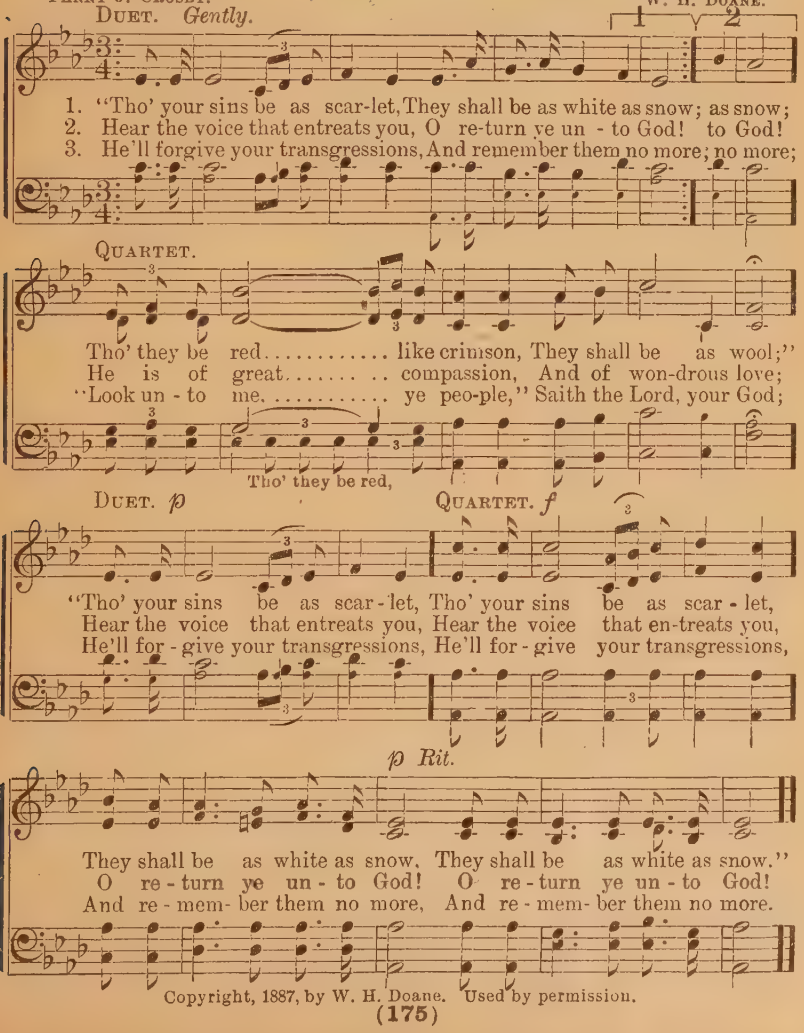


174 Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


DUET. Gently.
1 2
1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, O re-turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;
QUARTET.
Tho' they be red..... like crimson, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... compassion, And of won-drous love;
"Look un - to me..... ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord, your God;
Tho' they be red,
DUET. p
QUARTET. f
"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for - give your transgressions, He'll for - give your transgressions,
p Rit.
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
O re - turn ye un - to God! O re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem- ber them no more, And re - mem- ber them no more.

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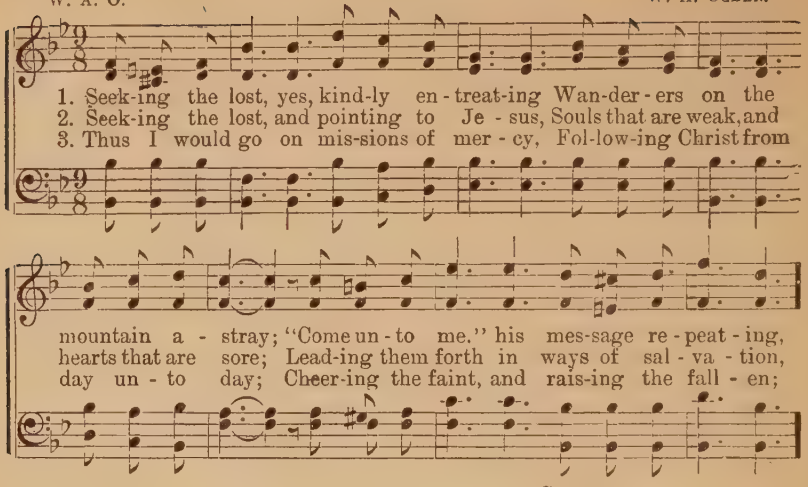
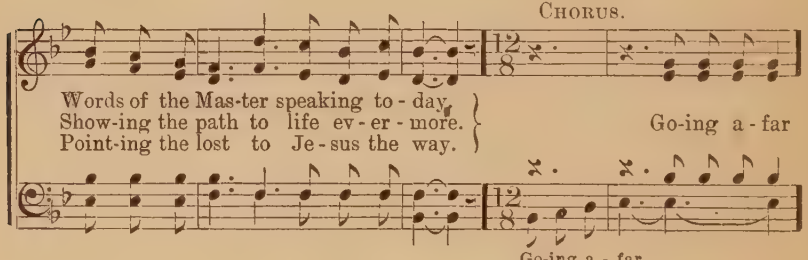
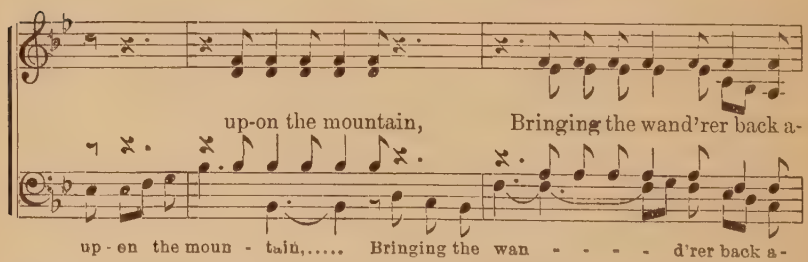
175 Seeking the Lost.

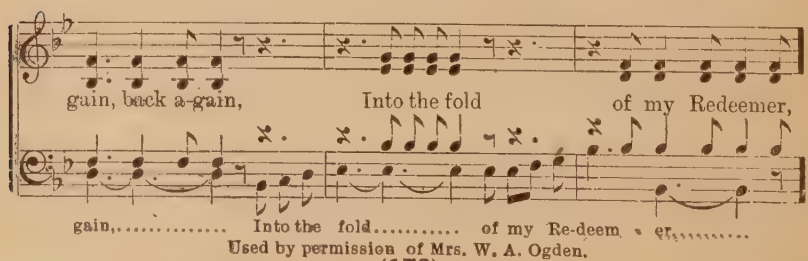
W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.


1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing Wan-der-ers on the
2. Seek-ing the lost, and pointing to Je-sus, Souls that are weak, and
3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer-cy, Fol-low-ing Christ from
mountain a-stray; "Come un-to me." his mes-sage re-peat-ing,
hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal-va-tion,
day un-to day; Cheer-ing the faint, and rais-ing the fall-en;

Chorus.


Words of the Mas-ter speaking to-day,
Show-ing the path to life ev-er-more.
Point-ing the lost to Je-sus the way.
Go-ing a-far
Go-ing a-far.....





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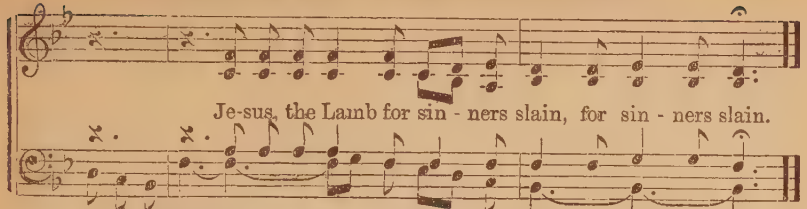
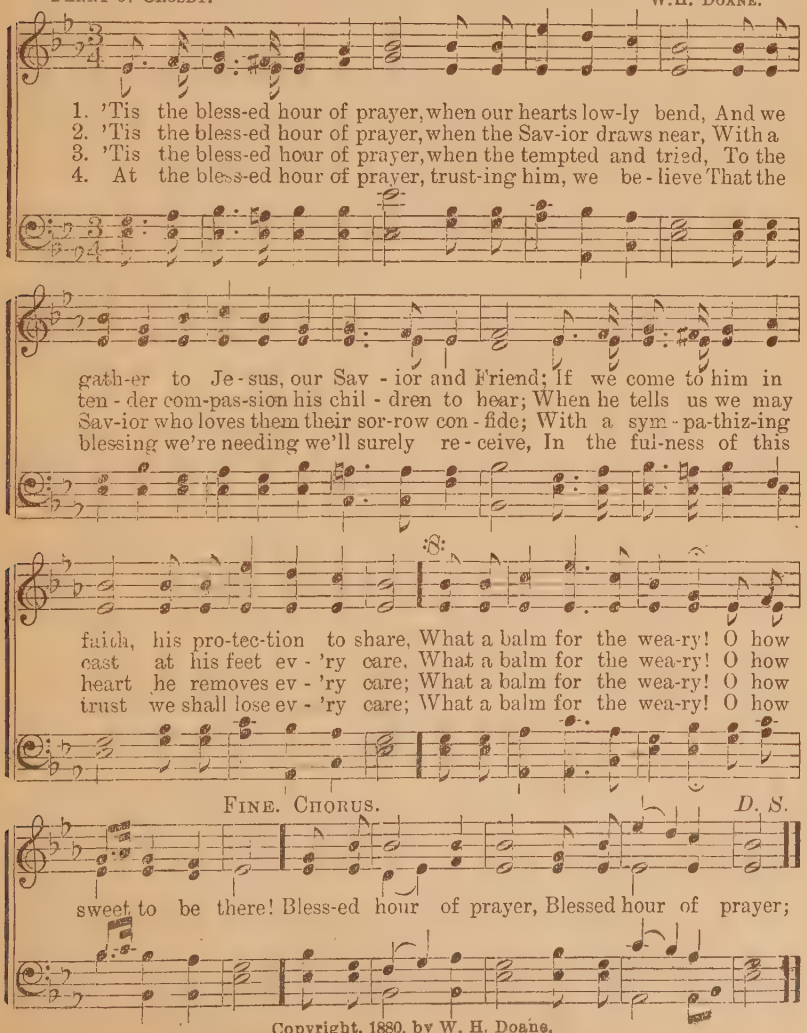


176 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W.H. DOANE.


1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Sav-ior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried, To the
4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trust-ing him, we be - lieve That the
gath-er to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and Friend; If we come to him in
ten - der com-pas-sion his chil - dren to hear; When he tells us we may
Sav-ior who loves them their sor-row con - fide; With a sym - pa-thiz-ing
blessing we're needing we'll surely re - ceive, In the ful-ness of this
faith, his pro-tec-tion to share, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
cast at his feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
heart he removes ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
FINE. CHORUS.
D. S.
sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, Blessed hour of prayer;

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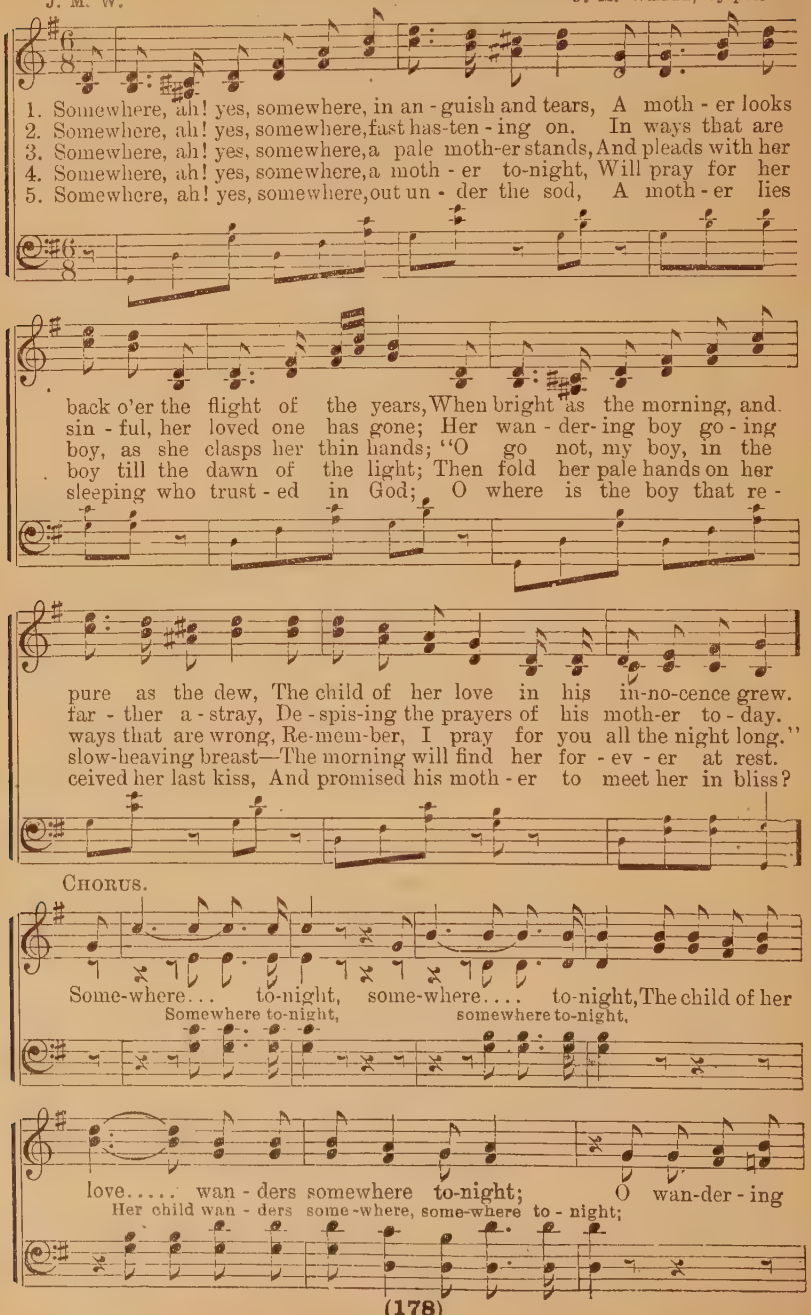
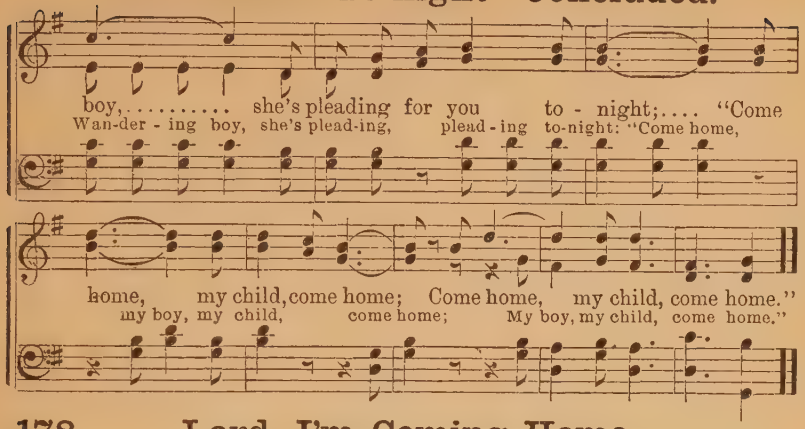
177 Somewhere To-night.

J. M. W. J. M. Whyte, by per.

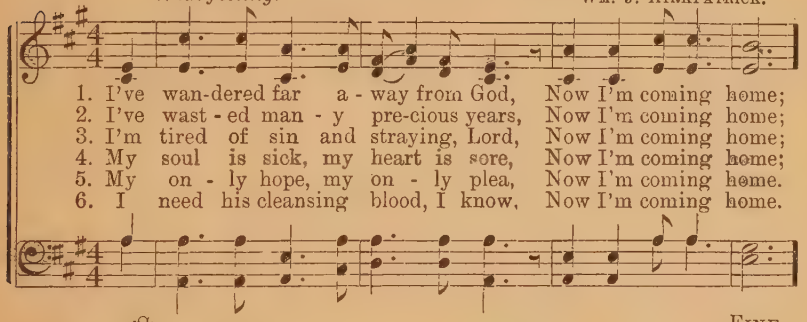

1. Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, in an - guish and tears, A moth - er looks
2. Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, fast has-ten - ing on. In ways that are
3. Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, a pale moth-er stands, And pleads with her
4. Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, a moth - er to-night, Will pray for her
5. Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, out un - der the sod, A moth - er lies
back o'er the flight of the years, When bright as the morning, and
sin - ful, her loved one has gone; Her wan - der- ing boy go - ing
boy, as she clasps her thin hands; "O go not, my boy, in the
boy till the dawn of the light; Then fold her pale hands on her
sleeping who trust - ed in God; O where is the boy that re -
pure as the dew, The child of her love in his in-no-cence grew.
far - ther a - stray, De - spis-ing the prayers of his moth-er to - day.
ways that are wrong, Re-mem-ber, I pray for you all the night long."
slow-heaving breast—The morning will find her for - ev - er at rest.
ceived her last kiss, And promised his moth - er to meet her in bliss?
Chorus.
Some-where... to-night, some-where.... to-night, The child of her
Somewhere to-night, somewhere to-night,
love..... wan - ders somewhere to-night; O wan-der - ing
Her child wan - ders some-where, some-where to - night;

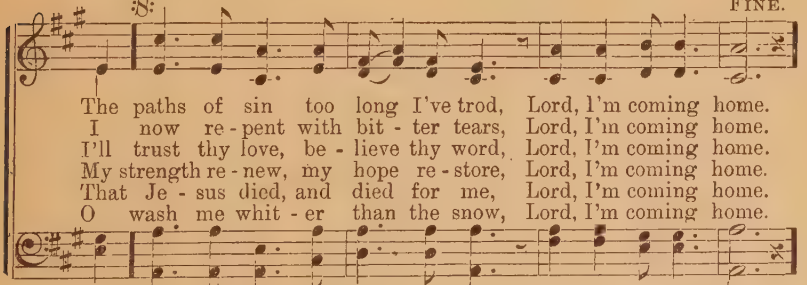
Somewhere To-night—Concluded.


boy,..... she's pleading for you to - night;.... "Come
Wan-der - ing boy, she's plead-ing, plead - ing to-night: "Come home,
home, my child, come home; Come home, my child, come home."
my boy, my child, come home; My boy, my child, come home."

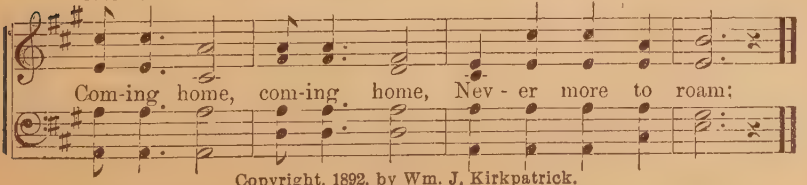
178 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. *With feeling.* Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre-cious years, Now I'm coming home;
3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm coming home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm coming home.
6. I need his cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm coming home.


Fine.
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm coming home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm coming home.
O wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm coming home.
D. S.—O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

Chorus. D. S.



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A Letter from Home.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Sop. and Alto in unison.

1. I've been reading a message so sweet and so won-der-ful, From our
2. And it tells of the beau-ti - ful cit - y of jasper walls, With its
3. And I read that while here in this world full of pain and woes I may
4. So I'm watching and waiting un - til he shall call for me, And the

Bass and Tenor in unison.

Fa-ther a-bove to his children below; And it tells me his heart is still
bright gates of pearl and its streets of pure gold; They've no need of the sun, for the
cast up-on him every burden and care, And my heart strangely warms when I
sound of his voice I am long-ing to hear; Then my spirit shall rise, ev - er-

ten-der and mer-ci-ful, That his love not a shadow of changing can know.
shade of night never falls, And these manifold splendors I soon shall behold.
feel that my Father knows; That his arms are around me, my trials to share.
more with my Lord to be, And the word he has giv'n is my comfort while here.

Rit.....

O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious let-ter from

CHORUS.

"home, sweet home." Then let praises be giv'n to our Fa-ther in heav'n,

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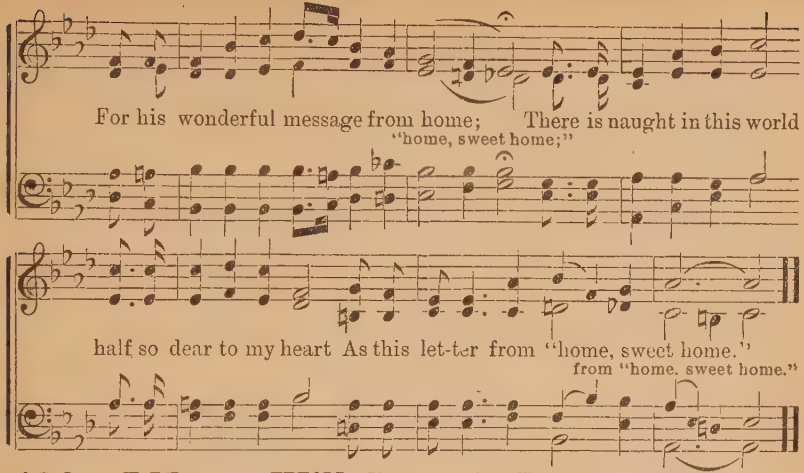
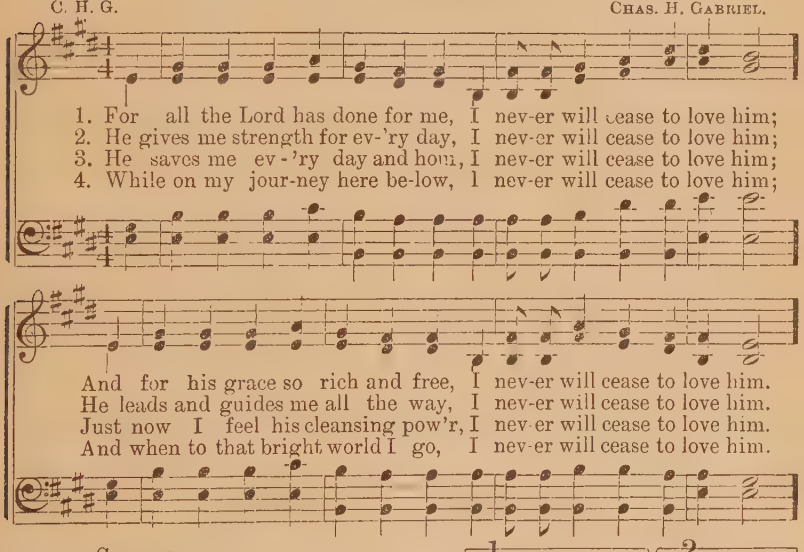
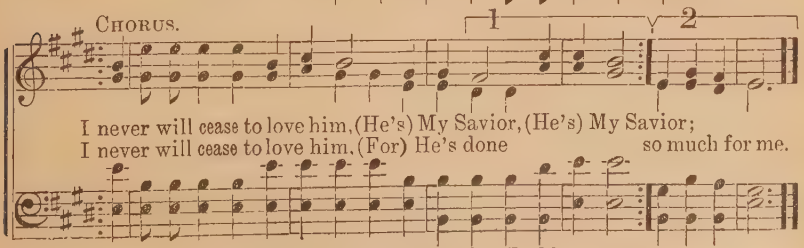

For his wonderful message from home; There is naught in this world
"home, sweet home;"
half so dear to my heart As this let-ter from "home, sweet home."
from "home, sweet home."

180 I Never Will Cease to Love Him.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. For all the Lord has done for me, I nev-er will cease to love him;
2. He gives me strength for ev-'ry day, I nev-er will cease to love him;
3. He saves me ev-'ry day and hour, I nev-er will cease to love him;
4. While on my jour-ney here be-low, I nev-er will cease to love him;
And for his grace so rich and free, I nev-er will cease to love him.
He leads and guides me all the way, I nev-er will cease to love him.
Just now I feel his cleansing pow'r, I nev-er will cease to love him.
And when to that bright world I go, I nev-er will cease to love him.



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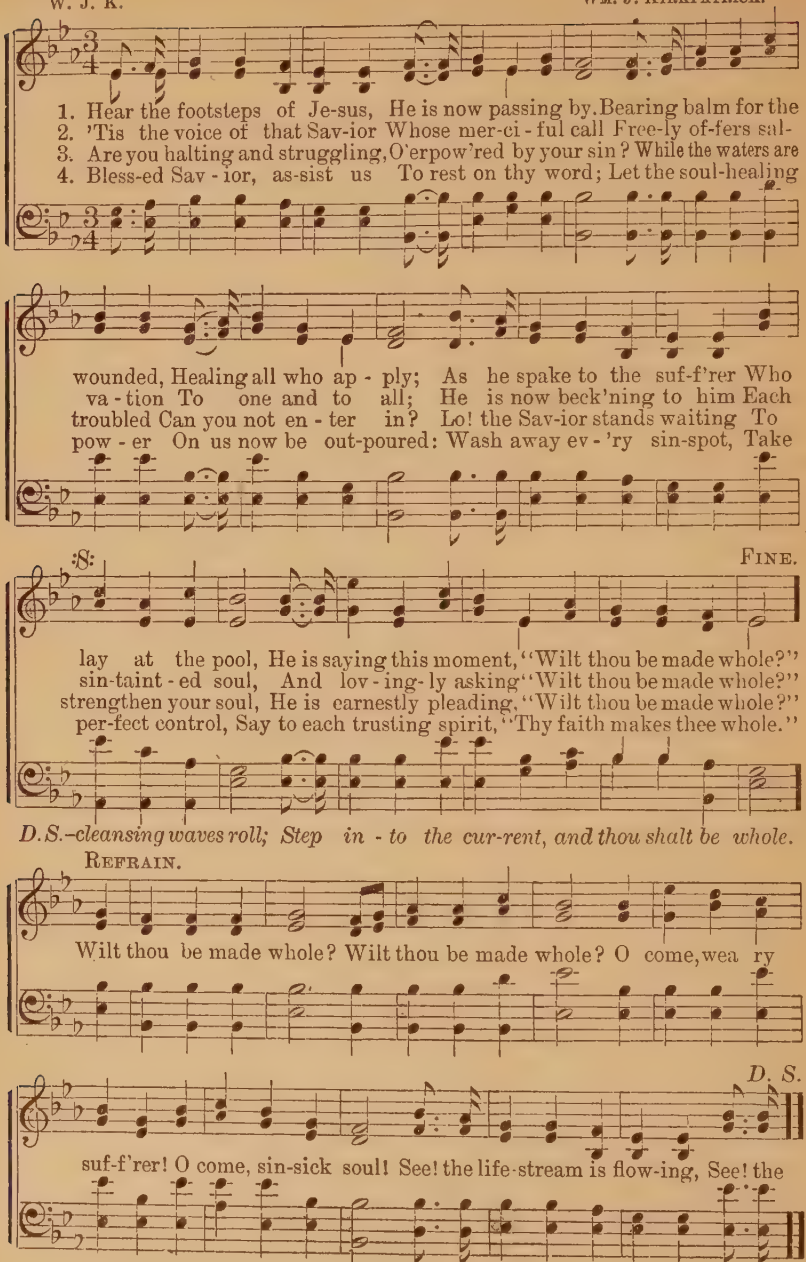
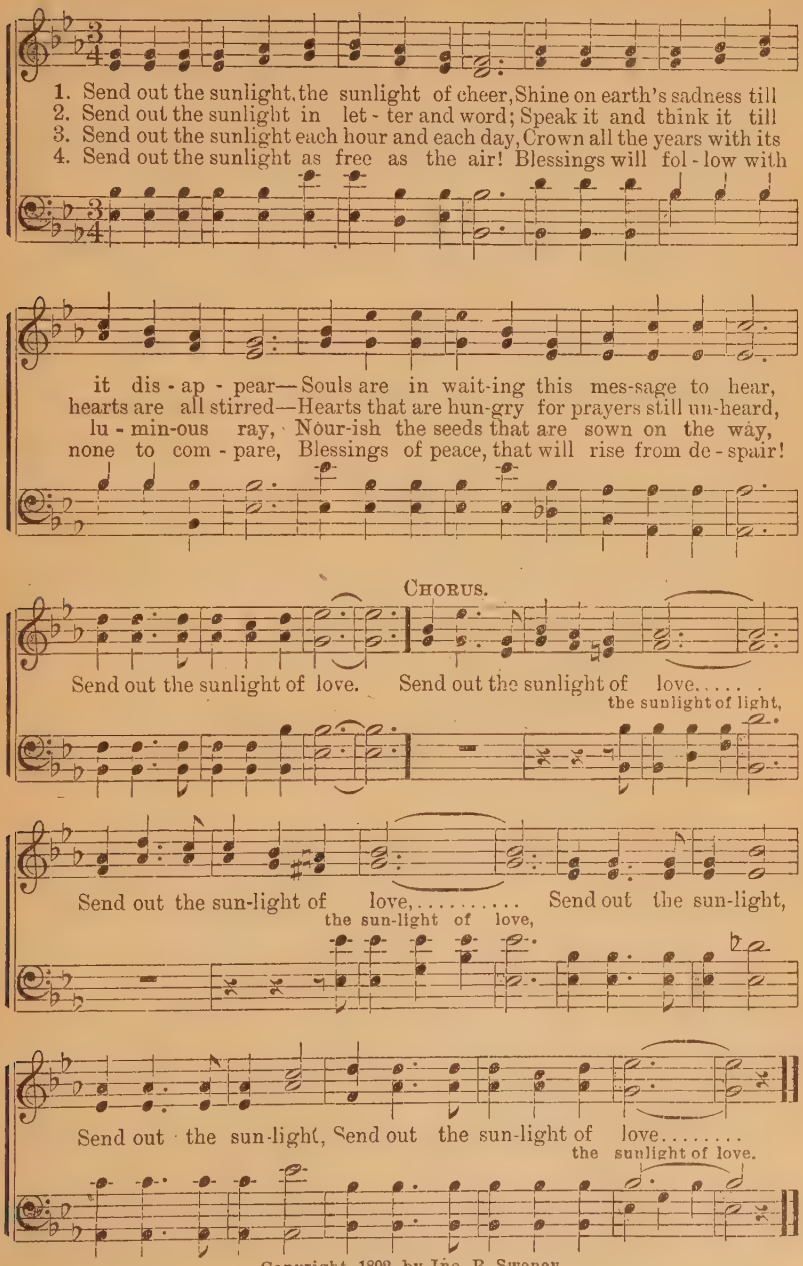
181 Wilt Thou be Made Whole?

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Hear the footsteps of Je-sus, He is now passing by. Bearing balm for the
2. 'Tis the voice of that Sav-ior Whose mer-ci-ful call Free-ly of-fers sal-
3. Are you halting and struggling, O'erpow'red by your sin? While the waters are
4. Bless-ed Sav-ior, as-sist us To rest on thy word; Let the soul-healing
wounded, Healing all who ap-ply; As he spake to the suf-f'rer Who
va-tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to him Each
troubled Can you not en-ter in? Lo! the Sav-ior stands waiting To
pow-er On us now be out-poured: Wash away ev-'ry sin-spot, Take
:S:
Fine.
lay at the pool, He is saying this moment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
sin-taint-ed soul, And lov-ing-ly asking "Wilt thou be made whole?"
strengthen your soul, He is earnestly pleading, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
per-fect control, Say to each trusting spirit, "Thy faith makes thee whole."
D.S.—cleansing waves roll; Step in-to the cur-rent, and thou shalt be whole.
Refrain.
Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O come, wea-ry
D. S.
suf-f'rer! O come, sin-sick soul! See! the life-stream is flow-ing, See! the

182 Send Out the Sunlight.

ELLEN DARE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Send out the sunlight, the sunlight of cheer, Shine on earth's sadness till
2. Send out the sunlight in let - ter and word; Speak it and think it till
3. Send out the sunlight each hour and each day, Crown all the years with its
4. Send out the sunlight as free as the air! Blessings will fol - low with
it dis - ap - pear—Souls are in wait-ing this mes-sage to hear,
hearts are all stirred—Hearts that are hun-gry for prayers still un-heard,
lu - min-ous ray, Nour-ish the seeds that are sown on the way,
none to com - pare, Blessings of peace, that will rise from de - spair!
CHORUS.
Send out the sunlight of love. Send out the sunlight of love.....
the sunlight of light,
Send out the sun-light of love,..... Send out the sun-light,
the sun-light of love,
Send out the sun-light, Send out the sun-light of love.....
the sunlight of love.

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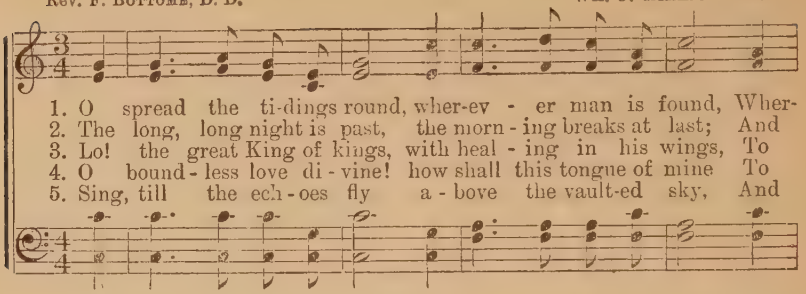
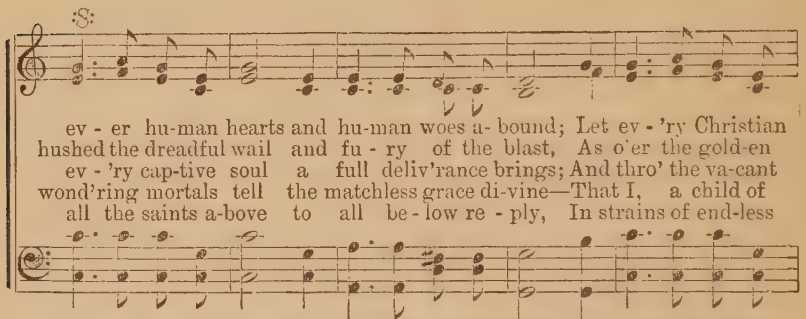
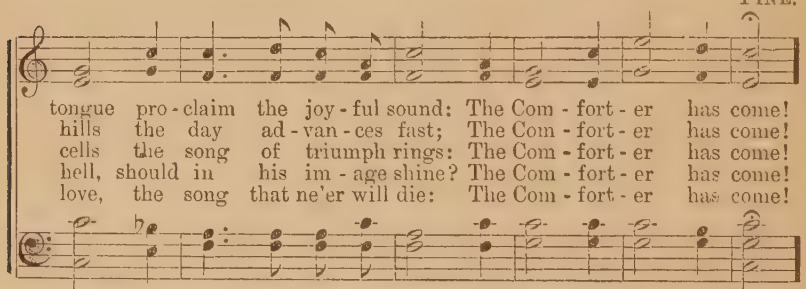
183 The Comforter has Come.

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

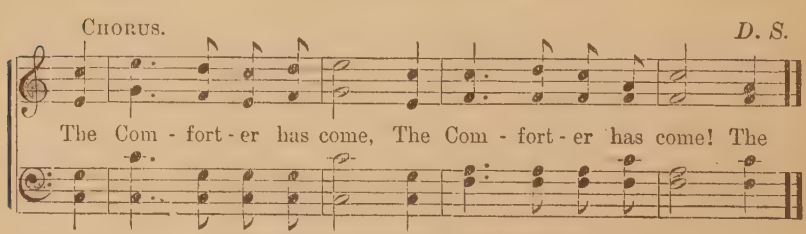

1. O spread the ti-dings round, wher-ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo! the great King of kings, with heal - ing in his wings, To
4. O bound - less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And


S.
ev - er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a- bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of
all the saints a-bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end-less

D.S—Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the tidings


Fine.
tongue pro - claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad - van - ces fast; The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of triumph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
hell, should in his im - age shine? The Com - fort - er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wher - ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!



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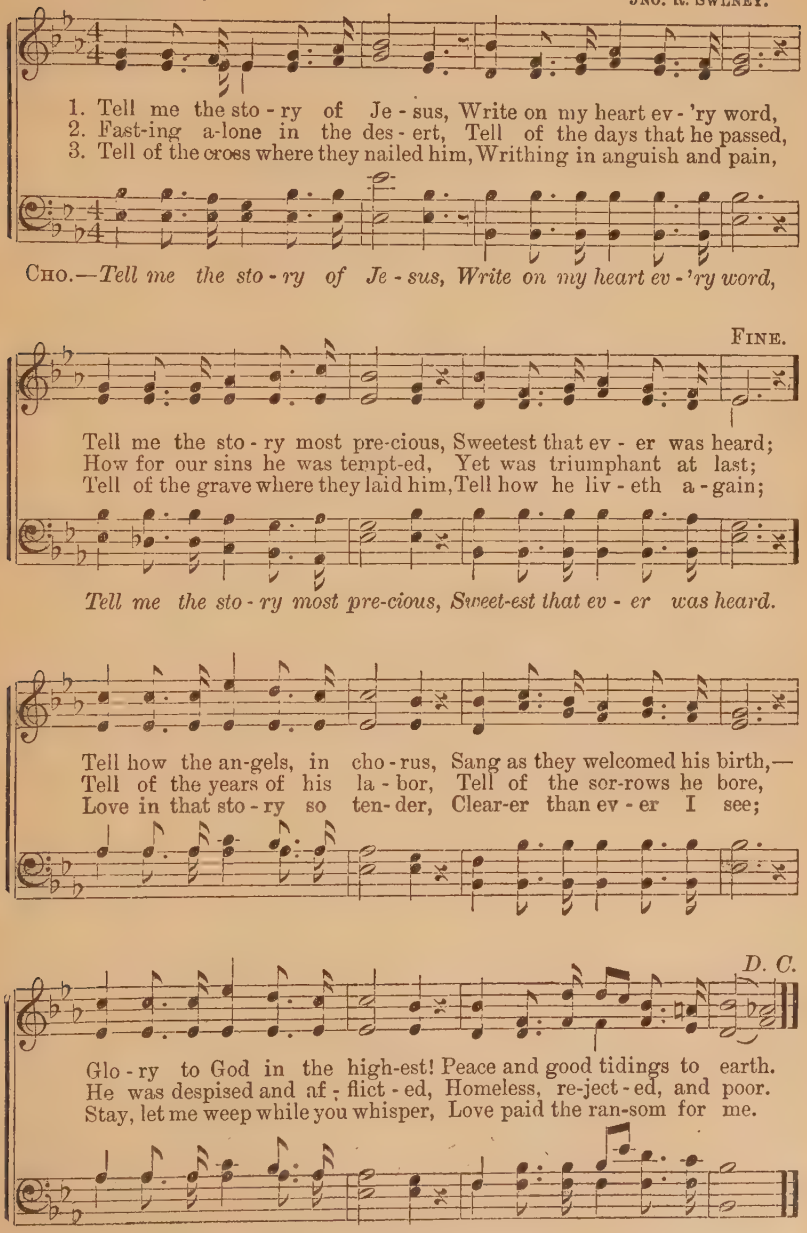
184 Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWINEY.


1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word,
2. Fast-ing a-lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that he passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed him, Writhing in anguish and pain,
CHO.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word,
FINE.
Tell me the sto - ry most pre-cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard;
How for our sins he was tempt-ed, Yet was triumphant at last;
Tell of the grave where they laid him, Tell how he liv - eth a - gain;
Tell me the sto - ry most pre-cious, Sweet-est that ev - er was heard.
Tell how the an-gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed his birth,—
Tell of the years of his la - bor, Tell of the sor-rows he bore,
Love in that sto - ry so ten-der, Clear-er than ev - er I see;
D. C.
Glo - ry to God in the high-est! Peace and good tidings to earth.
He was despised and af - flict - ed, Homeless, re-ject - ed, and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whisper, Love paid the ran-som for me.

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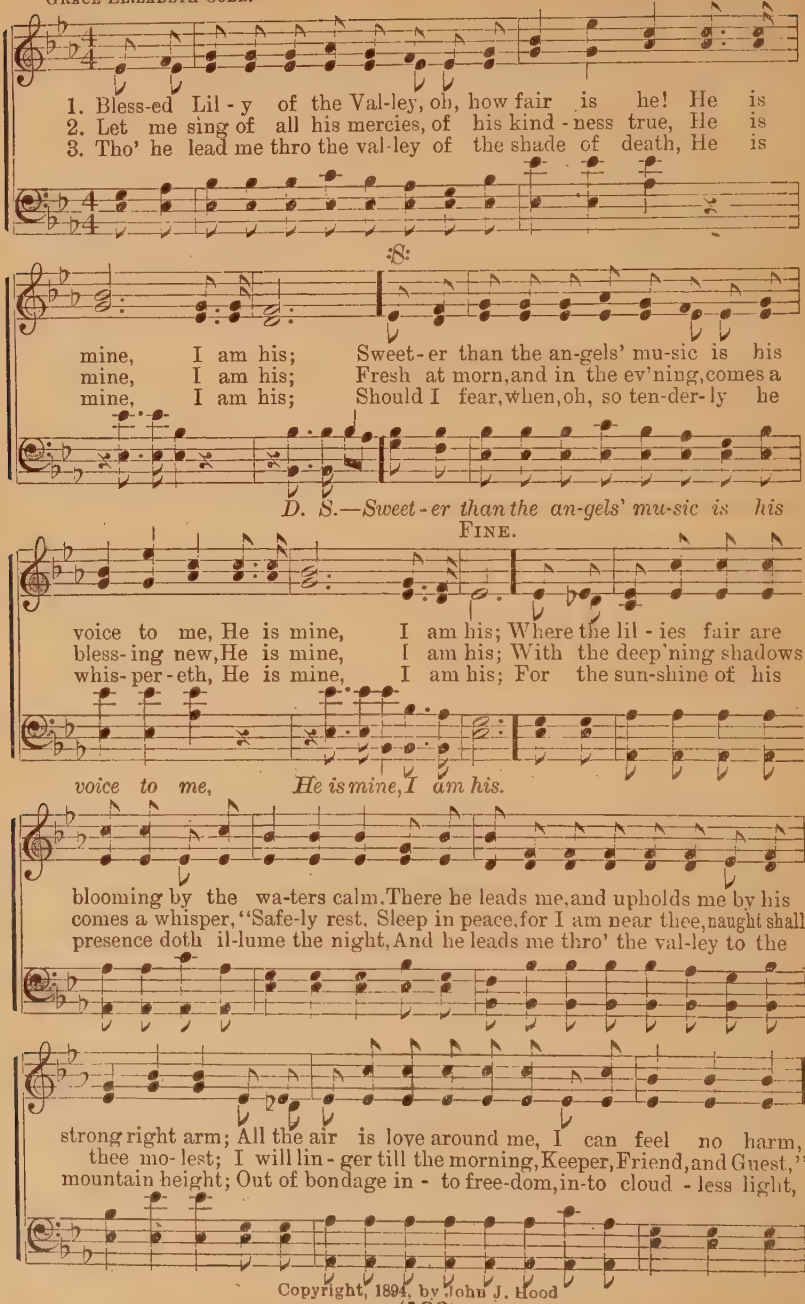
185 He is Mine, I am His.

GRACE ELIZABETH COBB. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Bless-ed Lil - y of the Val-ley, oh, how fair is he! He is
2. Let me sing of all his mercies, of his kind - ness true, He is
3. Tho' he lead me thro the val-ley of the shade of death, He is
mine, I am his; Sweet-er than the an-gels' mu-sic is his
mine, I am his; Fresh at morn, and in the ev'ning, comes a
mine, I am his; Should I fear, when, oh, so ten-der-ly he
D. S.—Sweet-er than the an-gels' mu-sic is his
FINE.
voice to me, He is mine, I am his; Where the lil - ies fair are
bless-ing new, He is mine, I am his; With the deep'ning shadows
whis-per-eth, He is mine, I am his; For the sun-shine of his
voice to me, He is mine, I am his.
blooming by the wa-ters calm. There he leads me, and upholds me by his
comes a whisper, "Safe-ly rest. Sleep in peace, for I am near thee, naught shall
presence doth il-lume the night, And he leads me thro' the val-ley to the
strong right arm; All the air is love around me, I can feel no harm,
thee mo-lest; I will lin-ger till the morning, Keeper, Friend, and Guest,"
mountain height; Out of bondage in - to free-dom, in-to cloud - less light,

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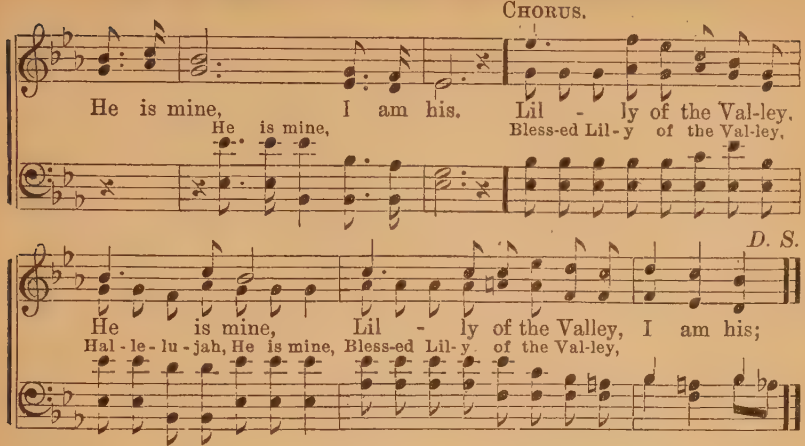
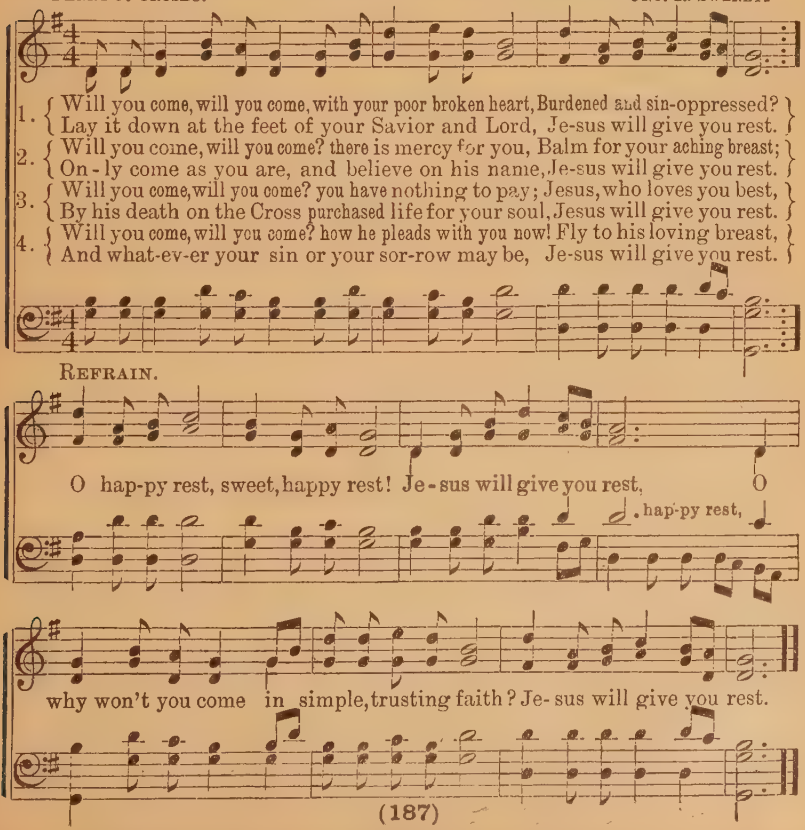
He is Mine, I am His—Concluded.

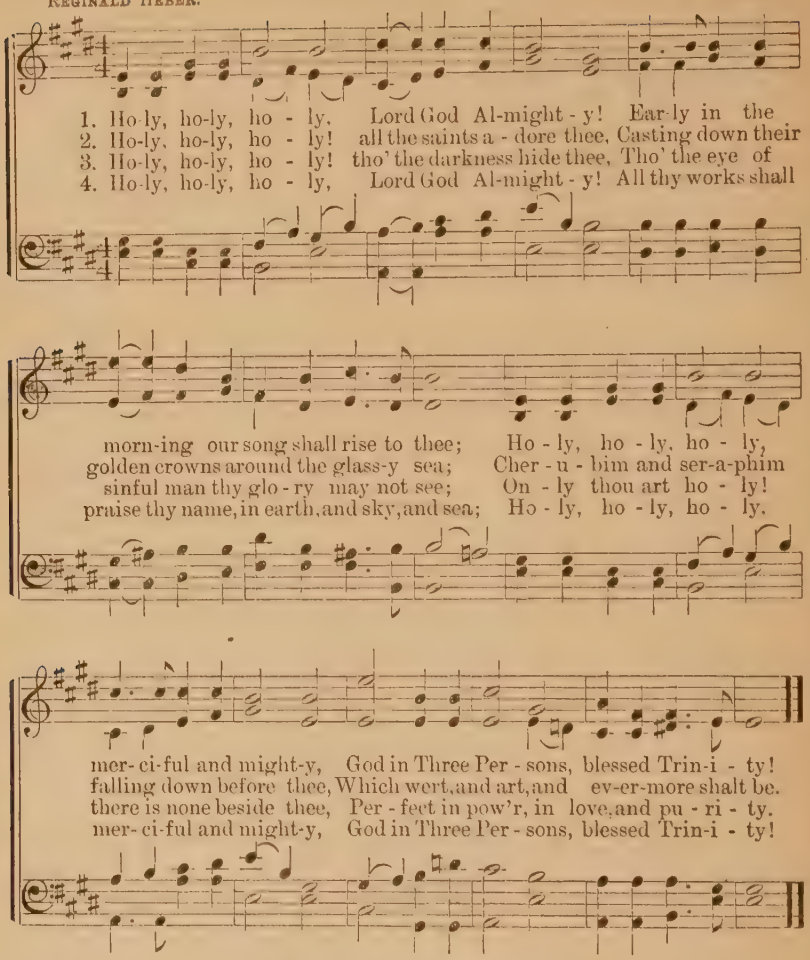

CHORUS.
He is mine, I am his. Lil - ly of the Val-ley,
He is mine, Bless-ed Lil-y of the Val-ley,
D. S.
He is mine, Lil - ly of the Valley, I am his;
Hal-le-lu-jah, He is mine, Bless-ed Lil-y of the Val-ley,

186 Jesus will Give You Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burdened and sin-oppressed?
Lay it down at the feet of your Savior and Lord, Je-sus will give you rest.
2. Will you come, will you come? there is mercy for you, Balm for your aching breast;
On-ly come as you are, and believe on his name, Je-sus will give you rest.
3. Will you come, will you come? you have nothing to pay; Jesus, who loves you best,
By his death on the Cross purchased life for your soul, Jesus will give you rest.
4. Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now! Fly to his loving breast,
And what-ev-er your sin or your sor-row may be, Je-sus will give you rest.
REFRAIN.
O hap-py rest, sweet, happy rest! Je-sus will give you rest, O
hap-py rest,
why won't you come in simple, trusting faith? Je-sus will give you rest.

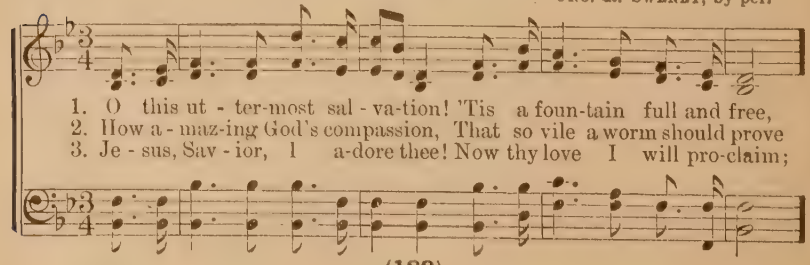
187 Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. J. B. DYKES.

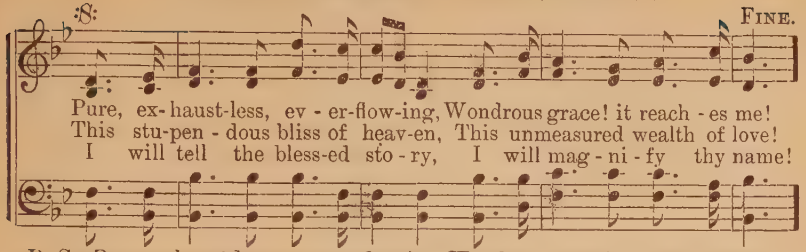

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee, Casting down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! All thy works shall
morn-ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
golden crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser-a-phim
sinful man thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly thou art ho - ly!
praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly.
mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
falling down before thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none beside thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!

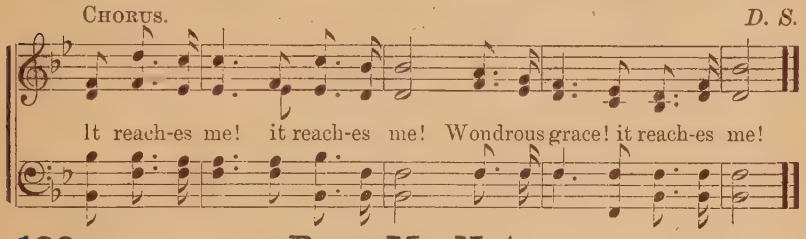
188 It Reaches Me.

MARY D. JAMES. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.


1. O this ut - ter-most sal - va-tion! 'Tis a foun-tain full and free,
2. How a - maz-ing God's compassion, That so vile a worm should prove
3. Je - sus, Sav - ior, I a-dore thee! Now thy love I will pro-claim;

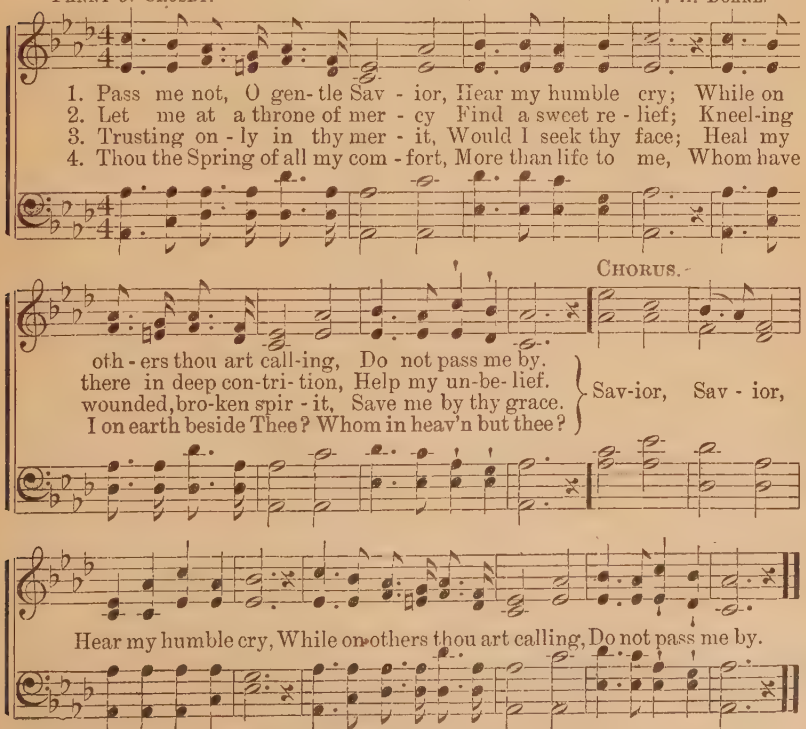
It Reaches Me—Concluded.


:S:
FINE.
Pure, ex-haust-less, ev-er-flow-ing, Wondrous grace! it reach-es me!
This stu-pen-dous bliss of heav-en, This unmeasured wealth of love!
I will tell the bless-ed sto-ry, I will mag-ni-fy thy name!
D. S.–Pure, ex-haust-less, ev-er-flow-ing, Wondrous grace! it reach-es me!



189 Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my humble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trusting on-ly in thy mer-it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have
CHORUS.
oth-ers thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief.
wounded, bro-ken spir-it, Save me by thy grace.
I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?
Sav-ior, Sav-ior,
Hear my humble cry, While on others thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

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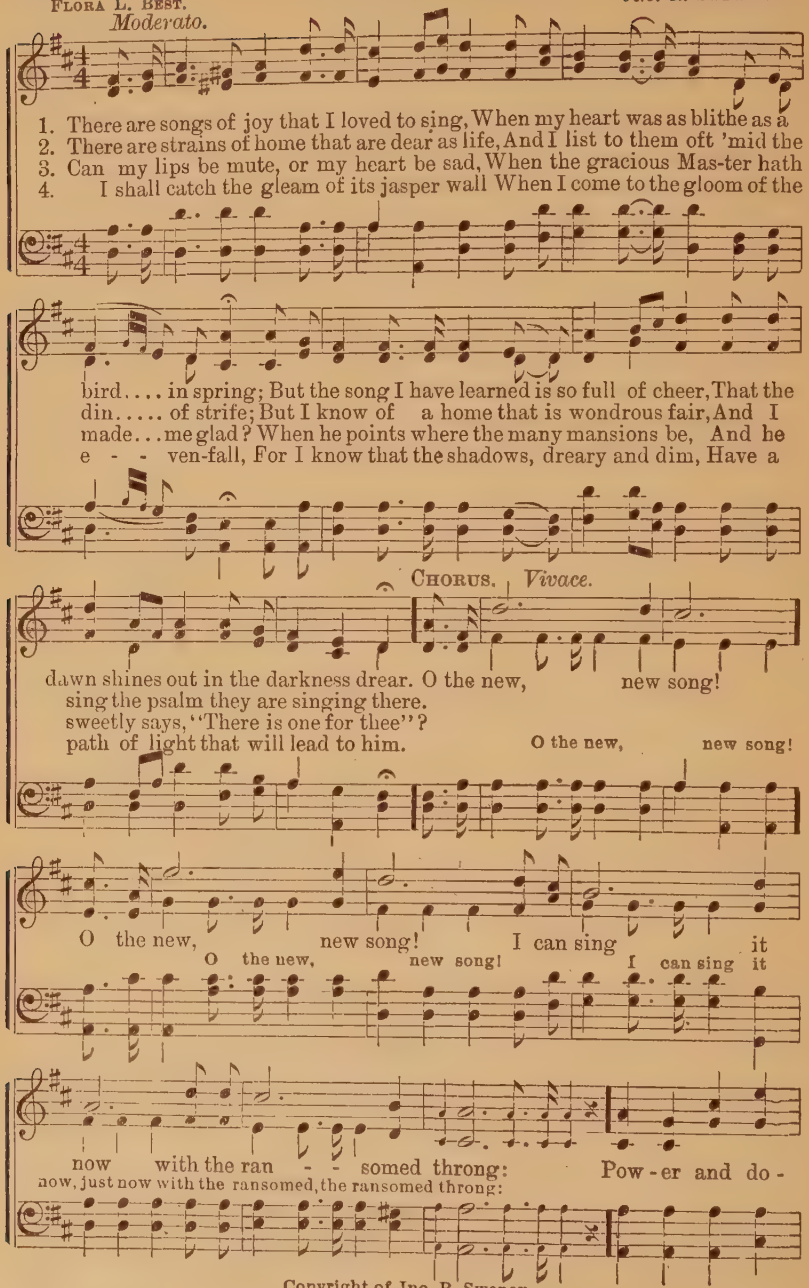
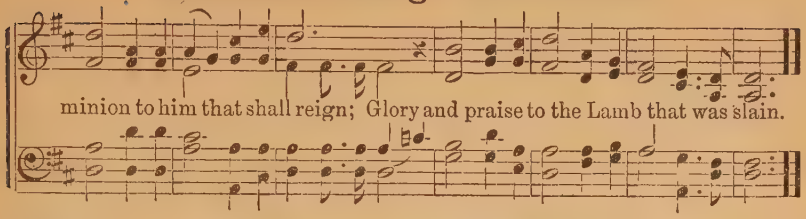
The New Song.

Flora L. Best. Jno. R. Sweney.

Moderato.

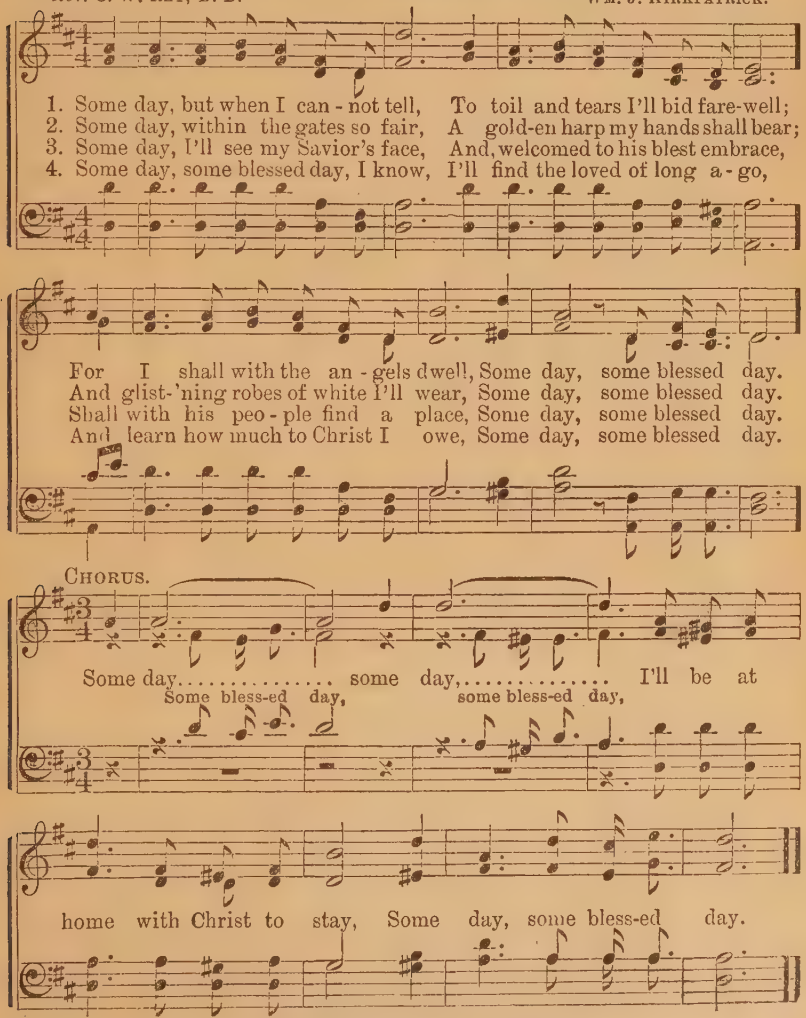

1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a
2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the
3. Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad, When the gracious Mas-ter hath
4. I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall When I come to the gloom of the
bird.... in spring; But the song I have learned is so full of cheer, That the
din..... of strife; But I know of a home that is wondrous fair, And I
made... me glad? When he points where the many mansions be, And he
e - - ven-fall, For I know that the shadows, dreary and dim, Have a
Chorus. Vivace.
dawn shines out in the darkness drear. O the new, new song!
sing the psalm they are singing there.
sweetly says, "There is one for thee"?
path of light that will lead to him.
O the new, new song!
O the new, new song! I can sing it
O the new, new song! I can sing it
now with the ran - - somed throng: Pow-er and do-
now, just now with the ransomed, the ransomed throng:

Copyright of Jno. R. Sweney.



191 Some Blessed Day.

Rev. C. W. Ray, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Some day, but when I can - not tell, To toil and tears I'll bid fare-well;
2. Some day, within the gates so fair, A gold-en harp my hands shall bear;
3. Some day, I'll see my Savior's face, And, welcomed to his blest embrace,
4. Some day, some blessed day, I know, I'll find the loved of long a - go,
For I shall with the an - gels dwell, Some day, some blessed day.
And glist-'ning robes of white I'll wear, Some day, some blessed day.
Shall with his peo - ple find a place, Some day, some blessed day.
And learn how much to Christ I owe, Some day, some blessed day.
Chorus.
Some day..... some day,..... I'll be at
Some bless-ed day, some bless-ed day,
home with Christ to stay, Some day, some bless-ed day.

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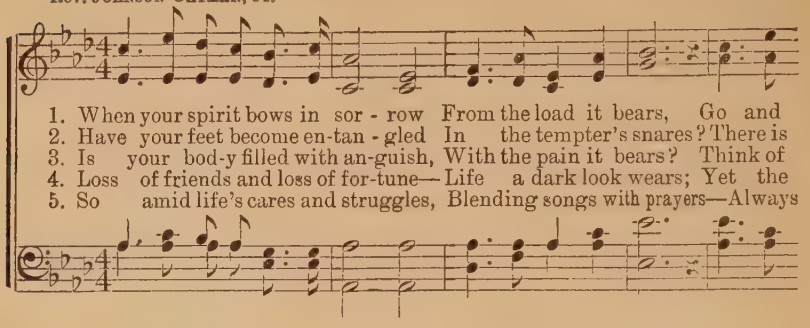
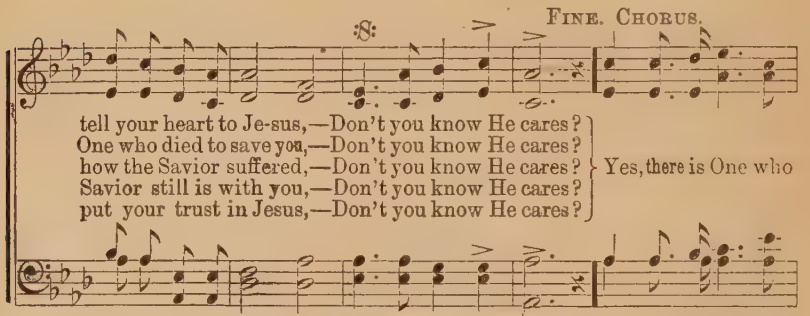
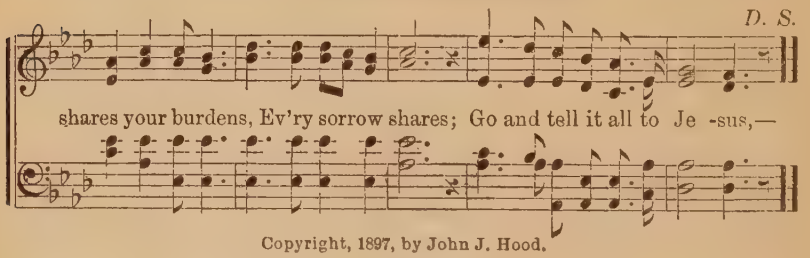
192 Don't You Know He Cares?

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. Howard Entwisle.


1. When your spirit bows in sor - row From the load it bears, Go and
2. Have your feet become en-tan - gled In the tempter's snares? There is
3. Is your bod-y filled with an-guish, With the pain it bears? Think of
4. Loss of friends and loss of for-tune—Life a dark look wears; Yet the
5. So amid life's cares and struggles, Blending songs with prayers—Always


Fine. Chorus.
tell your heart to Je-sus,—Don't you know He cares?
One who died to save you,—Don't you know He cares?
how the Savior suffered,—Don't you know He cares?
Savior still is with you,—Don't you know He cares?
put your trust in Jesus,—Don't you know He cares?
Yes, there is One who

D. S.—Don't you know He cares?



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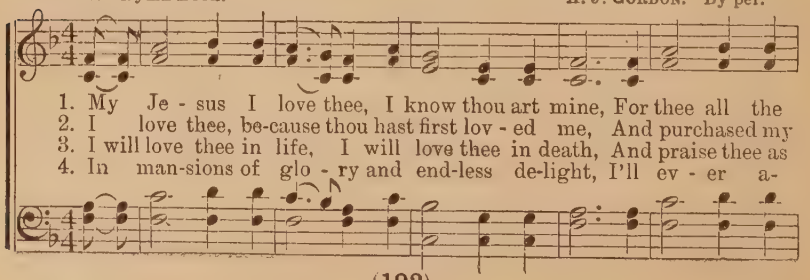
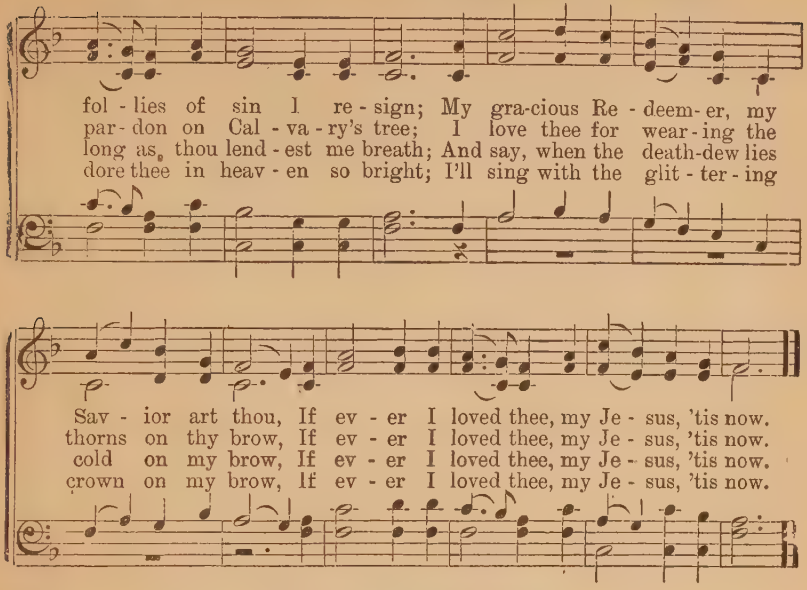
193 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon. By per.

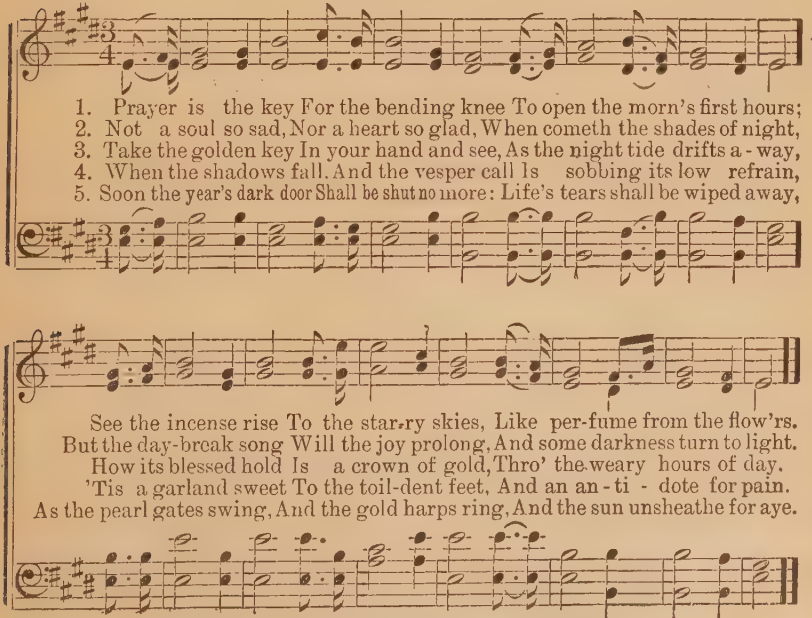

1. My Je - sus I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
2. I love thee, be-cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a-

My Jesus, I Love Thee—Concluded.


fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious Re - deem- er, my
par- don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
long as, thou lend - est me breath; And say, when the death-dew lies
dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - ior art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on thy brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

194 The Golden Key.

JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours;
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts a - way,
4. When the shadows fall. And the vesper call Is sobbing its low refrain,
5. Soon the year's dark door Shall be shut no more: Life's tears shall be wiped away,
See the incense rise To the star-ry skies, Like per-fume from the flow'rs.
But the day-break song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.
How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.
'Tis a garland sweet To the toil-dent feet, And an an - ti - dote for pain.
As the pearl gates swing, And the gold harps ring, And the sun unsheathe for aye.

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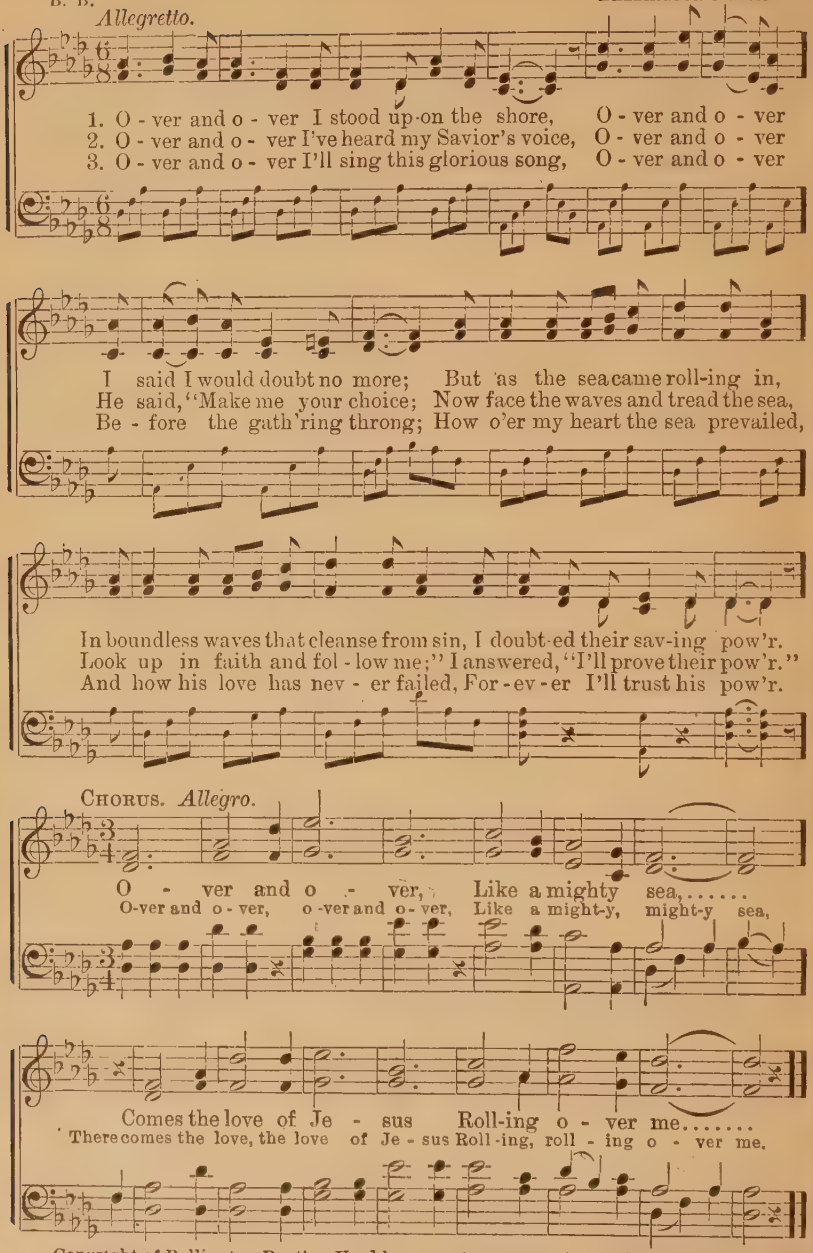
195 Over and Over.

B. B. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Allegretto.


1. O - ver and o - ver I stood up-on the shore, O - ver and o - ver
2. O - ver and o - ver I've heard my Savior's voice, O - ver and o - ver
3. O - ver and o - ver I'll sing this glorious song, O - ver and o - ver
I said I would doubt no more; But as the sea came roll-ing in,
He said, "Make me your choice; Now face the waves and tread the sea,
Be - fore the gath'ring throng; How o'er my heart the sea prevailed,
In boundless waves that cleanse from sin, I doubt-ed their sav-ing pow'r.
Look up in faith and fol - low me;" I answered, "I'll prove their pow'r."
And how his love has nev - er failed, For - ev - er I'll trust his pow'r.
CHORUS. *Allegro.*
O - ver and o - ver, Like a mighty sea,.....
O-ver and o - ver, o-ver and o - ver, Like a might-y, might-y sea,
Comes the love of Je - sus Roll-ing o - ver me.....
There comes the love, the love of Je - sus Roll-ing, roll - ing o - ver me.

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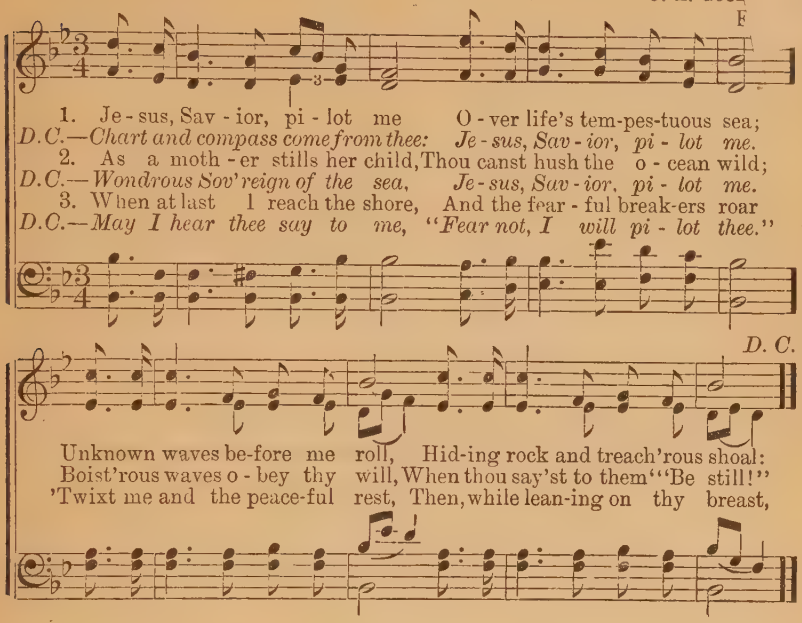
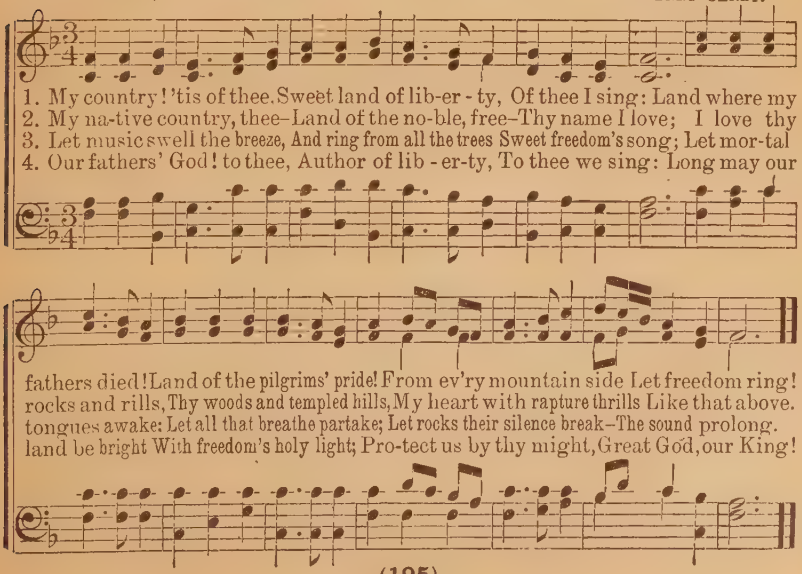
196 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Rev. E. Hopper. J. E. Gould

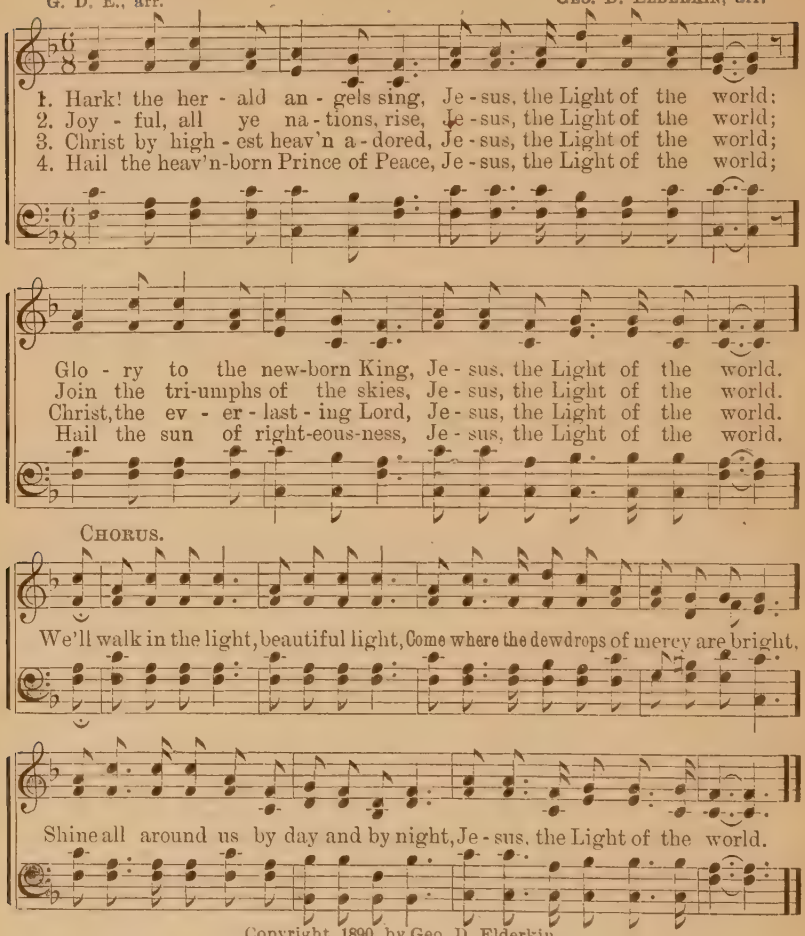

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea;
D.C.—Chart and compass come from thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
D.C.—Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
D.C.—May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."
D. C.
Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal:
Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on thy breast,

197 My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith. Henry Carey.


1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na-tive country, thee—Land of the no-ble, free—Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal
4. Our fathers' God! to thee, Author of lib - er-ty, To thee we sing: Long may our
fathers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
tongues awake: Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break—The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Pro-tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

198 Jesus, the Light of the World.

G. D. E., arr. GEO. D. ELDERKIN, arr.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
2. Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
3. Christ by high - est heav'n a - dored, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
4. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
Glo - ry to the new-born King, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Join the tri-umphs of the skies, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Hail the sun of right-eous-ness, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
CHORUS.
We'll walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dewdrops of mercy are bright,
Shine all around us by day and by night, Je - sus, the Light of the world.

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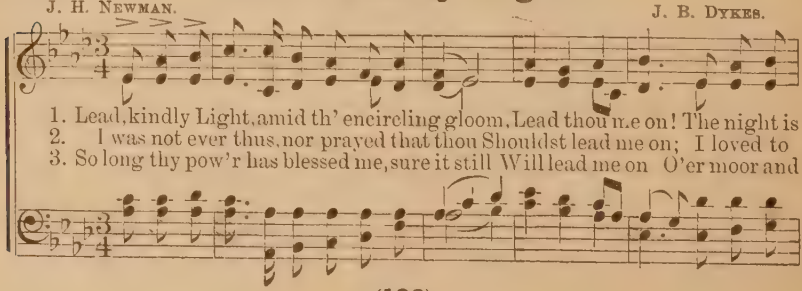
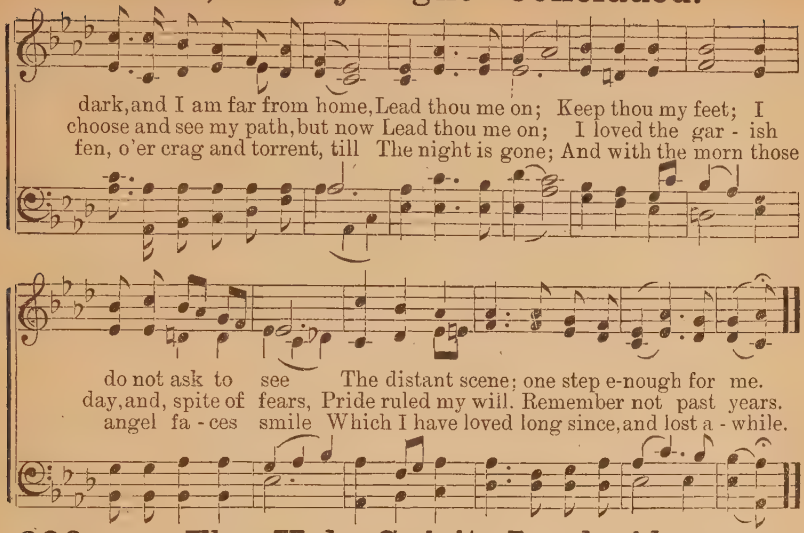
199 Lead, Kindly Light.

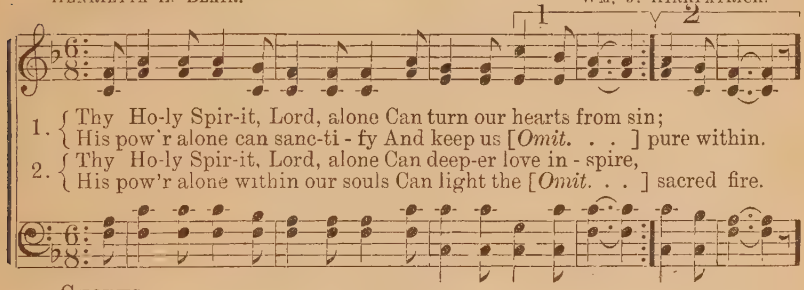
J. H. NEWMAN. J. B. DYKES.


1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long thy pow'r has blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

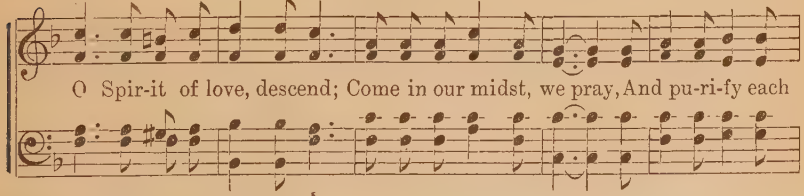
Lead, Kindly Light—Concluded.

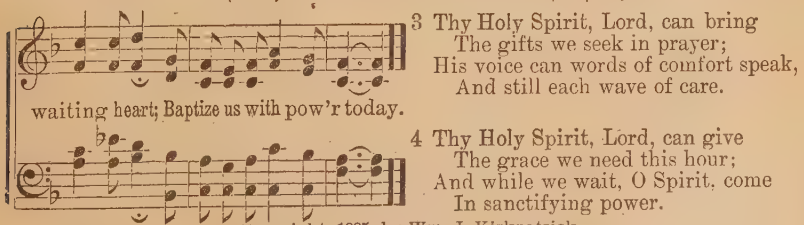

dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I
choose and see my path, but now Lead thou me on; I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those
do not ask to see The distant scene; one step e-nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.
angel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

200 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, Alone.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1
2
1. Thy Ho-ly Spir-it, Lord, alone Can turn our hearts from sin;
His pow'r alone can sanc-ti - fy And keep us [Omit. . .] pure within.
2. Thy Ho-ly Spir-it, Lord, alone Can deep-er love in - spire,
His pow'r alone within our souls Can light the [Omit. . .] sacred fire.

CHORUS.





3 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, can bring
The gifts we seek in prayer;
His voice can words of comfort speak,
And still each wave of care.

4 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, can give
The grace we need this hour;
And while we wait, O Spirit, come
In sanctifying power.

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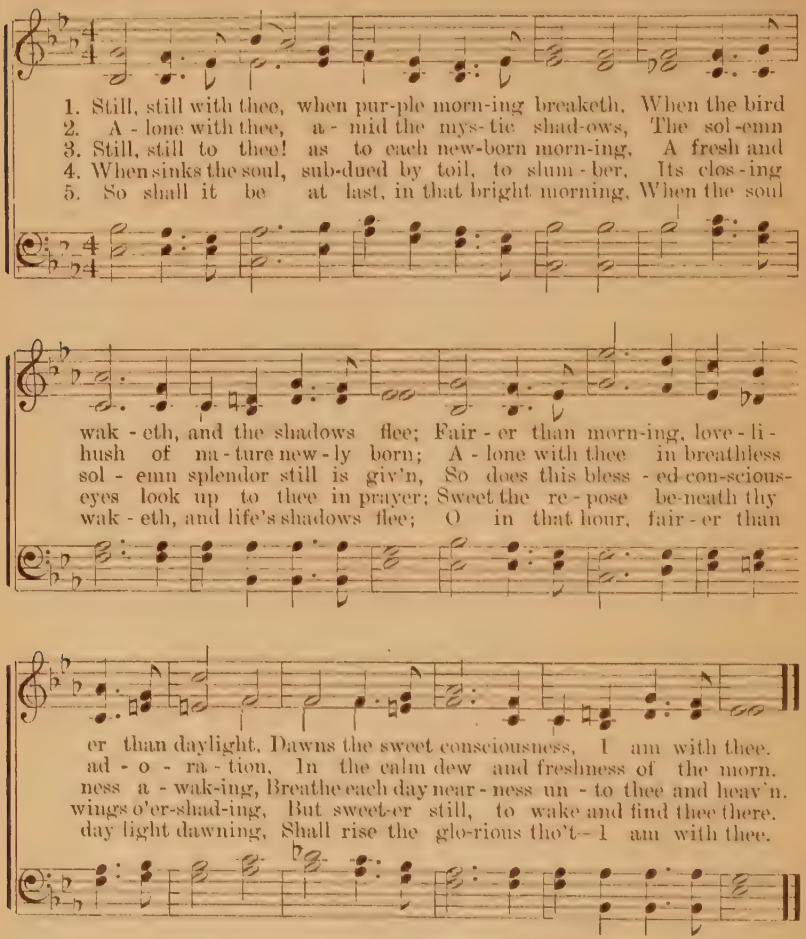
201 Still, Still With Thee.

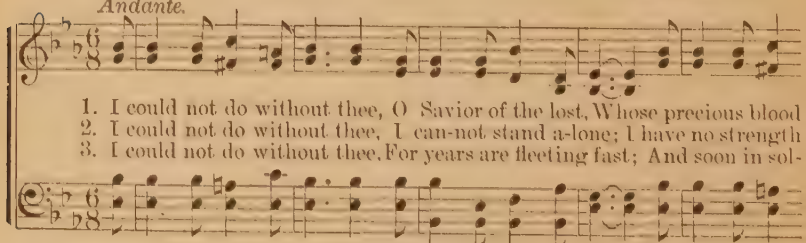
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. MENDELSSOHN, arr.

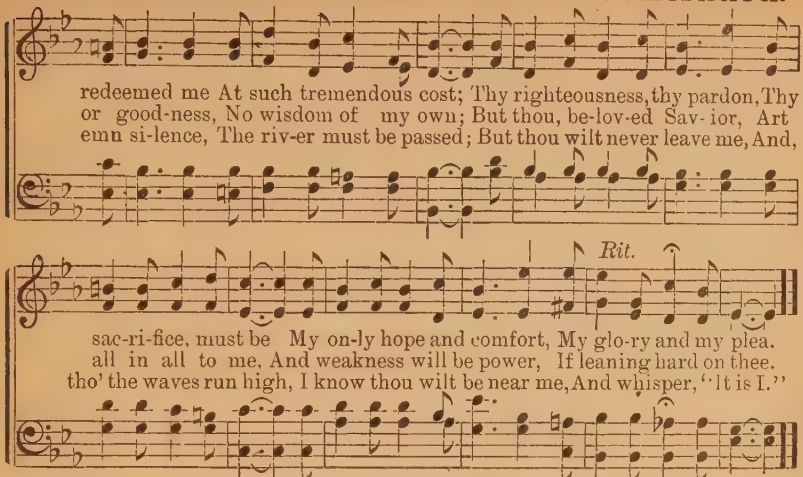

1. Still, still with thee, when pur-ple morn-ing breaketh, When the bird wak - eth, and the shadows flee; Fair - er than morn-ing, love - li - er than daylight, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.
2. A - lone with thee, a - mid the mys-tic shad-ows, The sol-emn hush of na - ture new - ly born; A - lone with thee in breathless ad - o - ra - tion, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
3. Still, still to thee! as to each new-born morn-ing, A fresh and sol - emn splendor still is giv'n, So does this bless - ed con-scious- ness a - wak-ing, Breathe each day near - ness un - to thee and heav'n.
4. When sinks the soul, sub-dued by toil, to slum - ber, Its clos - ing eyes look up to thee in prayer; Sweet the re - pose be-neath thy wings o'er-shad-ing, But sweet-er still, to wake and find thee there.
5. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning, When the soul day light dawning, Shall rise the glo-rious tho't - I am with thee.

202 I Could Not Do Without Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL. S. THALBERG, Arr.

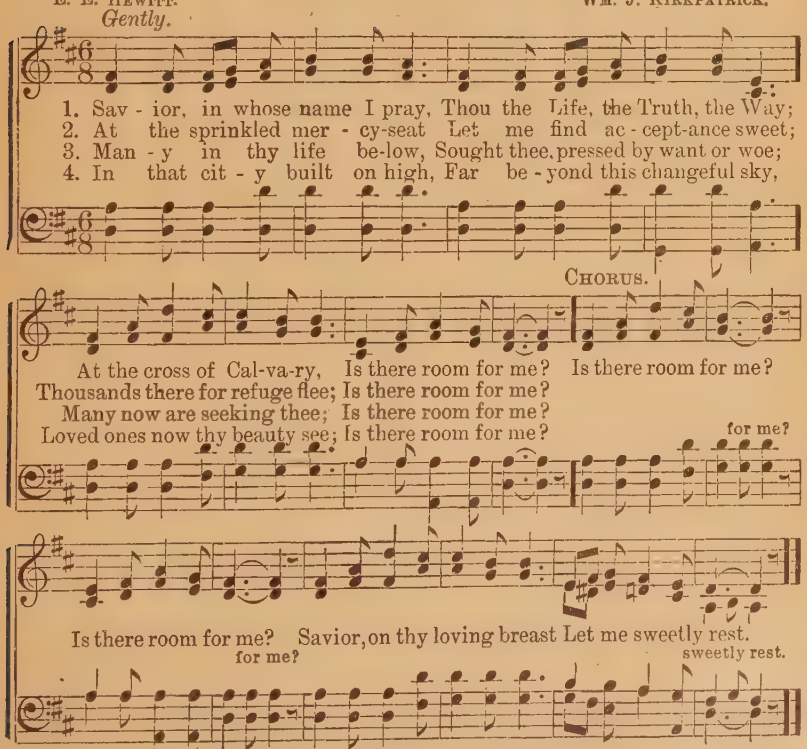
Andante.


1. I could not do without thee, O Savior of the lost, Whose precious blood
2. I could not do without thee, I can-not stand a-lone; I have no strength
3. I could not do without thee, For years are fleeting fast; And soon in sol-


redeemed me At such tremendous cost; Thy righteousness, thy pardon, Thy
or good-ness, No wisdom of my own; But thou, be-lov-ed Sav-ior, Art
emn si-lence, The riv-er must be passed; But thou wilt never leave me, And,
Rit.
sac-ri-fice, must be My on-ly hope and comfort, My glo-ry and my plea.
all in all to me, And weakness will be power, If leaning hard on thee.
tho' the waves run high, I know thou wilt be near me, And whisper, "It is I."

203 Is There Room for Me?

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


Gently.
1. Sav - ior, in whose name I pray, Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way;
2. At the sprinkled mer - cy-seat Let me find ac - cept-ance sweet;
3. Man - y in thy life be-low, Sought thee, pressed by want or woe;
4. In that cit - y built on high, Far be - yond this changeful sky,
Chorus.
At the cross of Cal-va-ry, Is there room for me? Is there room for me?
Thousands there for refuge flee; Is there room for me?
Many now are seeking thee; Is there room for me?
Loved ones now thy beauty see; Is there room for me?
for me?
Is there room for me? Savior, on thy loving breast Let me sweetly rest.
for me?
sweetly rest.

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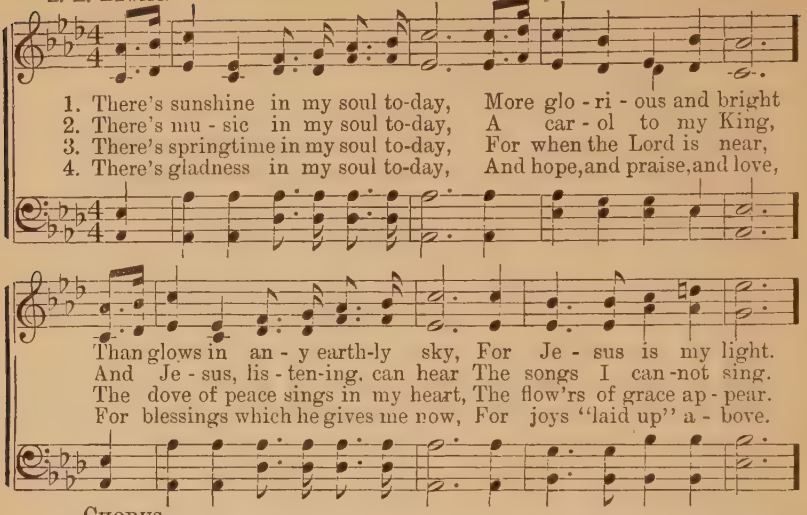
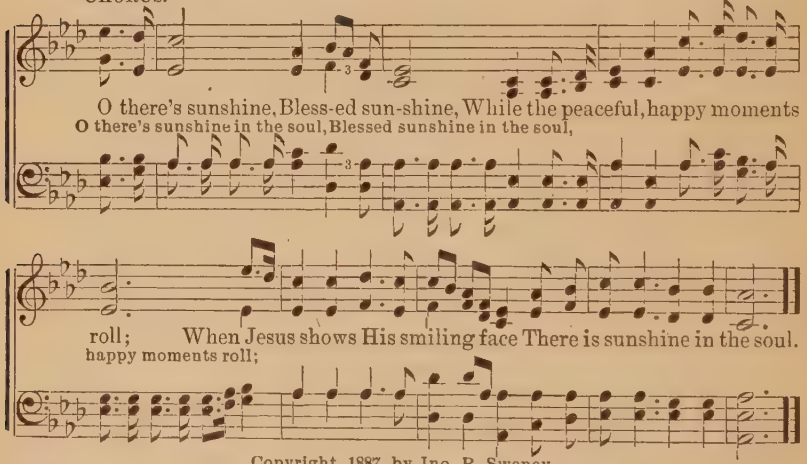
204 Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,
Than glows in an - y earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, lis - ten-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For blessings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

Chorus.


O there's sunshine, Bless-ed sun-shine, While the peaceful, happy moments
O there's sunshine in the soul, Blessed sunshine in the soul,
roll; When Jesus shows His smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.
happy moments roll;

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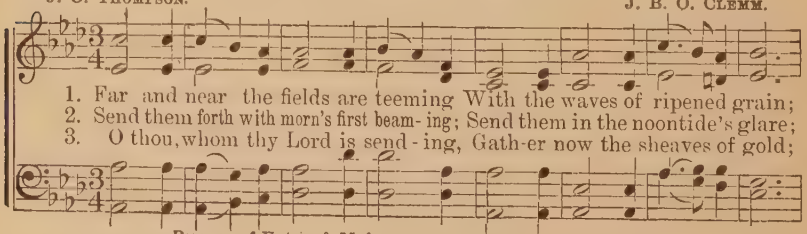
205 The Call for Reapers.

J. O. Thompson. J. B. O. Clemm.


1. Far and near the fields are teeming With the waves of ripened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beam - ing; Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send - ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold;

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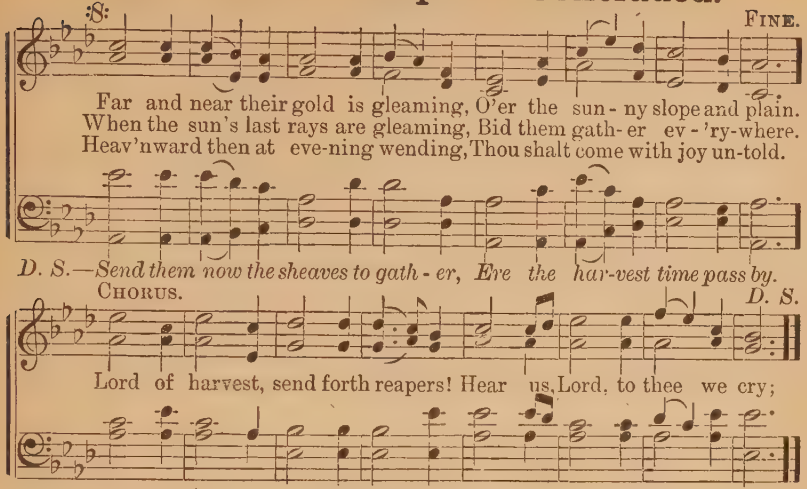
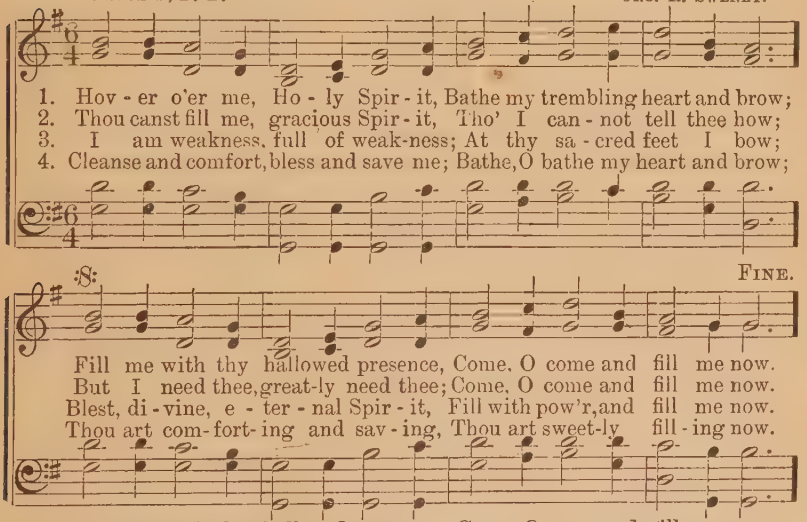
The Call for Reapers—Concluded.


:S:
FINE.
Far and near their gold is gleaming, O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleaming, Bid them gath- er ev - 'ry-where.
Heav'nward then at eve-ning wending, Thou shalt come with joy un-told.
D. S.—Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har-vest time pass by.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Lord of harvest, send forth reapers! Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry;

206 Fill Me Now.

E. H. STOKES, D. D. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spir - it, Tho' I can - not tell thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weak-ness; At thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;
:S:
FINE.
Fill me with thy hallowed presence, Come, O come and fill me now.
But I need thee, great-ly need thee; Come, O come and fill me now.
Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort- ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet-ly fill - ing now.
D.S.—Fill me with thy hallowed pres-ence; Come, O come and fill me now.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now;

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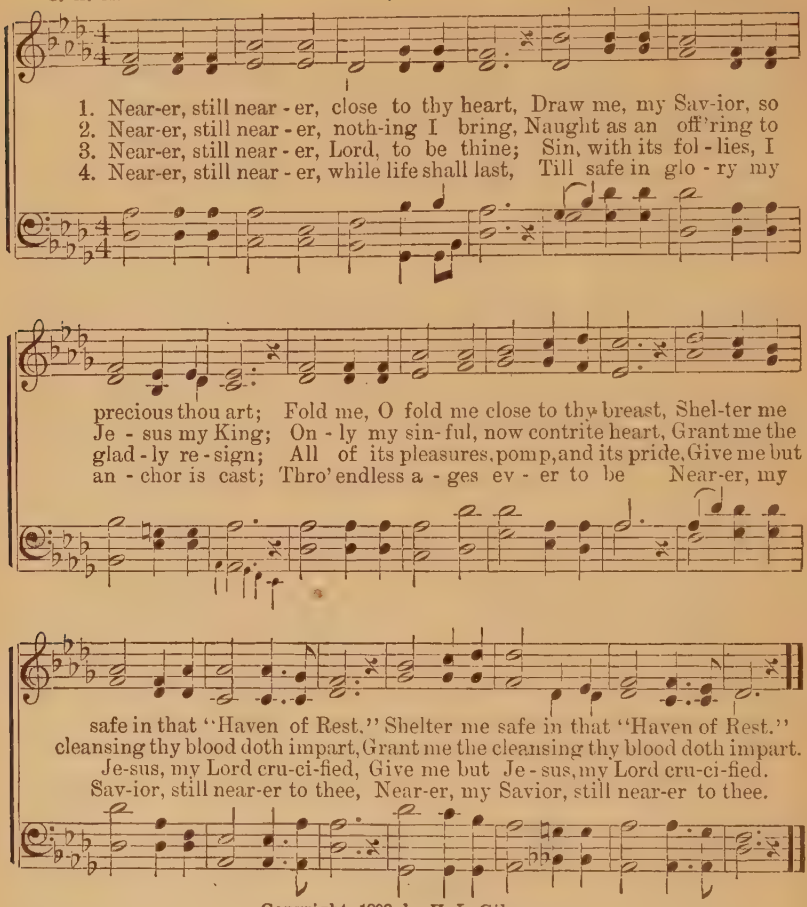
207 Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Near-er, still near - er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-ior, so
2. Near-er, still near - er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an off'ring to
3. Near-er, still near - er, Lord, to be thine; Sin, with its fol - lies, I
4. Near-er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my
precious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shel-ter me
Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin-ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp, and its pride, Give me but
an - chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges ev - er to be Near-er, my
safe in that "Haven of Rest." Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
cleansing thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth impart.
Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.
Sav-ior, still near-er to thee, Near-er, my Savior, still near-er to thee.

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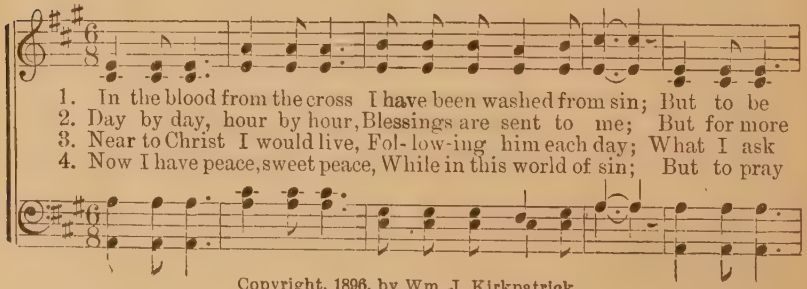
208 Deeper Yet.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. In the blood from the cross I have been washed from sin; But to be
2. Day by day, hour by hour, Blessings are sent to me; But for more
3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low-ing him each day; What I ask
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

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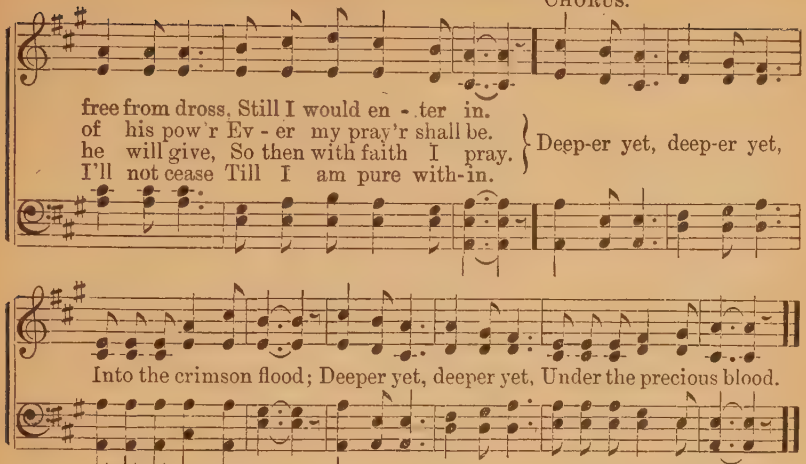
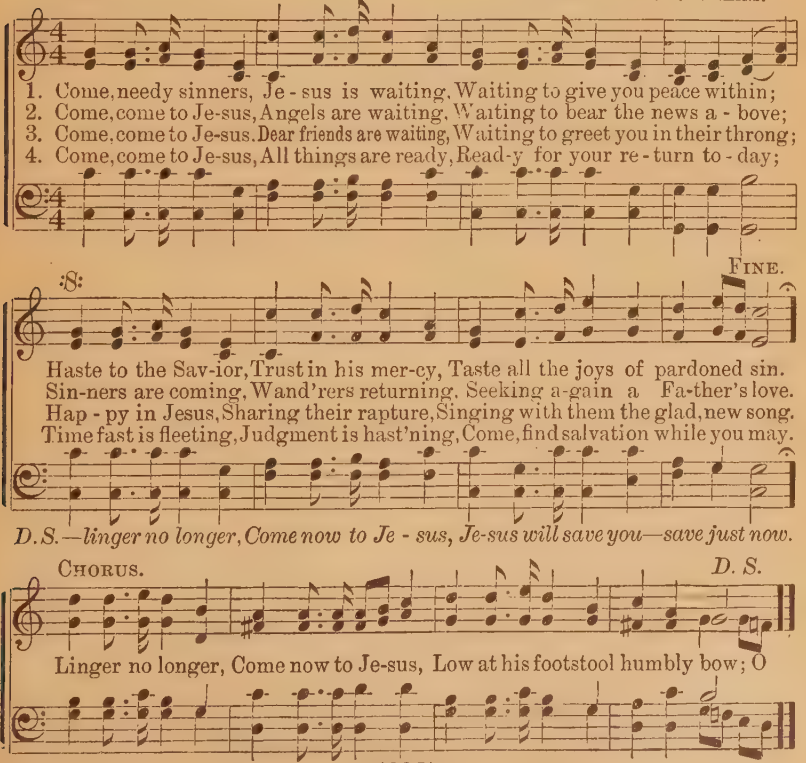
Deeper Yet—Concluded.

CHORUS.


free from dross. Still I would en - ter in.
of his pow'r Ev - er my pray'r shall be.
he will give, So then with faith I pray.
I'll not cease Till I am pure with-in.
Deep-er yet, deep-er yet,
Into the crimson flood; Deeper yet, deeper yet, Under the precious blood.

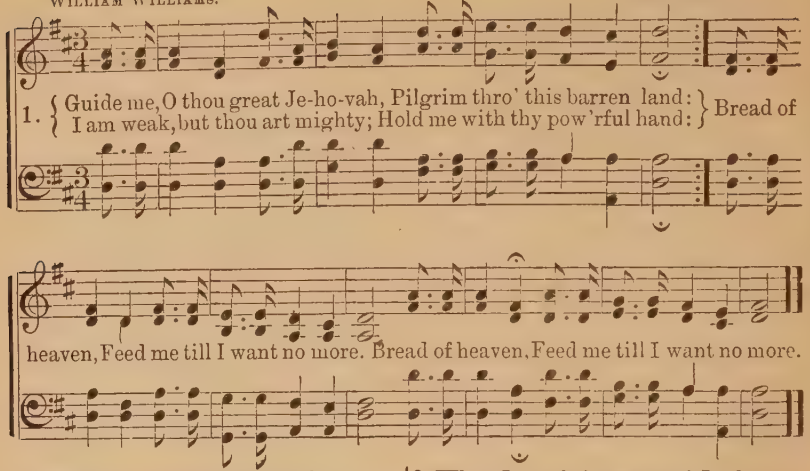
209 Linger No Longer.

T. C. O'K. Theme from T. E. PERKINS.


1. Come, needy sinners, Je - sus is waiting, Waiting to give you peace within;
2. Come, come to Je-sus, Angels are waiting, Waiting to bear the news a - bove;
3. Come, come to Je-sus, Dear friends are waiting, Waiting to greet you in their throng;
4. Come, come to Je-sus, All things are ready, Read-y for your re - turn to - day;
FINE.
Haste to the Sav-ior, Trust in his mer-cy, Taste all the joys of pardoned sin.
Sin-ners are coming, Wand'rers returning, Seeking a-gain a Fa-ther's love.
Hap - py in Jesus, Sharing their rapture, Singing with them the glad, new song.
Time fast is fleeting, Judgment is hast'ning, Come, find salvation while you may.
D. S.—linger no longer, Come now to Je - sus, Je-sus will save you—save just now.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Linger no longer, Come now to Je-sus, Low at his footstool humbly bow; O

210 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS. THOMAS HASTINGS.

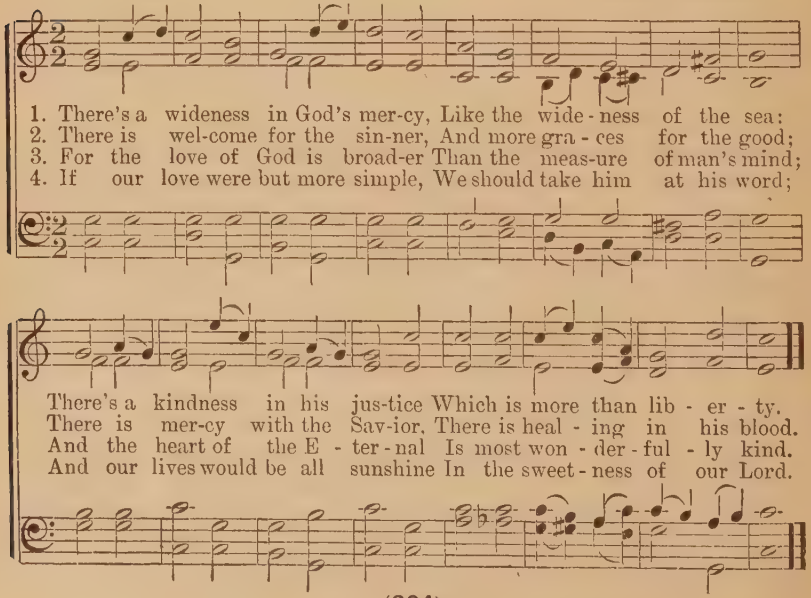

1. { Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land: } Bread of
{ I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy pow'rful hand: }
heaven, Feed me till I want no more. Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

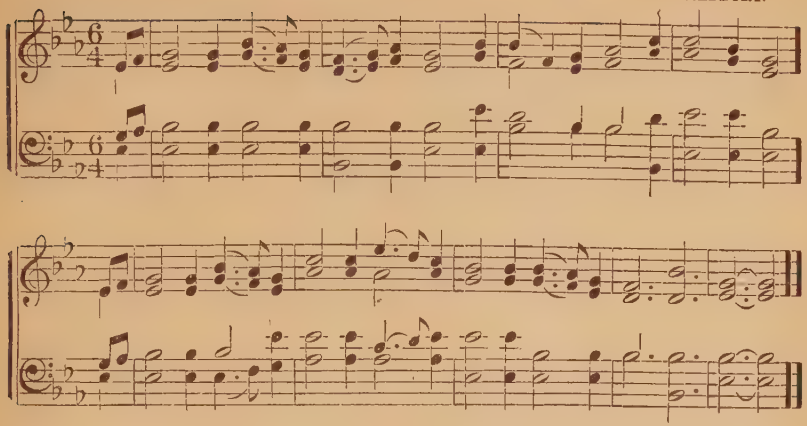
211 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. FABER. LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.


1. There's a wideness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea:
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more simple, We should take him at his word;
There's a kindness in his jus-tice Which is more than lib-er-ty.
There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior, There is heal-ing in his blood.
And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

Woodworth. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



212 Just as I Am.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am; thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

213 O that My Load of Sin.

1 O that my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Savior of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

214 From Every Stormy Wind.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more:
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

215 Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be?

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

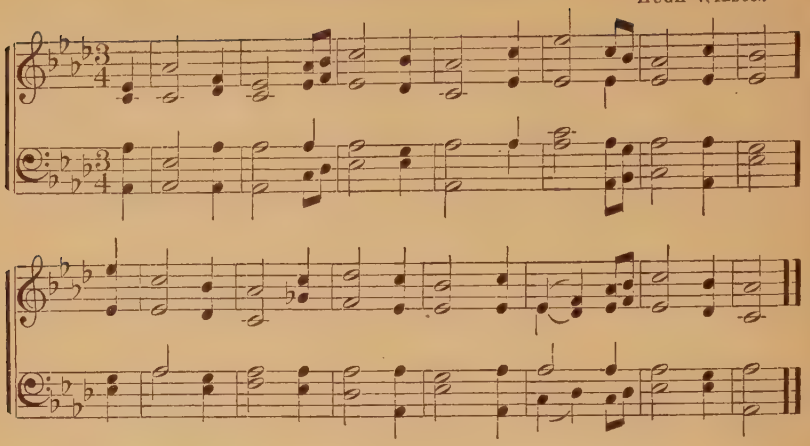
2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Savior slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Avon. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



216 Forever Here My Rest.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
"For me the Savior died."

2 My dying Savior, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine
Wash me, and mine thou art; [own;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

217 Alas! and Did My Savior.

1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

218 O for a Heart to Praise!

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

219 Jesus, the Very Thought.

1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Savior of mankind.

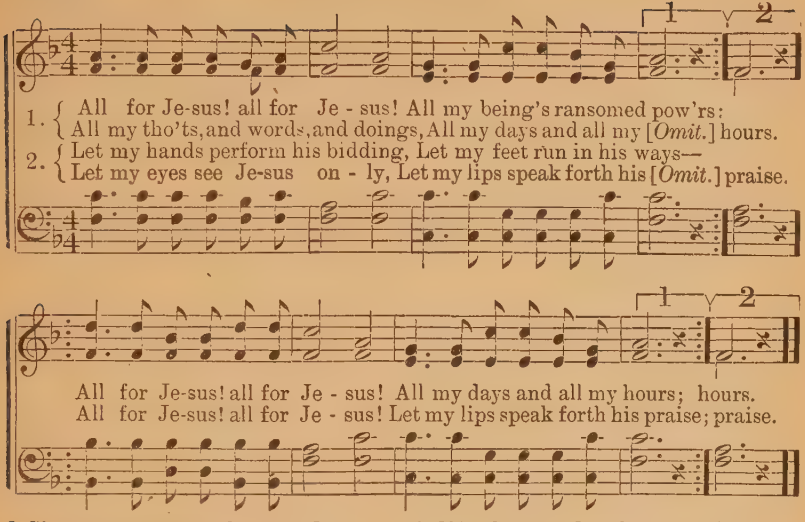
3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good, to those who seek!

4 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

220 All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES.

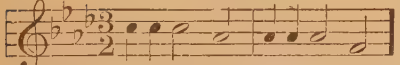
Arranged.


1
2
1. All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed pow'rs:
All my tho'ts, and words, and doings, All my days and all my [Omit.] hours.
2. Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways—
Let my eyes see Je-sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth his [Omit.] praise.
1
2
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise; praise.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified. :‖

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lets me rest beneath his wings.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings. :‖

221 I am Saved.



1 I am saved! the Lord hath saved me,
Help me shout the glorious news!
I have tasted God's salvation,
And 'tis sweet as honeyed dews.

CHO.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
I rejoice, salvation came;
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
I am saved in Jesus' name.

2 Loud I sing my exultation,
Hoping it will reach the skies;
Keep, dear Lord, my soul forever
Under thy protecting eyes.

3 Free salvation! glad salvation!
Let us shout from pole to pole,
Until each diseased nation
Feels that God hath made it whole.

4 When at last the days are gathered
Into thy great judgment one,
May I find my name deep written,
In the records of thy Son.

222 Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

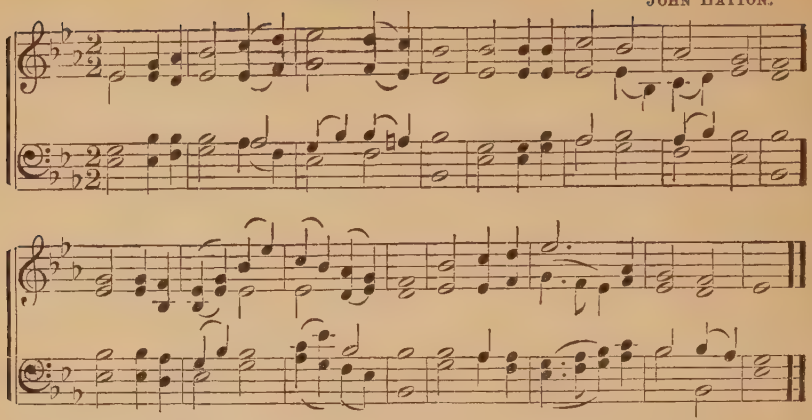
1 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Oh, what words I hear him say!
Happy place! so near, so precious!
May it find me there each day;
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
I would look upon the past:
For his love has been so gracious,
It has won my heart at last.

2 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Where can mortal be more blest?
There I lay my sins and sorrows,
And when weary, find sweet rest;
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
There I love to weep and pray,
While I from his fulness gather
Grace and comfort every day.

3 Bless me, O my Savior, bless me,
As I sit low at thy feet;
O look down in love upon me,
Let me see thy face so sweet;
Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus,
Make me holy as he is;
May I prove I've been with Jesus,
Who is all my righteousness.

Duke Street.

JOHN HATTON.



223 Jesus shall Reign.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

224 I Thirst, Thou Wounded.

1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside;
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

225 From All That Dwell.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore.
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

226 When I Survey.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

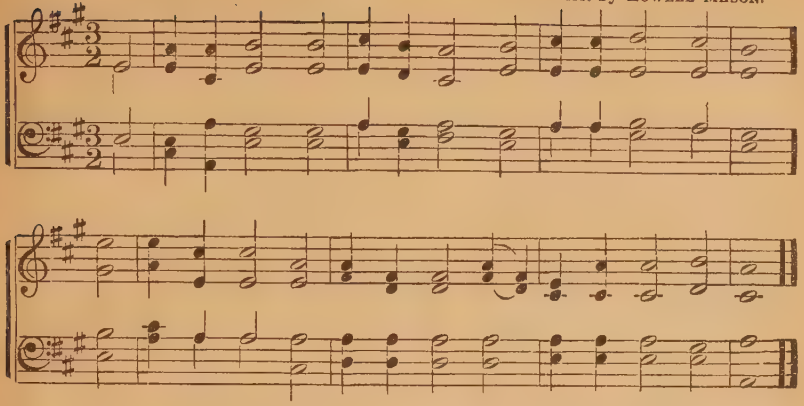
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all

Azmon.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.



227 O for a Closer Walk!

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

228 How Sweet the Name.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

229 O for a Thousand Tongues!

1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

230 O for a Faith!

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

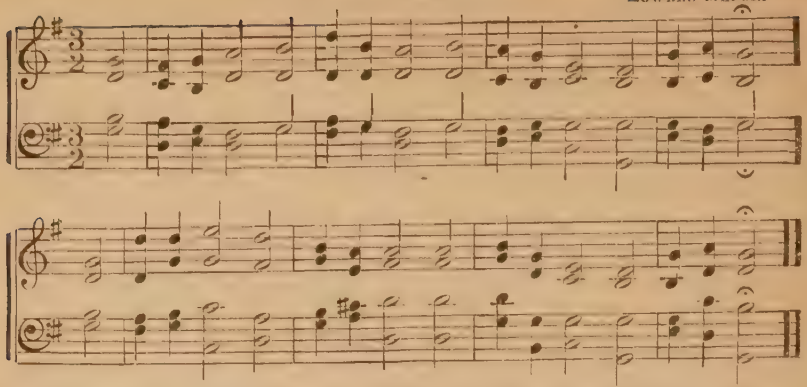
2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile.

Rockingham.

LOWELL MASON.



231 Delights of the Sabbath.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truths by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

232 Invitation.

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

233 Of Him Who Did Salvation Bring.

1 Of Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

234 While Life Prolongs.

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

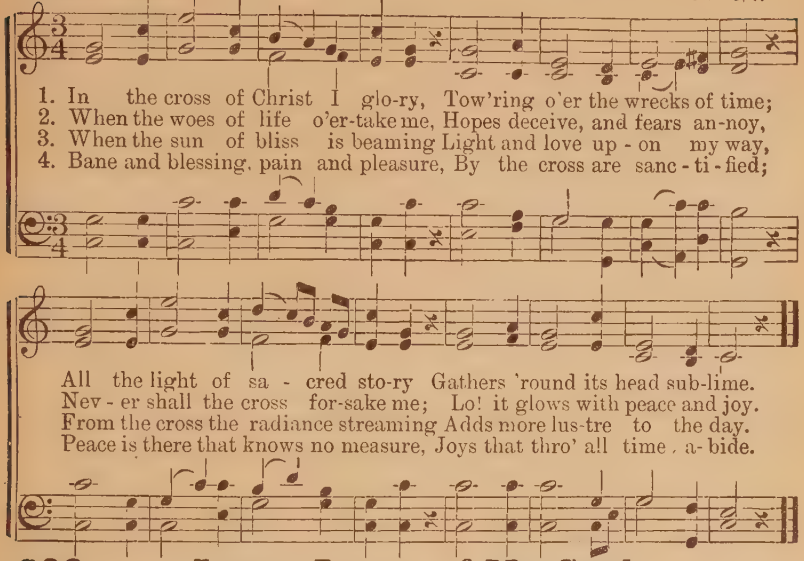
2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

3 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Savior call you to the skies.

4 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

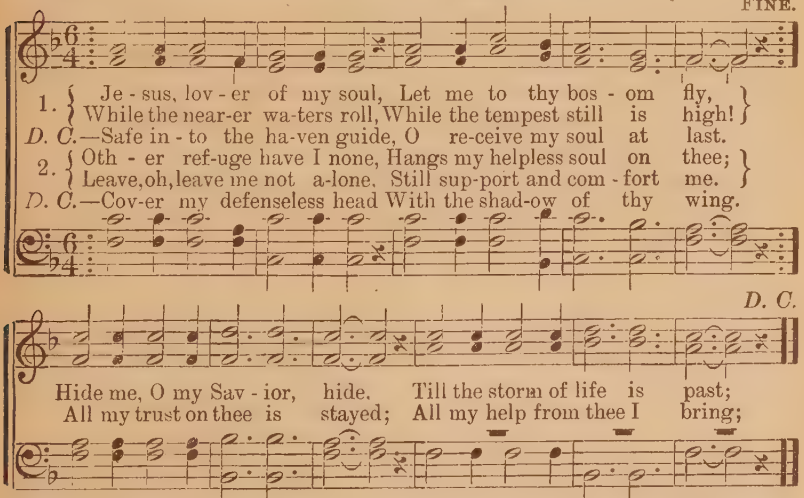
235 In the Cross of Christ.

Sir J. Bowring. Tune, Rathbun. 8, 7.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gathers 'round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the radiance streaming Adds more lus-tre to the day.
Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide.

236 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. S. B. Marsh.


Fine.
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high!
D. C.—Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.
2. Oth - er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not a-lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me.
D. C.—Cov-er my defenseless head With the shad-ow of thy wing.
D. C.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stayed; All my help from thee I bring;

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

237 Entire Consecration.

1 Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

CHO.–Wash me in the Savior's precious blood,
Cleanse me in the purifying flood;
Lord, I give to thee my life and all, to be
Thine, henceforth, eternally.

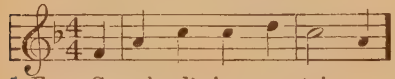
2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

4 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart—it is thine own,
It shall be thy royal throne.

5 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

238 Missionary Hymn.

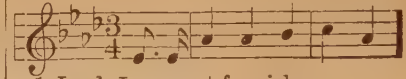


1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

239 Is My Name Written There?



1 Lord, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold;
In the book of thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus, my Savior,
Is my name written there?

CHO.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, O my Savior,
Is sufficient for me;
For thy promise is written
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

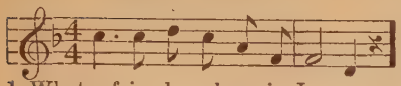
240 Work, for the Night is Coming.

Key of F.

1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work, through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work, through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

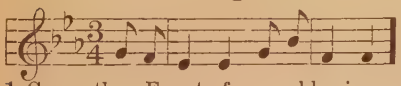
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

241 What a Friend.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

242 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.

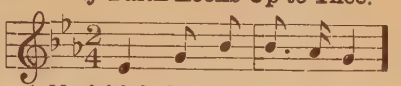


1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

243 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.



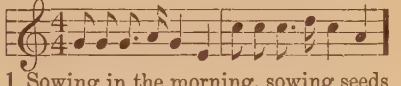
1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

244 Bringing in the Sheaves.

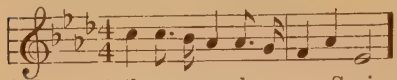


1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, [eves;
Sowing in the noon-tide, and the dewy
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping, [the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

Cho.—‖:Bringing in the sheaves, :‖
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, [chilling breeze;
Fearing neither clouds, nor winter's
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended, [the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master, [often grieves;
Though the loss sustained our spirit
When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome, [the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

245 Glory to His Name.

1 Down at the cross where my Savior died, [cried;
Down where for cleansing from sin I
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name.

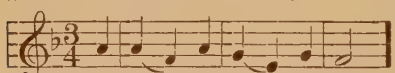
CHO.—‖: Glory to his name; :‖
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name.

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within;
There at the cross where he took me in;
Glory to his name.

3 O precious fountain, that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in; [clean;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me
Glory to his name.

4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to his name.

246 Blest Be the Tie.

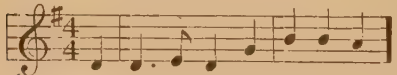


1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our hopes, our fears, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

247 Only Trust Him.

1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest,
By trusting in his word.

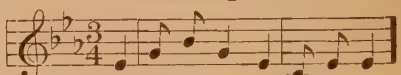
CHO.—Only trust him, only trust him,
Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.

248 The Cleansing Wave.



1 Oh, now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

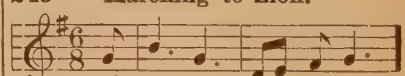
REF.—The cleansing stream I see, I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
O praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

2 I see the new creation rise;
I hear the speaking blood!
It speaks! polluted nature dies!
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin, [white,
With heart made pure, and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below,
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

249 Marching to Zion.

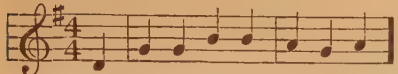


1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

CHO.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry; [ground,
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

250 Crown Him Lord of All.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

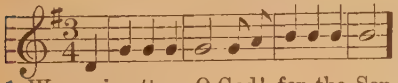
3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

251 Revive Us Again.



1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son
of thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone
above.

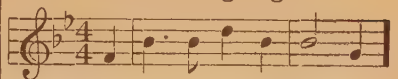
Cho.—Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! thine the glory; revive us
again.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit
of light,
Who has shown us our Savior and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that
was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has
cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all
grace,
Who has bought us and sought us, and
guided our ways.

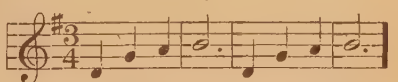
5 Revive us again; fill each heart with
thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire
from above.

252 The Morning Light.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

253 O Happy Day!



1 O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

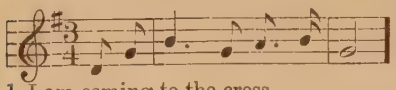
Cho.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

254 I am Coming to the Cross.



1 I am coming to the cross,
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at the cross I bow;
Jesus saves me—saves me now.

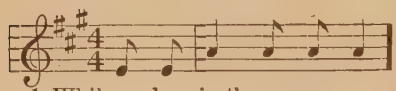
2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me;
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body, thine to be—
Wholly thine forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust,
In the cleansing blood confide;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes, he fills my soul,
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

255 It is Good to be Here.



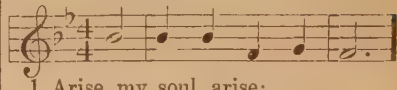
1 While we bow in thy name,
O meet us again;
Fill our hearts with the light of thy love;
May the Spirit of grace,
And the smiles of thy face,
Gently fall on us now from above.

REF.—It is good to be here, it is good to be here; [fear,
Thy perfect love now drives away all our
And light streaming down makes the pathway all clear;
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

2 Our souls long for thee;
O may we now see
A sin-cleansing blood-wave appear;
And feel, as it rolls
In power o'er our souls,
It is good for us, Lord, to be here

3 Thou art with us, we know;
We feel the sweet flow [tide;
Of the sin-cleansing wave's gladd'ning
We are washed from our sin,
Made all holy within,
And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

256 Arise, My Soul, Arise!



1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

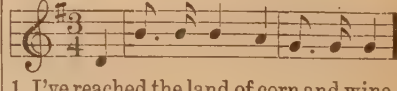
2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father!" cry.

257 Beulah Land.



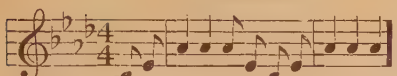
1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine,
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away,

CHO.—O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home, forevermore!

2 My Savior comes and walks with me;
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by his hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

3 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-robed throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

258 Are You Washed?



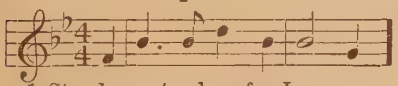
1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the
Are you fully trusting in his grace this hour? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the

Cho.—Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless? are they white as snow? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the

2 Are you walking daily by the Savior's side? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the

3 When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, [Lamb?
Pure and white in the blood of the
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the

259 Stand Up for Jesus.

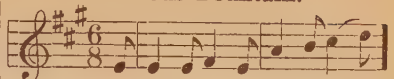


1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

260 Glorious Fountain.



1 There is a fountain ‖: filled with blood :‖
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged ‖: beneath that flood, :‖
Lose all their guilty stains.

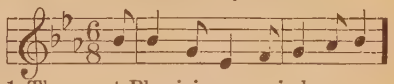
Cho.—O glorious fountain! here will I stay,
And in thee ever wash my sins away.

2 The dying thief ‖: rejoiced to see: ‖
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, ‖: tho' vile as he, :‖
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! ‖: thy precious blood: ‖
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ‖: Church of God: ‖
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ‖: I saw the stream: ‖
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ‖: has been my theme, :‖
And shall be till I die.

261 The Great Physician.



1 The great Physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer,
O hear the voice of Jesus.

Cho.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung;
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

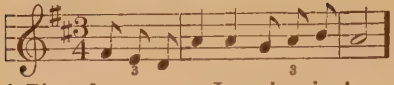
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
O hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

262 Blessed Assurance.



1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

CHO.–‖: This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long. :‖

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst forth on my sight,
Angels, descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest;
I in my Savior am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

263 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

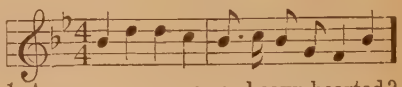
Key of G.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

264 Tell It to Jesus Alone.



1 Are you weary, are you heavy-hearted?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
Are you grieving over joys departed?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

CHO.—Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus,
He is a Friend that's well known;
You have no other such a friend or brother,
Tell it to Jesus alone.

2 Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
Have you sins that to man's eye are hidden?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

3 Do you fear the gathering clouds of sorrow?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
Are you anxious what shall be to-morrow?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

4 Are you troubled at the thought of dying?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
For Christ's coming kingdom are you sighing?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

265 Marching to Glory.

Tune:—"Marching Through Georgia."
Key of B Flat.

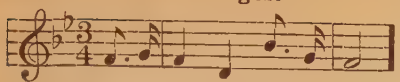
1 Come with hearts and voices now and sing a gospel song,
Sing it with a spirit that will move the mighty throng;
Sing it till the world shall hear the echoes loud and long,
While we are marching to glory.

CHO.—Then hail! all hail! the coming jubilee!
Redeemed from sin, our Jesus make us free;
Now we'll shout salvation over mountain, land, and sea,
While we are marching to glory!

2 Gird the gospel armor on, and duty's call obey;
See the host of Satan ready marshaled for the fray;
Going forth to meet them we will watch, and fight, and pray,
While we are marching to glory!

3 Forward then to battle 'neath the banner of the cross;
Counting worldly honors at their best as only dross;
Jesus is our Captain, and we ne'er can suffer loss,
While we are marching to glory!

266 Rock of Ages.

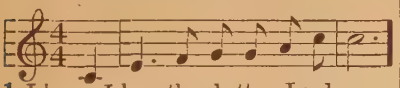


1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

267 I Know I Love Thee Better.



1 I know I love thee better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy,
For thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

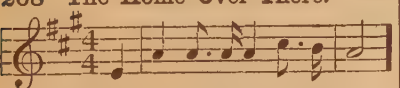
Cho.—The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told,
The blood—it cleanseth me.

2 I know that thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng,
And sweeter is the thought of thee
Than any lovely song.

3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart;
Then well may I be glad!
Without the secret of thy love
I could not but be sad.

4 O Savior, precious Savior mine!
What will thy presence be,
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with thee?

268 The Home Over There.



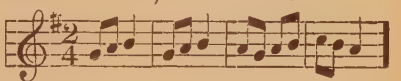
1 O think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

Ref.—‖: Over there, over there,
O think of the home over there. :‖

2 O think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

3 My Savior is now over there, [rest;
There my kindred and friends are at
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

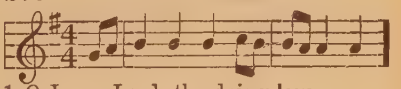
4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

269 Come, Ye Sinners.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.

Cho.—Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.

270 At the Cross.

1 O Jesus, Lord, thy dying love
Hath pierced my contrite heart;
Now take my life, and let me prove
How dear to me thou art.

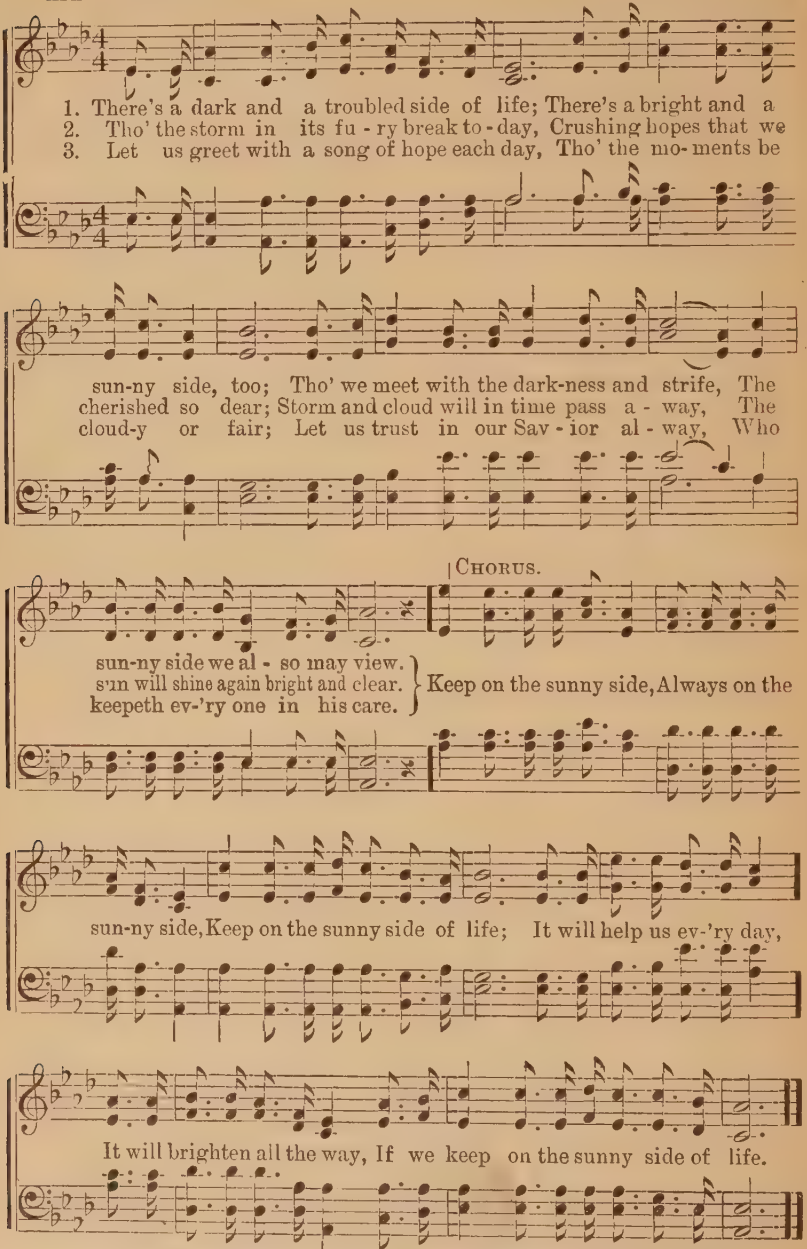
Cho.—At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away:
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day!

2 Amid the night of sin and death
The light hath filled my soul;
To me thy loving voice now saith,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

3 I kiss thy feet, I clasp thy hand,
I touch thy bleeding side;
O let me here forever stand,
Where thou wert crucified.

4 My Lord, my light, my strength, my all,
I count my gain but loss;
Forever let thy love enthrall,
And keep me at the cross.

271 Keep on the Sunny Side of Life.

ADA BLENKHORN. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. There's a dark and a troubled side of life; There's a bright and a
2. Tho' the storm in its fu - ry break to - day, Crushing hopes that we
3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the mo-ments be
sun-ny side, too; Tho' we meet with the dark-ness and strife, The
cherished so dear; Storm and cloud will in time pass a - way, The
cloud-y or fair; Let us trust in our Sav - ior al - way, Who
CHORUS.
sun-ny side we al - so may view.
sun will shine again bright and clear.
keepeth ev-'ry one in his care.
Keep on the sunny side, Always on the
sun-ny side, Keep on the sunny side of life; It will help us ev-'ry day,
It will brighten all the way, If we keep on the sunny side of life.

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272 PSALM 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 *But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.*

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 *The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.*

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 *For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.*

273 PSALM 19.

1 The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handy-work.

2 *Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.*

3 There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.

4 *Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,*

5 Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 *His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.*

7 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

8 *The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.*

9 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

10 *More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.*

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12 *Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.*

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 *Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.*

274 PSALM 23.

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 *He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.*

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake.

4 *Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 *Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.*

275 PSALM 24.

1 The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 *For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.*

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? and who shall stand in his holy place?

4 *He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.*

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 *This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.*

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting

doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 *Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.*

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 *Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.*

276 PSALM 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 *Wash me throughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.*

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me.

4 *Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.*

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 *Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.*

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 *Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.*

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 *Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.*

11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

12 *Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.*

13 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

277 PSALM 84.

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 *My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.*

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 *Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.*

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

6 *Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.*

7 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

8 *O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.*

9 Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10 *For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.*

11 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 *O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.*

278 PSALM 103.

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 *Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:*

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 *Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;*

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 *The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.*

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 *The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.*

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

10 *He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor reward us according to our iniquities.*

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 *As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.*

279 ECCL. 12.

1 Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

2 *While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:*

3 In the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened.

4 *And the doors shall be shut in the streets when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;*

5 Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.

6 *Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.*

7 Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

280 ISAIAH 55.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money: come ye, buy and eat; Yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price.

2 *Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Harken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.*

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live: and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

6 *Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.*

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

8 *For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.*

9 For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

10 *For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater;*

11 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

12 *For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands.*

13 Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

281 MATT. 5:1-12.

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 *And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,*

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 *Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.*

5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 *Blessed are they which do hunger*

and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.

8 *Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.*

9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 *Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 *Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.*

282 JOHN 14:11-21.

15 If ye love me, keep my commandments.

16 *And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever;*

17 Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

18 *I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.*

19 Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also.

20 *At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.*

21 He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

JOHN 16:7-15.

7 Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.

8 *And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:*

9 Of sin, because they believe not on me;

10 *Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more;*

11 Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.

12 *I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.*

13 Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come.

14 *He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you.*

15 All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that he shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you.

283 JOHN 15:11-15.

1 I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

2 *Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.*

3 Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

4 *Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.*

5 I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth more fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.

6 *If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.*

7 If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

8 *Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.*

9 As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.

10 *If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.*

11 These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

12 *This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.*

13 Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

14 *Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.*

284 Eph. 6:10-18.

10. *Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.*

11 Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

12 *For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.*

13 Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

14 *Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;*

15 And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

16 *Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.*

17 And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:

18 *Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.*

285 1 Cor. 13.

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 *And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge: and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.*

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 *Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,*

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 *Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;*

7 Beareth all things; believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 *Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.*

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 *But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.*

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 *For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.*

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

286 Eph. 3:14-21.

14 *For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

15 Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.

16 *That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man;*

17 That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love.

18 *May be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height;*

19 And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God.

20 *Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us,*

21 Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

287 THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

EXODUS xx, 3:17.

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

4. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

5. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

6. Thou shalt not kill.

7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

8. Thou shalt not steal.

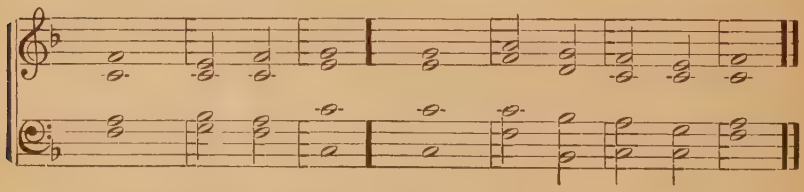
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

288 THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead; I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy catholic church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

289 THE LORD'S PRAYER.

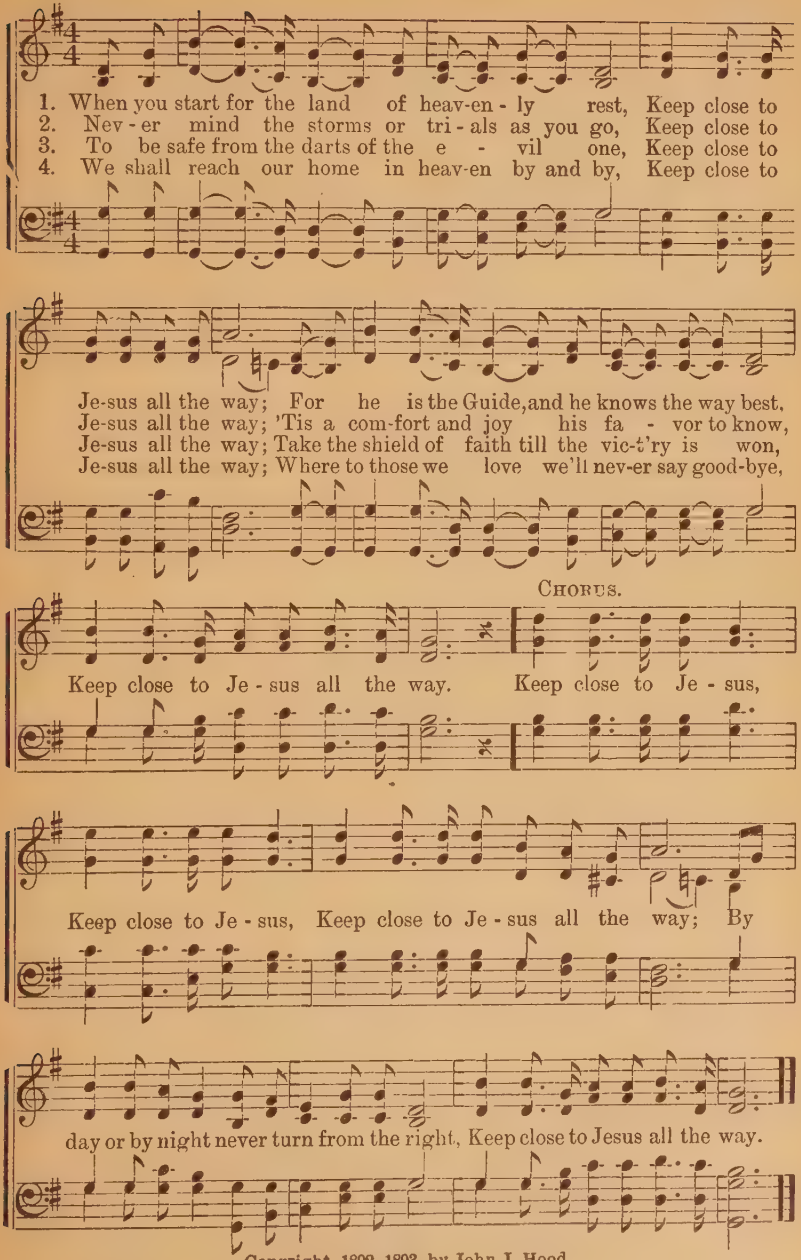


1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name. || Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.

2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, || And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.

3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for-|ever and|ever. A-|men.

290 Keep Close to Jesus.

J. L. JOHN LANE.

1. When you start for the land of heav-en - ly rest, Keep close to
2. Nev - er mind the storms or tri - als as you go, Keep close to
3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
4. We shall reach our home in heav-en by and by, Keep close to
Je-sus all the way; For he is the Guide, and he knows the way best.
Je-sus all the way; 'Tis a com-fort and joy his fa - vor to know,
Je-sus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vic-t'ry is won,
Je-sus all the way; Where to those we love we'll nev-er say good-bye,
CHORUS.
Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,
Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way; By
day or by night never turn from the right, Keep close to Jesus all the way.

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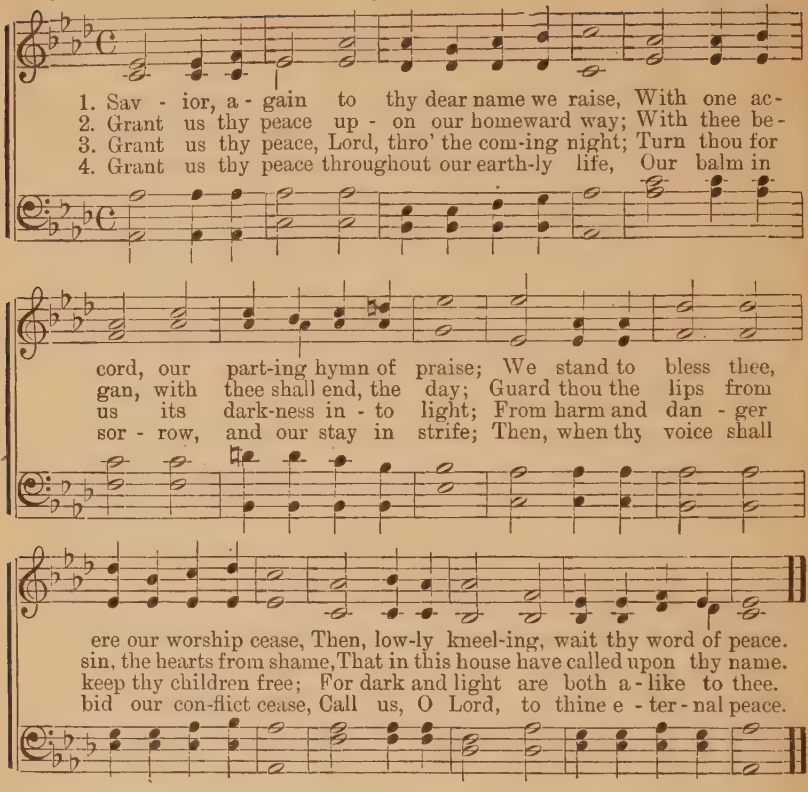
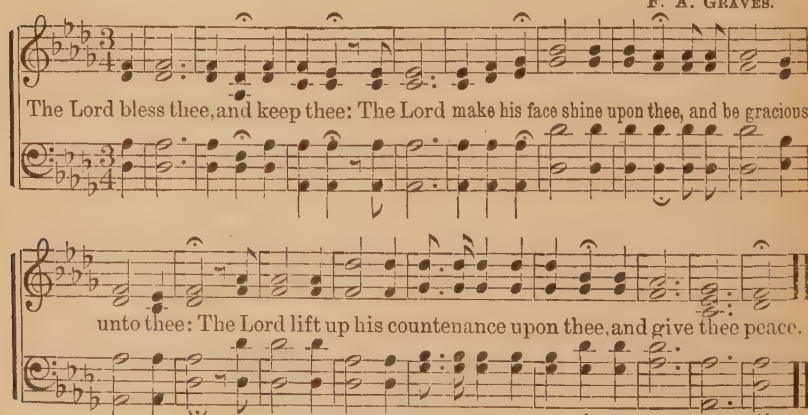
291 Parting Hymn.

J. ELLERTON. E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Sav - ior, a - gain to thy dear name we raise, With one ac-
2. Grant us thy peace up - on our homeward way; With thee be-
3. Grant us thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night; Turn thou for
4. Grant us thy peace throughout our earth-ly life, Our balm in
cord, our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee,
gan, with thee shall end, the day; Guard thou the lips from
us its dark-ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger
sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when thy voice shall
ere our worship cease, Then, low-ly kneel-ing, wait thy word of peace.
sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called upon thy name.
keep thy children free; For dark and light are both a - like to thee.
bid our con-flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to thine e - ter - nal peace.

292 The Lord Bless Thee.

F. A. GRAVES.


The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious
unto thee: The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

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